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THE PLAYS

OF

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

J. S. FLETCHER

LONDON

AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

1887

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PREFATORY NOTICE.

“Crown’d with sacred bays
And flatt’ring ivy, two recite their plays,
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, swans, to whom all ears
Listen while they, like sirens in their spheres,
Sing their Evadne.”

ROBERT HERRICK.

I.

“OU may here,” says Shirley in his preface to the 1647 folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, “find passions raised to that excellent pitch, and by such insinuating degrees, that you shall not choose but consent and go along with them, finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read ; and then stand admiring the subtile tracks of your engagement. Fall on a scene of love, and you will never believe the writers

could have the least room left in their souls for another passion ; peruse a scene of manly rage, and you will swear they cannot be expressed by the same hands ; but both are so excellently wrought, you must confess none but the same hands could work them. Would thy melancholy have a cure ? thou shalt laugh at Democritus himself, and but reading one piece of this comic variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elysium ; and, when thou art sick of this cure (for the excess of delight may too much dilate thy soul), thou shalt meet almost in every leaf a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins."

There is no uncertain ring in these words of eulogy. That we may take them as indicating the spirit of the seventeenth century critics towards Beaumont and Fletcher's joint work appears tolerably certain from the corroborative fact that the verses written in commendation of these dramatists' productions are exceedingly numerous and equally full of praise. The folio edition of 1647, in the preface to which they occur, was so warmly welcomed that a new impression was required by 1679, and was then produced by John

Martyn, Henry Herringman, and Richard Mariot. It contained seventeen additional plays, several prologues and epilogues, and the songs appertaining to each play, which had been omitted in the 1647 folio. And it is worthy of note that Martyn, Herringman, and Mariot in their address to the reader state their intention of producing a series of works by Elizabethan Dramatists, the 1679 folio of Beaumont and Fletcher being the first volume, Ben Jonson's works the second, and Shakespeare's the third. It would seem, then, that in the seventeenth century the dramatic works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher were held in high favour, and ranked with the productions of the greatest of English poets. That two impressions should be called for in thirty years (no inconsiderable thing in those days) is proof that their works were read ; that no less than twenty-five commendatory verses occur in the editions of that time is further proof that by the best men of the day they were not only read but appreciated and admired.

Literary partnerships have always possessed much interest for every person who has derived pleasure and instruction from their results. They are not common in the history of letters, and it is difficult to believe that they could always be as

happy in their consequences as in the one which death recently dissolved between Mr. Walter Besant and the late Mr. James Rice. It must surely be a *sine qua non* that literary partners should possess an unanimity of thought and feeling, and of expression, which one can rarely expect to find in any two men. It is hard to understand how two individuals, however excellently they may agree in matters of religion or politics, can be absolutely at one in matters dealing almost exclusively with the imagination. It would doubtless be most interesting to have the details of a literary partnership unfolded, and to learn which partner wrote the love scenes and which devoted his energies to thrilling incidents, and how the whole thing was pieced together and made perfect. That we have abundant instances of the happy and perfect results of literary partnerships may be seen from examination of the delightful novels of Besant and Rice, and the equally delightful works of MM. Erckmann-Chatrion. But there is no better instance of the successful result of the simultaneous working of two separate minds on one common subject than the collection of fifty-two plays given to the world by Beaumont and Fletcher.

There is little known of the lives of these

dramatists. They were intimate with the other poets and wits of that day, and it seems strange that we should possess no better fund of information respecting them. In common with Ben Jonson they were frequenters of the celebrated Mermaid Tavern, and Jonson's knowledge of Beaumont acquired there led the "rare Ben" to tell Drummond that Beaumont thought too much of himself. Much more of any value than this we do not know. The lives of the literary men of that age were not watched with the eagerness which this nineteenth century displays as regards the careers of its favourite writers of eminence. But it will be well to present the reader with a concise biographical note of each poet.

II. i.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT was born at the Abbey of Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, about the year 1584. His father, of whom he was the youngest son, was a Judge of the Common Pleas. The poet's grandfather had become the possessor of Grace-Dieu at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries. In a "*Booke of Epigrammes and Epitaphes*," by

Thomas Bancroft (London, 1639), I find the following passage—

“Grace-Dieu that under Charnwood * stand’st alone,
As a grand relic of religion,
I reverence thine old but fruitful worth,
That lately brought such noble Beaumonts forth,
Whose brave heroic muses might aspire
To watch the anthems of the heavenly quire ;
The mountains crown’d with rocky fortresses,
And shelt’ring woods secure thy happiness,
That highly favoured art (though lowly placed)
Of heaven, and with free nature’s bounty graced :
Herein grow happier, and that bliss of thine,
Nor pride o’ertop, nor envy undermine.”

The Beaumont race seems to have had a strong poetic element in its composition. Besides Francis Beaumont, the best known of the name, there are four other Beaumonts who achieved a certain measure of fame in verse-making. These were the dramatist’s elder brother, Sir John Beaumont, who wrote the poem of *Bosworth Field*, and whom Drayton ranked with Francis in point of merit ; John, a son of this Sir John ; Francis, cousin of

* Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire. At Colenton, near Loughborough, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Forest, the Beaumont family still lives. And near Charnwood the descendants of the poet Herrick still have their seat. This part of middle England would seem to be rich in poetic association and memory.

our Francis, who was in his day master of the Charterhouse ; and Dr. Joseph Beaumont. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, too, was a relation of the Beaumonts, her maiden name of Pierrepont being that of the poet's mother.

Francis Beaumont was intended for the family calling. After studying a while at Oxford, where, Dyce tells us, he was entered a gentleman commoner of Broadgate Hall (now Pembroke College) on the 4th February 1596-7, he studied law at the Inner (Middle?) Temple for a brief while. But the law had little attraction for him, and at an early (judging by the fact he was Ben Jonson's respected critic in his teens, I might say very early), age he began to compose dramatic and poetical pieces. When he was about sixteen (it is difficult to speak with absolute certainty of these dates) he turned Ovid's *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* into English rhyme and published it. Dryden says that at this time Jonson submitted to Beaumont "*all*" the plots of his dramas ; but seeing that *Every Man in His Humour* was produced in 1596, when Beaumont was but a mere schoolboy, I do not well see how this could be. At any rate, Jonson in the following lines shows that he was indebted to Beaumont for the services which the budding poet rendered him :—

TO MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

“How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
That unto me dost such religion use !
How do I fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth.
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st,
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st :
What fate is mine that so itself bereaves ?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives ?
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better I must envy thee !”

Beaumont married Ursula, daughter of Henry Isley, of Sundridge, in Kent, by whom he left two daughters, one of whom is said to have been living in 1700. He died, Jonson says, at the age of twenty-nine, others of over thirty, but at anyrate comparatively young, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the entrance to St. Benedict's Chapel.

ii.

Like Beaumont, his collaborateur, JOHN FLETCHER, came of the aristocracy. His father, Dr. Fletcher, was Bishop of London, and was once suspended from his episcopal duties by Queen Elizabeth for having presumed to marry a second time. John Fletcher was born at his father's then

parsonage-house of Rye, in Sussex, in December 1579. The Fletcher family, like that of the Beaumonts, has produced a rich vein of poetic imagination. The Bishop's younger brother, Dr Giles Fletcher, is said by Wood to have been "an excellent poet," and his two sons (hence cousins of the better known John) are celebrated justly in the record of English singers. They were Giles and Phineas—the first the author of *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, which Milton praised; the second wrote *The Purple Island*.

On 15th October 1591, a youth from London, of the name of John Fletcher, was entered at Bene't College, Cambridge. That this would seem to be the poet appears from the fact that the Bishop had been Fellow and President of Bene't College. At that time the influence of the author of the *Faery Queene* was strong in Cambridge, and more than one passage in Fletcher's works show us that he felt its power. When Fletcher began to write we do not know. But he appears to have written in 1596 for Henslowe, a theatrical manager. And as there is good evidence that the Bishop of London died in poor circumstances, leaving his family to shift pretty much for themselves, I think it likely that John Fletcher, like a good many other poets, began to write for bread. In his lines "Upon

an Honest Man's Fortune," which will close this volume of selections, he tells us that

"Nor want, *the curse of man*, shall make me groan."

In the books at St. Saviour's, Southwark, there is the record of a marriage between "John Fletcher" and "Jone Herring" as having taken place in the year 1612. But there is nothing to prove that this was our John Fletcher, who, however, did live all his life in the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, and was buried in St. Saviour's Church on the 29th August 1625, when he was forty-nine. The manner or reason of his demise was somewhat ludicrous. "In this Church (St. Saviour's)" says Aubrey, "was interred, without any memorial, that eminent Dramatic Poet, Mr. *John Fletcher*, son to Bishop *Fletcher of London*, who died of the plague the 19th of August 1625.* When I searched the Register of this Parish in 1670 for his *Obit*, for the use of *Anthony à Wood*, the Parish Clerk told me that he was his (Fletcher's) taylor, and that Mr. Fletcher, staying for a suit of cloaths before he retired into the country, Death stopped his journey and baid him lie here."

* The printed parish register says he was buried on the 29th. Was not *ten* days a long time to defer the funeral—and in August; and at plague time, too?

✓ Sir Acton Cockayne, who lived at the same time, says, in some curious verse-chronicles, that Massinger was buried with Fletcher.

“ In the same grave was *Fletcher* buried, here
Lies the stage-poet, *Philip Massinger* ;
Plays they did write together, were great friends,
And now one grave includes them in their ends.
Two whom on earth nothing could part, beneath,
Here in their fame they lie, in spite of death.”

When did Beaumont and Fletcher first make common cause together? That question is hard to answer, but it must have been when Beaumont was very young. Aubrey tells us that their intimacy was such that they lived in the same house, on the Bankside (Surrey side of the Thames) near the Globe Theatre, and that they had all things in common, even sharing the same clothes between them. We know as little of this particular as of the rest of their lives. But it requires little imagination to picture the two dramatists as brothers in mind and heart and purpose.

III.

Leaving the biographical history of Beaumont and Fletcher aside, let us turn to some consideration of the fifty-two plays which we have in their names. The first question of interest in regard to

these plays is—what share did each have in writing them, and which may be looked upon as separate productions? It cannot, of course, be said that all the fifty-two plays were written jointly by Fletcher and Beaumont, because Fletcher lived and wrote (and wrote hard) for some time after Beaumont's death, and it would appear, did the major portion of the work during his brother-poet's life. What did Fletcher, and what then did Beaumont write of these fifty-two dramas?

There is no doubt that Fletcher wrote most of the plays which are attributed to Beaumont and himself. Humphrey Moseley, the publisher of the 1647 folio, says: "It was once in my thoughts to have printed Master Fletcher's works by themselves, because, single and alone, he would make a just volume; but since never parted while they lived, I conceive it not equitable to separate their ashes." But Moseley does not tell us which were Fletcher's separate plays. Sir Aston Cockayne, from whom we have already had some information, thus remonstrates with Moseley for the occasion:—

"In the large book of plays you late did print
In Beaumont and in Fletcher's name, why in't
Did you not justice, give to each his due?
For Beaumont of these many, writ but few:

And Massinger in other few ; *the main*
Being sweet issues of sweet Fletcher's brain ;
 But how came I, you ask, so much to know ?—
 Fletcher's chief bosom-friend informed me so."

The "chief bosom-friend" was no doubt Beaumont himself—very good authority. And it would appear from what Sir Aston Cockayne here says, that Massinger had his finger in the pie. To tell the truth, it would appear from Mr. Dyce's account, that the fifty-two plays attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher were the work of several people, and that even the great Shakespeare himself had a hand in them. The following tables will make the thing clear to the reader :—

PLAYS WRITTEN BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The Woman Hater.
 Philaster ; or, Love Lies a-Bleeding.
 The Maid's Tragedy.
 A King and no King.
 The Scornful Lady.
 The Custom of the Country.
 Wit without Money.
 The Little French Lawyer.
 Bonduca.
 The Knight of Malta.
 The Coxcomb.
 Wit at Several Weapons.

The Knight of the Burning Pestle.
Cupid's Revenge.
Thierry and Theodoret.
The Honest Man's Fortune.
Valentinian.
The Double Marriage.
Four Plays ; or, Moral Representations in One.
The Faithful Friends.

BY BEAUMONT ALONE.

The Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn.

BY FLETCHER ALONE.

The Elder Brother.
The Spanish Curate.
The Beggar's Bush.
The Humorous Lieutenant.
The Faithful Shepherdess.
The Mad Lover.
The Loyal Subject.
Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.
The Chances.
The Wind-Goose Chase.
A Wife for a Month.
The Pilgrim.
The Captain.
The Prophetess.
Love's Cure ; or, the Martial Maid.
Women Pleased.
The Sea-Voyage.
The Fair Maid of the Inn.

Love's Pilgrimage.
The Night Walker.
The Queen of Corinth.
The Maid in the Mill.
The Nice Valour.
The Island Princess.

BY FLETCHER AND SHAKESPEARE.

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

BY FLETCHER AND MASSINGER. (?)

The False One.

BY FLETCHER AND SHIRLEY. (?)

The Lover's Progress.
The Noble Gentleman.

BY FLETCHER AND ROWLEY. (?)

The Bloody Brother.

One sees at a glance from this table that Fletcher is responsible for the greater portion of the plays given to us in his and Beaumont's name. How comes it then, it may be asked, that Beaumont should stand first in respect to the authorship? Darley asks this question, and answers it by a conjecture which possibly had some foundation in fact. He says there is reason to believe that Beaumont, being a very precocious genius, had published works and made acquaintance among

the literary men of the day before Fletcher made any mark.

IV.

The most marked characteristic of Beaumont and Fletcher's work is, unfortunately for their lasting fame, a terrible grossness of thought and expression. More indecency and impurity is not to be found in the plays of Wycherly and Etheridge, or of Congreve, than one meets with in the fifty-two dramas of these authors. That there are many things to be taken into account in considering this matter, no one who knows anything of the first years of the seventeenth century will deny. Society is always quick to catch its tone and take its cue from the court of the day ; and the court of James I. was more licentious than that of his grandson, Charles, fifty years later. Its licentiousness was different to the licentiousness of Charles the Second's court, because the poetic grace which was made to conceal the younger Charles Stuart's and his courtiers' excesses was lacking in the days of his grandfather. The manners of the early seventeenth century were terribly realistic, and no one took special exception to them. The wits and litterateurs of the age indeed seemed to take delight in chronicling them. Their influence is found

in Shakespeare himself, but his great genius revolted against it, and threw over the impurities which did creep into his works a concealing gloss. This influence, too, had its effect on Jonson and Marlowe and Massinger, but in no instance is it so marked or so deplorable as in Beaumont and Fletcher.

“There is an incurable vulgar side of human nature,” says Schlegel,* “which the poet should never approach but with a certain bashfulness, when he cannot avoid allowing it to be perceived ; but instead of this, Beaumont and Fletcher throw no veil whatever over nature. They express everything bluntly in words ; they make the spectator the unwilling confidant of all that more noble minds endeavour to hide even from themselves. The indecencies in which these poets allowed themselves to indulge exceed all conception. The licentiousness of the language is the least evil ; many scenes, nay, whole plots, are so contrived, that the very idea of those, not to mention the sight, is a gross insult to modesty. Aristophanes is a bold interpreter of sensuality : but like the Grecian statuary in the figures of satyrs, etc., he banishes them into the animal region to which they wholly belong ; and judging him according

* Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.

to the morality of his times, he is much less offensive. But Beaumont and Fletcher exhibit the impure and nauseous colouring of vice to our view in quite a different sphere ; their compositions resemble the sheet full of pure and impure animals in the vision of the Apostle. This was the universal inclination of the dramatic poets under James and Charles the First. They seem as if they purposely wished to justify the puritans, who affirmed that the theatres were so many schools of seduction, and chapels of the Devil." "Too true," says Leigh Hunt, "is the charge of Schlegel against them. With rare and beautiful exceptions they degrade love by confining it to the animal passion ; they degrade the animal passion itself by associating it with the foulest impertinences ; they combine by anticipation Rochester and Swift—make chastity and unchastity almost equally offensive by indecently and extravagantly contrasting them ; nay, put into the mouths of their chastest persons a language evincing the grossest knowledge of vice, sometimes purposely assuming its character, and pretending, in zeal for its defeat, to be intoxicated with its enjoyment !"

These are heavy and startling charges to bring against writers whose works otherwise are justly entitled to a high place in English literature.

"The many offences against decency which our poets have committed," says Dyce, "can only be extenuated on the plea that they sacrificed their own taste and feelings to the fashion of the times.* There can be little doubt that the most unblushing licentiousness, both in conversation and practice, prevailed among the courtiers of James the First: we know, too, that 'to be like the court was a playe's praise;' and for the sake of such praise Beaumont and Fletcher did not scruple to deform their dramas with ribaldry,—little imagining how deeply, in consequence of that base alloy, their reputation would eventually suffer 'at the coming of the better day.' In this respect they sinned more grievously than any of their contemporary playwrights. . . ."

v.

If, as Dyce observes, Beaumont and Fletcher sinned more grievously than any of their contemporary playwrights, they have paid the penalty of their fault. We never see their plays on our stages, and their works are, as a rule, unknown to English readers. And it may be asked how, considering

* But is not the mission of a poet (and, indeed, of any author) to raise the tone of his own day, rather than to pander to prevailing tastes?

their grossness and impurity of expression and language, can they be made the subjects of a volume intended for wide and popular use ?

Fortunately, it is possible to make a good answer to so pertinent a question. The works of Beaumont and Fletcher, purged of their defacing impurity, are full of beautiful thought, of noble imagination, and of much true poetry. And there are few authors from which separate passages can so easily be extracted. In the selections which follow this prefatory note there is no single word discoverable which savours of impurity, or hints at anything questionable. It is a splendid collection of writings, which, at the time of their first production, were esteemed more highly than the work of Shakespeare himself, and which now may be regarded as coming very near to the performances of the King of Poets. It is no light task to wade through fifty-two plays, for the purpose of extracting the sweets and leaving the bitters ; but it is one which amply repays the worker, and its result should be valuable to popular readers, who in this volume will find a charming addition to their knowledge of our mediæval dramatists. The lyrical passages of Beaumont and Fletcher are to me their greatest charm, and the songs scattered through these pages are equal, I think, to anything which Shake-

speare gave us in the way of lyrics. What, indeed, their whole work would have been, had it been purged of its unfortunate looseness of expression, one can hardly tell ; but judging from the following selected pieces, is it too much to affirm that it would have proved of an *almost* equal order of merit with the writings of their great contemporary?

J. S. FLETCHER.

Jan. 1887.



THE PLAYS
OF
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.





FROM THE WOMAN-HATER.

AN EPICURE'S SEARCH FOR A FISH'S HEAD.

LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

Laz. Go, run, search, pry in every nook and angle of the kitchens, larders, and pasteries ; know what meat's boiled, baked, roast, stewed, fried, or soused, at this dinner, to be served directly or indirectly, to every several table in the court ; begone !

Boy. I run ; but not so fast as your mouth will do upon the stroke of eleven. [*Exit.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man when he did give him a good stomach ! What unbounded graces there are poured upon them that have the continual command of the very best of these blessings ! 'Tis an excellent thing to be a prince ; he is served with such admirable variety of fare, such innumerable choice of delicates ; his tables are full fraught with most nourishing food, and his cupboards heavy laden with rich wines ; his court is still fill'd with most pleasing varieties : in the summer his palace is full of green-geese, and in the winter it swarmeth woodcocks. Oh, thou goddess of Plenty !

Fill me this day with some rare delicates,
And I will every year most constantly,
As this day, celebrate a sumptuous feast
(If thou wilt send me victuals) in thine honour !
And to it shall be bidden, for thy sake,
Even all the valiant stomachs in the court ;
All short-cloaked knights, and all cross-gartered
gentlemen,
All pump and pantofle, foot-cloth riders ;
With all the swarming generation [doublets :
Of long stocks, short pain'd hose, and huge stuff'd
All these shall eat, and, which is more than yet
Hath e'er been seen, they shall be satisfied !—
I wonder my ambassador returns not.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, master.

Laz. And welcome !

Brief, boy, brief !

Discourse the service of each several table
Compendiously.

Boy. Here is a bill of all, sir.

Laz. Give it me ! [Reads on the outside.

"A bill of all the several services this day appointed for
every table in the court."

Aye, this is it on which my hopes rely ;
Within this paper all my joys are closed !
Boy, open it, and read with reverence.

Boy. [Reads.] "For the captain of the guard's table
three chines of beef and two joles of sturgeon."

Laz. A portly service ;
But gross, gross. Proceed to the duke's own table,
Dear boy, to the duke's own table !

Boy. "For the duke's own table, the head of an
umbrana."

Laz. Is it possible ?

Can heaven be so propitious to the duke ?

Boy. Yes, I'll assure you, sir, 'tis possible ;
Heaven is so propitious to him.

Laz. Why then, he is the richest prince alive !
He were the wealthiest monarch in all Europe,
Had he no other territories, dominions,
Provinces, seats, nor palaces, but only
That umbrana's head.

Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet, sir ; the fish was taken
but this night, and the head, as a rare novelty, appointed
by special commandment for the duke's own table, this
dinner.

Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat
Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow
(If that blind huswife Fortune will bestow
But means on me) to keep a sumptuous house.

[*Scene changes to an apartment in the house of Count
VALORE, one of the nobles of Milan.*]

Valore. Now am I idle ; I would I had been a scholar,
that I might have studied now ! the punishment of
meaner men is, they have too much to do ; our only
misery is, that without company we know not what to
do. I must take some of the common courses of our
nobility, which is thus : if I can find no company that
likes me, pluck off my hat-band, throw an old cloak
over my face, and, as if I would not be known, walk
hastily through the streets till I be discovered ; then
"There goes Count Such-a-one," says one ; "There
goes Count Such-a-one," says another ; "Look how
fast he goes," says a third ; "There's some great matters
in hand questionless," says a fourth ; when all my
business is to have them say so. This hath been used.

Or, if I can find any company, I'll after dinner to the stage to see a play ; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmur in the house ; every one that does not know, cries, "What nobleman is that?" all the gallants on the stage rise, vail to me, kiss their hand, offer me their places : then I pick out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seat, use it, throw my cloak over my face, and laugh at him : the poor gentleman imagines himself most highly graced ; thinks all the auditors esteem him one of my bosom friends, and in right special regard with me. But here comes a gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport than either street or stage fooleries.

[Retires to one side of the stage.]

Enter LAZARILLO and Boy.

This man loves to eat good meat, always provided he do not pay for it himself. He goes by the name of the Hungry Courtier. Marry, because I think that name will not sufficiently distinguish him (for no doubt he hath more fellows there), his name is Lazarillo ; he is none of these same ord'nary eaters, that will devour three breakfasts and as many dinners, without any prejudice to their bevers, drinkings, or suppers ; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after novelty than plenty. I'll over-hear him.

Laz. Oh, thou most itching kindly appetite,
Which every creature in his stomach feels,
Oh, leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me !
Three several salads have I sacrificed,
Bedew'd with precious oil and vinegar,
Already to appease thy greedy wrath.—
Boy !

Boy. Sir ?

Laz. Will the Count speak with me ?

Boy. One of his gentlemen is gone to inform him of your coming, sir.

Laz. There is no way left for me to compass this fish-head, but by being presently made known to the duke.

Boy. That will be hard, sir.

Laz. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my father's tomb
In peace ; then shall I die most willingly,
And as a dish be served to satisfy
Death's hunger ; and I will be buried thus :
My bier shall be a charger borne by four ;
The coffin where I lie, a powd'ring tub
Bestrew'd with lettuce and cool salad-herbs ;
My winding-sheet, of tansies ; the black guard
Shall be my solemn mourners ; and, instead
Of ceremonies, wholesome burial prayers ;
A printed dirge in rhyme shall bury me ;
Instead of tears let them pour capon-sauce
Upon my hearse, and salt instead of dust ;
Manchets for stones ; for other glorious shields
Give me a voider ; and above my hearse,
For a hack'd sword, my naked knife stuck up !

[*VALORE comes forward.*

Boy. Master, the count's here.

Laz. Where ?—My lord, I do beseech you——

[*Kneeling.*

Val. You are very welcome, sir ; I pray you stand up ; you shall dine with me.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship, by the love I still have borne to your honourable house——

Val. Sir, what need all this ? you shall dine with me. I pray rise.

Laz. Perhaps your lordship takes me for one of these same fellows, that do, as it were, respect victuals.

Val. Oh, sir, by no means.

Laz. Your lordship has often promised, that whensoever I should affect greatness, your own hand should help to raise me.

Val. And so much still assure yourself of.

Laz. And though I must confess I have ever shunn'd popularity, by the example of others, yet I do now feel myself a little ambitious. Your lordship is great, and, though young, yet a privy-councillor.

Val. I pray you, sir, leap into the matter; what would you have me do for you? [to the duke.

Laz. I would entreat your lordship to make me known

Val. When, sir?

Laz. Suddenly, my lord: I would have you present me unto him this morning.

Val. It shall be done. But for what virtues would you have him take notice of you?

Laz. 'Faith, you may entreat him to take notice of me for anything; for being an excellent farrier, for playing well at span-counter, or sticking knives in walls: for being impudent, or for nothing; why may I not be a favourite on the sudden? I see nothing against it.

Val. Not so, sir; I know you have not the face to be a favourite on the sudden.

Laz. Why then, you shall present me as a gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary seen in divers strange mysteries.

Val. In what, sir? as how?

Laz. Marry as thus: you shall bring me in, and after a little other talk, taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the duke: "May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all salads and pot-herbs whatsoever."

Val. 'Twill be rare!

Scene changes to the presence of the Duke, who is about to leave.

Valore. Let me entreat your Grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman to whom yourself
Is much beholding. He hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on my knowledge.

Duke. His name?

Val. Lazarillo.

Duke. I heard of him this morning;
Which is he?

Val. (aside) Lazarillo, pluck up thy spirits!
Thy fortunes are now rising; the duke calls for thee.

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Val. 'Twas well thought of. You must not talk to him
As you do to an ordinary man,
Honest plain sense, but you must wind about him.
For example,—if he should ask you what o'clock it is,
You must not say, "If it please your grace, 'tis nine;"
But thus, "Thrice three o'clock, so please my sovereign;"
Or thus, "Look how many Muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"
And so forth. And you must now and then
Enter into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall do it.

Val. Come! May it please your grace to take note
of a gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly
grounded in the hidden knowledge of all salads and pot-
herbs whatsoever.

Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

Laz. I kiss the ox-hide of your grace's foot.

Val. (aside to him.) Very well!—Will your grace
question him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks
Have been compilèd, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath ; four prenticeships
Have I most truly servèd in this world ;
And eight-and-twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out its yearly course, since——

Duke. I understand you, sir.

Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks !

Duke. You are eight-and-twenty years old. What
time of the day do you hold it to be ?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives
On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs.
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now : now the tables all——

Duke. 'Tis almost dinner-time ?

Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

SONG OF A SAD HEART.

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile ;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies ; that from thence,
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving !

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy !
We that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought :
O, let my joys have some abiding !

FROM PHILASTER; OR, LOVE LIES
A-BLEEDING.

A LADY MAKES LOVE.

ARETHUSA *and one of her Ladies.*

Arcthusa. Comes he not ?

Lady. Madam ?

Are. Will Philaster come ?

Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
At first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so ?

I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How look'd he, when he told thee he would come ?

Lady. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful ?

Lady. Fear, madam ! sure, he knows not what it is.

Are. You all are of his faction ; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him : whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But I know he fears.

Lady. Methought his looks hid more of love than fear.

Are. Of love ! to whom ? to you ?—

Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture and quick look,
That you have caught him ?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me ? alas ! thy ignorance

Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am. If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in,——

Ye gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is
To make the passions of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.

Are. Oh! 'tis well.

Withdraw yourself.

Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?

Phi. Never, madam, you.

Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be

Foolish : but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To anything you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi. Madam ! Both ?

Are. Both, or I die. By fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life ;
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay then, hear !

I must and will have them, and more——

Phi. What more ?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more !

Are. Turn, then, away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I cannot endure it. Turn away my face ?
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he ; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his ;
Nor beast that I could turn from. Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds ? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love ? Say, you would have my life ;
Why, I will give it you ; for 'tis of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price :
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know, I must have them, and thee.

Phi. And me ?

Are. Thy love ; without which all the land
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't possible ?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemn'd life,
Which you may have for asking. To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do above my life :
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus. 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so ; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread ?

Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,

And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Express'd his grief: and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd: so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.
Are. 'Tis well. No more.

BELLARIO'S *parting with* PHILASTER.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask;
Aye, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;

And only yet am something, by being yours.
You trusted me unknown; and that which you were
apt

To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft: yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love,
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair:
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty. I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas ! I do not turn thee off ; thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence ;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me ;
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee : as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy ! 'Tis more than time
Thou did'st attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer :—
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your designs :
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well.

THE DAWN OF LOVE.

My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue ; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd ; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found ; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in,
Like breath. Then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep

From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing ! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas ! I found it love.

FROM THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

FROM THE WEDDING MASQUE OF AMINTOR
AND EVADNE.

NIGHT, *rising in mists, addresses Cynthia (the Moon).*

Our reign is come, for in the raging sea
The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cynthia, hear my voice. I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light,
Appear ! no longer thy pale visage shroud,
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud.

CYNTHIA *forbids any winds to appear but gentle ones.*

We must have none here
But vernal blasts and gentle winds appear,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring.

An invocation to Night, before music.

Dark Night,
Strike a full silence : do a thorough right
To this great chorus ; that our music may
Touch high as heaven, and make the east break day
At midnight.

A PENITENT WIFE.

EVADNE *implores forgiveness of AMINTOR, for marrying him while she was the King's mistress.*

Evad. Oh, where have I been all this time? how
'friended,
That I should lose myself thus desperately,
And none for pity shew me how I wander'd!
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature.—Oh, my lord!

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. How now?

Evad. (*kneeling*) My much-abused lord!

Amin. This cannot be!

Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow.
Heaven knows I have too many! Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage. Pr'ythee, do not mock me.

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set; even with my life,
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure I dazzle:

There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe

There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin,
Known, and so known as thine is ? Oh, Evadne !
'Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance ! But I must not :
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.

Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs. You are an innocent,
A soul as white as heaven ; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow, by dissembling with my tears,
(As, all say, women can) or to make less,
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I do not.
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I lived in : the same monster !
But these are names of honour, to what I am :
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus ! I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it ! I forgive thee !
Make thyself worthy of it ; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.

Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing ages, if thou playest
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for heaven's honours, have their ends, and good
ones,

All but the cozening crocodiles, false women !
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against ; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbelieved, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten ! But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive I will
(Since I can do no good, because a woman)
Reach constantly at something that is near it :
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep
Till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved :
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast
Find a new mercy ! Rise ; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star ! Give me thy hand.
From this time I will know thee ; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor :
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days :
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.

EVADNE AND ASPATIA SEEK DEATH.

SCENE—*Antechamber to Evadne's apartments in the Palace.*

Enter ASPATIA, in man's apparel, and with artificial scars on her face.

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest.

Enter Servant.

God save you, sir !

Ser. And you, sir ! What's your business ?

Asp. With you, sir, now ; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him ?

Asp. I'll do him any service ; but to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.

Ser. Sir, because you're in such haste, I would be loth
Delay you any longer : you cannot.

Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody ; but, in particular,
I have in charge, about no weighty matters.

Asp. This is most strange. Art thou gold-proof ?
There's for thee ; help me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry, sir. I'll do my best. [*Exit.*]

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answered me !
There is a vile dishonest trick in man
More than in woman. All the men I meet
Appear thus to me ; are all harsh and rude ;
And have a subtilty in everything,
Which love could never know. But we fond women

Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think, all shall go so ! It is unjust
That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter AMINTOR and his Man.

Amin. Where is he ?

Ser. There, my lord.

Amin. What would you, sir ?

Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Asp. Oh, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it !

Amin. Now your will, sir.

Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must
guess

My business ; and I am not hard to know ;
For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia ! 'Would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor ! Let me kiss
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. ' Here I stand,
That did it. 'Would he could not ! Gentle youth,
Leave me ; for there is something in thy looks,
That calls my sins, in a most hideous form
Into my mind ; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.

Asp. I would I could with credit.
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour ; I now arriv'd ;
She sent for me to see her marriage ;

A woful one ! But they, that are above,
Have ends in everything. She used few words
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had, is war :
I may behave myself rudely in peace ;
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour, that is not easily gain'd again.
Fairly I mean to deal. The age is strict
For single combats ; and we shall be stopp'd,
If it be publish'd. If you like your sword,
Use it ; if mine appear a better to you,
Change : for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,
(If thou be'st such) think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong : and, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do ; yet to enjoy this world,
I would not see her ; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught,
That may content thee, take it, and begone ;
For death is not so terrible as thou.
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself ; and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes ; and so
Thou dost indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozen'd ; and be sure to fight,
Ere I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly ; but against her
Will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urg'd.

I do not deal unciwilly with those
That dare to fight ; but such a one as you
Must be used thus. *[She strikes him.]*

Amin. I pr'ythee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is to me a thing so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this. Good gods ! a blow I can endure !
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow ;
One, that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people ; to be kick'd
[She kicks him.]
Thus, to be kick'd !—Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death ? *[Aside.]*

Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then !
I would endure yet, if I could. Now show *[Draws.]*
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand,
Thou hast no hour to live.—

[They fight ; Aspatia is wounded.]

What dost thou mean ?

Thou canst not fight : the blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides ; and those I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless !

Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here.

Enter EVADNE, her hands bloody with a knife.

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.

It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again ;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stay'd.

Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not fair ?
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with these rites now ?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man ?
I was too foul within to look fair then :
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which it seems thy tongue hath lost.
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife !

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine.
Joy to Amintor ! for the king is dead.

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we
love ;

We lay our sleeping lives within their arms !
Why, thou hast raised up Mischief to his height,
And found out one, to out-name thy other faults,
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill.

Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
"Joy to Amintor !" Thou hast touch'd a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Evad. 'Tis done ; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Could'st thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,

Sent by a violent fate, to fetch his death
From my slow hand : and, to augment my woe,
You are now present, stain'd with a king's blood,
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh !

Amin. No more ; pursue me not,

Evad. Forgive me, then,

And take me to thy bed. We may not part.

[*Kneels.*

Amin. Forbear ! Be wise, and let my rage go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed ;

It will return with me.

Evad. If it must be,

I shall not fear to meet it ; take me home.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear !

Evad. For heaven's sake, look more calm : thine eyes
are sharper

Than thou canst make thy sword.

Amin. Away, away !

Thy knees are more to me than violence.

I am worse than sick to see knees follow me,

For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake stand.

Evad. Receive me, then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language :

In midst of all my anger and my grief,

Thou dost awake something that troubles me,

And says, " I lov'd thee once." I dare not stay.

[*Leaves her.*

Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again :

Go ; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever !

Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.

[*Kills herself.*

Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

[*Returns.*

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.

[*She dies.*

Asp. Oh, oh, oh !

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood :
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself.
There is some hidden power in these dead things
That calls my flesh unto 'em : I am cold !
Be resolute and bear 'em company.
There's something, yet, which I am loth to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring ; and yet, 'would it were done ?
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death I durst not meet the boldest way ;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did, stands up :
I have not such another fault to answer.
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream ! There stands Amintor still ;
Or I dream still.

Amin. How dost thou ? Speak ! receive my love and
help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again .
There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name Aspatia ?

Amin. I did.

Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto her ?

Amin. 'Tis true; and till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going. [hers;

Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are
Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.
I am Aspatia yet.

Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?

Asp. I shall surely live, Amintor; I am well:
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lives to excuse thy loss!
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will.

How dost thou, my best soul; I would fain live
Now, if I could. Wouldst thou have loved me then?

Amin. Alas!

All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

Asp. Give me thy hand; my hands grope up and
down,

And cannot find thee. I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?

Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.

Oh! I must go. Farewell!

Dies.

Amin. She swoons! Aspatia!—Help! for Heaven's
sake, water!

Such as may chain life ever to this frame.—

Aspatia, speak!—What, no help yet? I fool!

I'll chafe her temples. Yet there's nothing stirs:

Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,

And let her answer me!—Aspatia, speak!—

I have heard, if there be any life, but bow

The body thus, and it will show itself.

Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.

Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,

I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
Ye heavenly powers ! and lend, for some few years,
The blessed soul to this fair seat again.
No comfort comes ; the gods deny me too !
I'll bow the body once again.—Aspatia !—
The soul is fled for ever ; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now ! Here's to be with thee, love !
[Stabs himself.]

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the
new king come to him : I must tell him he is entering.—
Oh, God ! Help, help !

Enter LYSIPPUS, MELANTIUS (Evadne's brother),
CALIANAX (Aspatia's father), CLEON, DIPHILUS, and
STRATO.

Lys. Where's Amintor ?

Serv. Oh, there, there.

Cys. How strange is this !

Cal. What should we do here ?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever ! Eyes, call up your tears !
This is Amintor. Heart ? he was my friend ;
Melt ; now it flows.—Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh !

Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh !
Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue.
Speak, speak !

Amin. What ?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.

Diph. Oh, brother !
Here lies your sister slain ; you lose yourself
In sorrow there.

Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this :
Here was my sister, father, brother, son ;
All that I had !—Speak once again : what youth
Lies slain there by thee ?

Amin. 'Tis Aspatia !
My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom.

[*Dies.*

Cal. What's that ? what's that ? Aspatia !

Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now ;
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too ! And you have all
fine new tricks to grieve ; but I ne'er knew any but
direct crying.

Mel. I am a prattler ; but no more.

[*Offers to kill himself.*

Diph. Hold, brother.

Lys. Stop him.

Liph. Fie ! how unmanly was this offer in you ;
Does this become our strain !

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown
very kind, and am friends with you. You have given
me that among you will kill me quickly ; but I'll go
home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon sharp enough
To stop my breath ? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life ! This I swear to keep.

Lys. Look to him though, and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper : for, on lustful kings,
Unlook'd-for, sudden deaths from heaven are sent ;
But curst is he that is their instrument. [*Exeunt.*

FROM A KING AND NO KING.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF BLOWS.

SCENE—*A Room in the House of BESSUS.*

Enter BESSUS, Two Swordsmen, and a Boy.

Bes. You're very welcome, both ! Some stools there,
boy ;
And reach a table. Gentlemen o' th' sword,
Pray sit, without more compliment. Begone, child !
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant.

1st Sw. We understand ourselves, sir.

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends of the sword,
No compliment, I pray ; but to the cause
I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.

2nd Sw. You cannot hang too much, sir, for your
honour—

But to your cause. Be wise, and speak the truth.

Bes. My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.

1st Sw. Stay there a little, sir. Do you doubt a
beating ?

Or, have you had a beating by your prince ?

Bes. Gentlemen o' th' sword, my prince has beaten me.

2nd Sw. (to *1st Sw.*) Brother, what think you of this case?

1st Sw. If he has beaten him the case is clear.

2nd Sw. If he have beaten him, I grant the case :
But how ? We cannot be too subtle in this business ;
I say, but how ?

Bes. Even with his royal hand.

1st Sw. Was it a blow of love or indignation ?

Bes. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen :
Besides two blows o' th' face.

2nd Sw. Those blows o' th' face have made a new
cause on't ;
The rest were but an honourable rudeness.

1st Sw. Two blows o' th' face, and given by a worse
man,

I must confess, as the swordsmen say, had turn'd
The business ; mark me, brother, by a worse man ;
But, being by his prince, had they been ten,
And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard
Of his nose for ever, all this had been but favour.
This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2nd Sw. The king may do much, Captain, believe it ;
For had he cracked your skull through, like a bottle,
Or broke a rib or two, with tossing of you,
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,
You may imagine ; but this is truth now, Captain.

Bes. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen ;
But how far may he strike me ?

1st Sw. There's another ;
A new cause rising from the time and distance
In which I will deliver my opinion.
We may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten
(For these are natural to man.)
Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth

As his dominion reaches : that's for the distance ;
The time, ten miles a-day, I take it.

2nd Sw. Brother, you err ; 'tis fifteen miles a-day ;
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Bes. 'Tis of the longest, but we subjects must——

1st Sw. (interrupting). Be subject to it. You are
wise and virtuous.

Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body. [sword.
I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' th'

2nd Sw. No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
Profit your understanding. We are bound,
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinion
Shortly and discreetly.

Bes. My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.

2nd Sw. How far, sir ?

Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over.
My sword lost, but not forced ; for discreetly
I render'd it, to save that imputation.

1st Sw. It show'd discretion, the best part of valour.

2nd Sw. Brother, this is a pretty cause : pray, think
on't :

Our friend here has been kick'd.

1st Sw. He has so, brother.

2nd Sw. Sorely, he says. Now had he sat down here
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.

1st Sw. I think it had been cowardly, indeed.

2nd Sw. But our friend has redeem'd it, in delivering
His sword without compulsion ; and that man
That took it off him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities.

He should have kick'd him after the delivering,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1st Sw. Brother, I take it, you mistake the question :
For say, that I were kick'd.

2nd Sw. I must not say so :
Nor I must not hear it spoke by th' tongue o' man.
You kick'd, dear brother ! You are merry.

1st Sw. But put the case, I were kick'd.

2nd Sw. Let them put it,
That are things weary of their lives, and know
Not honour ! Put the case, you were kick'd !

1st Sw. I do not say I was kick'd.

2nd Sw. No ; nor no silly creature that wears his head
Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat.
You kick'd, dear brother !

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,
Truly and honestly. Good sirs, to the question.

1st Sw. Why then, I say, suppose your boy kick'd,
Captain.

2nd Sw. The boy, may be suppos'd, is liable ;
But, kick my brother !

1st Sw. (to Bes.). A foolish forward zeal, sir, in my
friend.

But, to the boy. Suppose the boy were kick'd.

Bes. I do suppose it.

1st Sw. Has your boy a sword ?

Bes. Surely, no. I pray, suppose a sword too.

1st Sw. I do suppose it. You grant your boy was
kick'd, then.

2nd Sw. By no means, Captain. Let it be supposed,
still

The word "grant" makes not for us.

1st Sw. I say this must be granted.

2nd Sw. This *must* be granted, brother ?

1st Sw. Ay, this must be granted.

2nd Sw. Still, this *must* ?

1st Sw. I say, this must be granted.

2nd Sw. Ay ! Give me the must again ? Brother, you
palter.

1st Sw. I will not hear you, wasp.

2nd Sw. Brother,

I say you palter. The *must* three times together !

I wear as sharp steel as another man,

And my fox bites as deep. *Musted*, my dear brother !

But to the cause again.

Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen.

2nd Sw. In a word, I ha' done.

1st Sw. (to Bessus). A tall man, but intemperate.

'Tis great pity.—

Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.

2nd Sw. Forward.

1st Sw. And being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.

2nd Sw. So much for us. Proceed.

1st Sw. And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon. Where lies the error ?

Bes. It lies i' th' beating, sir. I found it four days since.

2nd Sw. The error, and a sore one, I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bes. I understand that well—'Tis sore, indeed, sir.

1st Sw. That is according to the man that did it.

2nd Sw. There springs a new branch. Whose was the foot ?

Bes. A lord's.

1st Sw. The cause is mighty : but had it been two lords,

And both had kick'd you, had you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

Bes. I did laugh ; but how will that help me, gentlemen ?

2nd Sw. Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

Bes. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, sir.

1st Sw. My reason now. The valiant man is known

By suffering and contemning. You have had
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2nd Sw. If he be sure he has been kick'd enough :
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,
Consists, not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty : in a head rebuked
With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bedstaves.
This shows a valiant man.

Bes. Then I am valiant : as valiant as the proudest ;
For these are all familiar things to me ;
Familiar as my sleep, or want of money.
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating.
I think I have been cudgell'd by all nations,
And almost all religious.

2nd Sw. Embrace him, brother. This man is valiant.
I know it by myself, he's valiant.

1st Sw. Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman,
To bide upon ; a very valiant man.

Bes. My equal friends o' th' sword, I must request
Your hands to this.

2nd Sw. 'Tis fit it should be.

Bes. Boy,

Go get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.—
Am I clear, gentlemen ?

1st Sw. Sir, when the world
Has taken notice of what we have done,
Make much of your body ; for I'll pawn my steel,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Bes. I must request you go along, and testify
To the lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me,
How you find my cause.

2nd Sw. We will ; and tell that lord he must be rul'd,
Or there be those abroad will rule his lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*The House of BACURIUS.*

Enter BACURIUS and a Servant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to speak with me ?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Bac. Let them come in.

Enter BESSUS with the two Swordsmen.

Serv. They are enter'd, sir, already.

Bac. Now fellows, your business ? Are these the gentlemen ?

Bes. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen,

My friends o' th' sword, along with me.

Bac. I am

Afraid you'll fight, then ?

Bes. My good lord, I will not ;

Your lordship is mistaken. Fear not, lord.

Bac. Sir, I am sorry for it.

Bes. I ask no more

In honour.—Gentlemen, you hear my lord

Is sorry.

Bac. Not that I have beaten you,

But beaten one that will be beaten ;

One whose dull body will require a lamming,

As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.

Now, to your swordsmen :

What come they for, good Captain Stockfish ?

Bes. It seems your lordship has forgot my name.

Bac. No, nor your nature neither ; though they are Things fitter, I must confess, for anything

Than my remembrance, or any honest man's—

What shall these billets do ! Be piled up in my wood-yard ?

Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still: heaven
continue it!

But, for these gentlemen, they come—

Bac. To swear you are a coward? Spare your task;
I do believe it.

Bes. Your lordship still draws wide:
They come to vouch, under their valiant names,
I am no coward.

Bac. That would be a show indeed worth seeing. Sirs,
Be wise, and take money for this motion; travel with it;
And where the name of Bessus has been known,
Or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than
A tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you,
If you be thrifty, than your Captainship,
And more natural. Men of most valiant hands,
Is this true?

2nd Sw. It is so, most renown'd.

Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.

1st Sw. Lord, it is strange, yet true.
We have examin'd, from your lordship's foot there
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings;
And we do find his honour is come off
Clean and sufficient. This as our swords shall help us.

Bac. (to Bessus). You are much bounden to your
bilbo-men.

I am glad you're straight again, Captain. 'Twere good
You would think some way how to gratify them:
They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus,
Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour. [men

2nd Sw. Your lordship must understand we are no
Of the law that take pay for our opinion:
It is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.

Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd
In conscience, will discharge.—Captain, I'll pay
This rent for you.

Bes. Spare yourself, my good lord ;
My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.
Bac. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for the pains.
2nd Sw. Oh lord, my good lord !
Lac. Be not so modest ; I will give you something.
Bes. They shall dine with your lordship. That's sufficient.
Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple squires !
Do you come hither with your bottled valour,
Your windy froth to limit out my beatings ?

[*Kicks them.*

1st Sw. I do beseech your lordship—
2nd Sw. Oh, good lord !
Bac. 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are here !
Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one.
[*Exit Servant.*

2nd Sw. More of your foot, I do beseech your lordship.
Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.
1st Sw. O' this side, good my lord.
Bac. Off with your swords ;
For if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flayed,
You rascals.
1st Sw. Mine's off, my lord. [*They take off their swords.*
2nd Sw. I beseech your lordship, stay a little ; my strap's tied.
Now, when you please.

Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends :
You long for a little too ?
Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your lordship.
Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mongrel ?
2nd Sw. (*takes out a pistol*). Here 'tis, sir ; a small piece of artillery,

That a gentleman, a dear friend of your lordship's,
Sent me with to get it mended, sir ; for, if you mark,
The nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal !
I was never wearier of doing nothing
Than kicking these two footballs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's a good cudgel, sir.

Bac. It comes too late : I am weary. Pr'ythee,
Do thou beat them.

2nd Sw. My lord, this is foul play,
'I faith, to put a fresh man upon us :
Men are but men, sir.

Bac. That jest shall save your bones.—Captain, rally
up your rotten regiment, and begone.—I had rather
thrash, than be bound to kick these rascals till they
cried, Ho !—Bessus,—you may put your hand to them
now, and thus you are quit.—Farewell ! As you like
this, pray visit me again. 'Twill keep me in good health.

[*Exit.*

2nd Sw. He has a devilish hard foot ! I never felt the
like !

1st Sw. Nor I ; and yet I am sure I have felt a hundred.

2nd Sw. If he kick thus i' th' dog days, he'll be dry-
foundered.

What cure now, Captain, besides oil of bays ?

Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you. You can go.

2nd Sw. Yes, heaven be thank'd ! But I feel a
shrewd ache ;

Sure he has sprung my ankle-bone.

1st Sw. I have lost a haunch.

Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter ;

Butter and parsley is a sovereign matter :

Probatum est.

2nd Sw. Captain, we must request
Your hand now to our honours.

Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye ;
And then let all the world come. We are valiant
To ourselves ; and there's an end.

1st Sw. Nay, then, we must be valiant. Oh my ribs !

2nd Sw. A plague upon those sharp-toed shoes !
they're murderers !

FROM THE SCORNFUL LADY.

A CRUEL MISTRESS.

*An apartment in the house of the Scornful Lady. Enter
(with YOUNGLOVE, her waiting-maid) the Lady to
LOVELESS, who has begged to speak with her.*

Lady. Now, sir, this first part of your will is performed : what's the rest ?

Loveless. Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth which you yourself and all the world can see——

Lady (shivering). It's a cold room this, servant.

Love. Mistress——

Lady. What think you if I have a chimney for it, out here ?

Love. Mistress, another in my place, that were not tied to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wronged : but I whose virtues are constancy and obedience——.

Lady (to waiting-woman). Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my servant's exordiums

Love. I have heard, and seen, your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true ; but they speak to the purpose.

Love. Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose : but, as a man——

Lady (*interrupting him*). A simile, servant ? This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and similes, and metaphors ? If you have aught to say, break into it. My answers shall very reasonably meet you.

Love. Mistress, I came to see you.

Lady. That's happily dispatched. The next ?

Love. To take leave of you.

Lady. To be gone ?

Love. Yes.

Lady. You need not have despaired of that ; nor have used so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third ?

Love. Yes, I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I ? Never after. Fast, good servant, fast.

Love. 'Twas to entreat you to hear reason.

Lady. Most willingly. Have you brought one can speak it ?

Love. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

Lady. You would stay at home ?

Love. Yes, lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtlessly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your mistress ; a woman ; a weak one, wildly overborne with passions. But the thing by her commanded, is, to see Dover's dreadful cliff, passing in a poor water-house, the dangers of the merciless channel 'twixt that and Calais ; five long hours' sail, with three weeks' poor victuals !

Love. You wrong me.

Lady. Then, to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English host ;—to remove from city to city, by most chargeable post-horses, like one that rode in quest of his mother tongue ;—

Love. (*interrupting*). You wrong me much.

Lady. And for all these almost invincible labours performed for your mistress, to be in danger to provoke her, and to put on new allegiance to some French lady, who is content to change language with you for laughter ; and, after your whole year spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laughed at, at your return, and have tales made on you by the chamber-maids.

Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. Louder yet.

Love. You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers : move me not with toys. But in this banishment I must take leave to say you are unjust. Was one kiss, forced from you in public by me, so unpardonable ? Why, all hours have seen us kiss.

Lady. 'Tis true ; and so you satisfied the company that heard me chide.

Love. Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I.

Lady. And so you told 'em.

Love. I did ; yet no sign of disgrace need to have stained your cheek. You yourself knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

Lady. I did : but if a maid's heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

Love. But where lay this disgrace ? The world that knew us knew our resolutions well ; and could it be hoped that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kissed ? or could

I, in strict wisdom, take too much love upon me from her that chose me for her husband ?

Lady. Believe me, if my wedding-smock were on,—
Were the gloves bought and given—the license come—
Were the rosemary branches dipped, and all
The hippocras and cakes eat and drank of—
Were these two arms encompassed with the hands
Of bachelors to lead me to the church—
Were my feet at the door—were “ I John ” said—
If John should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year. And you, I hope,
When you have spent this year commodiously,
In achieving languages, will, at your return,
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes
Than such a friend. More talk I hold not now.
If you dare go—

Love. I dare, you know. First let me kiss.

Lady (declining). Farewell, sweet servant. Your task
performed,
On a new ground, as a beginning suitor,
I shall be apt to hear you. [Exit.

Love. Farewell, cruel mistress.

TEASING THE CHAPLAIN.

SIR ROGER, *a foolish chaplain, carries a message to a wit.*

SIR ROGER and WELFORD.

Rog. God save you, sir ! My lady lets you know she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you.

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Rog. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name.—
(*Aside*) I'll try his wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my ancestors had this two hundred years, sir.

Rog. I knew a worshipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the bishopric of Durham. Call you him cousin?

Wel. I am only allied to his virtues, sir.

Rog. It is modestly said. I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that? a cross? There's a tester.

[*Gives money.*]

Rog. I mean the name which your godfathers gave you at the font.

Wel. 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechism; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this house?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier. But may my boldness know why your lady hath sent you to decypher my name?

Rog. Her own words were these:—To know whether you were a formerly-denied suitor, disguised in this message: for I can assure you Hymen and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste.

[*Exit ROGER.*]

Wel. And much speed, sir, I hope. Certainly I am arrived amongst a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit. Here's the walking nightcap again.

Re-enter SIR ROGER.

Rog. Sir, my lady's pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must come up for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's master.

Rog. I am but a bachelor of arts, sir ; and I have the mending of all under this roof.

Wel. A cobbler, sir ?

Rog. No, sir : I inculcate divine service within these walls.

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs ? But why move you that ?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, sir.

Wel. I pray you do so, then, and whilst I attend your lady. You direct all this house in the true way ?

Rog. I do, sir.

Wel. And this door, I hope, conducts to your lady ?

Rog. Your understanding is ingenious.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

FROM THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

DONNA GUIOMAR OFFERS SHELTER TO HER SON'S MURDERER.

SCENE—*A Bed-chamber.*

Enter DONNA GUIOMAR and Servants.

Guiomar. He's not i' th' house ?

Servants. No, madam.

Gui. Haste, and seek him.

Go, all, and everywhere : I'll not to bed

Till you return him. Take away the lights too ;
The moon lends me too much to find my fears !
And those devotions I am to pay,
Are written in my heart, not in this book ;
And I shall read them there, without a taper.

[*She kneels. Exeunt Servants,*

Enter RUTILIO.

Rut. I am pursued ; all the ports are stopt too ;
Not any hope to escape : behind, before me,
On either side, I am beset. Cursed in fortune !
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too ;
Redeem'd from one affliction to another !
Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,
And died obscure and innocent ; not as Nero,
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears
brought me ?

I am got into a house ; the doors all open ;
This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings
And other rich ornaments, glist'ning through
The sable mask of night, says it belongs
To one of means and rank. No servant stirring,
Murmur, nor whisper.

Gui. Who's that ?

Rut. By the voice,
This is a woman.

Gui. Stephano, Jasper, Julia !
Who waits there ?

Rut. 'Tis the lady of the house ;
I'll fly to her protection.

Gui. Speak ; what are you ?

Rut. Of all, that ever breath'd, a man most wretched ;

Gui. I'm sure you are a man of most ill manners ;
You could not with so little reverence else

Press to my private chamber. Whither would you ?
Or what do you seek for ?

Rut. Gracious woman, hear me !
I am a stranger, and in that I answer
All your demands ; a most unfortunate stranger,
That call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,
Have left him dead 'i th' streets. Justice pursues me,
And, for that life I took unwillingly,
And in a fair defence, I must loose mine,
Unless you, in your charity, protect me.
Your house is now my sanctuary ; and the altar
I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.
By all that's dear unto you, by your virtues,
And by your innocence that needs no forgiveness,
Take pity on me !

Gui. Are you a Castilian ?

Rut. No, madam ! Italy claims my birth.

Gui. I ask not

With purpose to betray you ; if you were
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,
If it lay in my power. Lift up these hangings ;
Behind my bed's head there's a hollow place,
Into which enter. (*RUTILIO conceals himself.*) But
from this place stir not :

If the officers come, as you expect they will do,
I know they own such reverence to my lodgings,
That they will easily give credit to me,
And search no further.

Rut. The blest saints pay for me
The indefinite debt I owe you !

Gui. (*aside*). How he quakes !
Thus far I feel his heart beat.—Be of comfort ;
Once more I give my promise for your safety.
All men are subject to such accidents,

Especialy the valiant ;—and (*aside*) who knows not,
But that the charity I afford this stranger,
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of !

Enter Page, Officers, and Servants, with DUARTE on a bier.

1st Serv. Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could
Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of
Your great discretion.

2nd Serv. Your only son,
My lord Duarte, 's slain.

1st Off. His murderer,
Pursued by us, was by a boy discover'd
Entering your house, and that induced us
To press into it for his apprehension.

Gui. Oh !

1st Serv. Sure, her heart is broke.

1st Off. Madam !

Gui. Stand off :

My sorrow is so dear and pretious to me,
That you must not partake it. Suffer it,
Like wounds that do bleed inward, to despatch me.—
(*Aside*). Oh, my Duarte ! such an end as this
Thy pride long since did prophesy ! thou art dead ;
And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother
Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,
Or thou fall unreveng'd. My soul's divided ;
And piety to a son, and true performance
Of hospitable duties to my guest,
That are to others angels, are my Furies :
Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given
Denies the entrance. Is no medium left,
But that I must protect the murderer,
Or suffer in that faith he made his altar ?

Motherly love, give place ; the fault made this way,
To keep a vow to which high Heaven is witness,
Heaven may be pleas'd to pardon.

Enter the lady's brother MANUEL, Doctors and Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late ;
He's gone, past all recovery : now reproof
Were but unreasonable, when I should give comfort ;
And yet remember, sister——

Gui. Oh, forbear !
Search for the murderer, and remove the body,
And as you think it fit, give it burial.
Wretch that I am, incapable of all comfort !
And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk,
And you, my lord, for some spaces to forbear
Your courteous visitations.

Man. We obey you.

[*Exeunt with DUARTE on the bier, all except GUIOMAR
and RUTILIO.*

Rut. (aside.) My spirit's come back, and now despair
resigns
Her place again to hope.

Gui. Whate'er thou art,
To whom I have given means of life, to witness
With what religion I have kept my promise,
Come fearless forth : but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forced to know thee ;
For motherly affection may return
My vow once paid to Heaven.

[*RUTILIO comes forth with his face covered.*

Thou hast taken from me
The respiration of my heart, the light
Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustain'd me :
Yet my word given to save you I make good,
Because what you did was done without malice.

You are not known ; there is no mark about you
That can discover you ; let not fear betray you.
With all convenient speed you can, fly from me,
That I may never see you ; and that want
Of means may be no let unto your journey,
There are a hundred crowns. [*Gives purse.*] You are
at the door now,
And so, farewell for ever.

Rut. Let me first fall [*Kneels.*
Before your feet, and on them pay the duty
I owe your goodness : next, all blessings to you,
And Heaven restore the joys I have bereft you,
With full increase, hereafter ! Living, be
The goddess styl'd of hospitality. [*Exeunt severally.*

FROM WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

LIVING BY THE WITS.

VALENTINE'S Uncle. Merchant, *who has his Mortgage.*

Mer. When saw you Valentine ?

Unc. Not since the horse-race.

He's taken up with those that woo the widow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people ?
He bore a worthy mind.

Unc. Alas ! he's sunk ;
His means are gone ; he wants ; and, which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so

Mer. That's strange.

Unc. Runs lunatic if you but talk of states :
He can't be brought (now he has spent his own)
To think there is inheritance, or means,

But all a common riches ; all men bound
To be his bailiffs.

Mer. This is sometimes dangerous.

Unc. No gentleman, that has estate, to use it
In keeping house or followers : for those ways
He cries against for eating sins, dull surfeits,
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,
Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs,
"God bless the founders." These he would have
 ventur'd

Into more manly uses, wit and carriage,
And never thinks of state or means, the groundworks,
Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies
And starve their understandings.

VALENTINE joins them.

Val. Now to your business, uncle.

Unc. To your state then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't ; name 't no more
'Tis that I pray against, and Heaven has heard me.
I tell you, sir, I am more fearful of it
(I mean, of thinking of more lands and livings)
Than sickly men are o' travelling o' Sundays,
For being quell'd with carriers. Out upon it ?
Caveat emptor ; let the fool out-sweat it,
That thinks he has got a catch on't.

Unc. This is madness,
To be a wilful beggar.

Val. I am mad then,
And so I mean to be. Will that content you ?
How bravely now I live ! how jocund !
How near the first inheritance ! without fears !
How free from title troubles !

Unc. And from means too !

Val. Means !

Why, all good men's my means ; my wit's my plough,
The town's my stock, tavern's my standing-house
(And all the world know, there's no want) : all gentlemen

That love society, love me ; all purses
That wit and pleasure open, are my tenants ;
Every man's clothes fit me ; the next fair lodging
Is but my next remove ; and when I please
To be more eminent, and take the air,
A piece is levied, and a coach prepar'd,
And I go I care not whither. What need's state here ?

Unc. But say these means were honest, will they last, sir ?

Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer.
Your mind's enclos'd ; nothing lies open nobly :
Your very thoughts are hinds, that work on nothing
But daily sweat and trouble. Were my way
So full of dirt as this,—'tis true,—I'd shift it.
Are my acquaintance graziers ?—But, sir, know
No man that I'm allied to in my living,
But makes it equal whether his own use
Or my necessity pull first : nor is this forc'd,
But the mere quality and poisure of goodness.
And do you think I venture nothing equal ?

Unc. You pose me, cousin ?

Val. What's my knowledge, uncle ?
Is't not worth money ? What's my understanding ?
Travel ? reading ? wit ? all these digested ? my daily
Making men, some to speak, that too much phlegm
Had frozen up ; some, that spoke too much, to hold
Their peace, and put their tongues to pensions ; some
To wear their clothes, and some to keep them : these
Are nothing, uncle ? Besides these ways, to teach
The way of nature, a manly love, community
To all that are deservers, not examining

How much or what's done for them : it is wicked.
Are not these ways as honest as persecuting
The starv'd inheritance with musty corn
The very rats were fain to run away from ?
Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices ?
I tell you, sir, I would not change way with you
(Unless it were to sell your state that hour,
And if 'twere possible, to spend it then too)
For all your beans in Rumnillo. Now you know me.

FROM THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.
THE LAWYER'S DUEL.

SCENE—*A Field outside one of the gates of Paris.*

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. I am first i' th' field ; that honour's gain'd of our
side ;
Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably !
The hour is past ; I wonder Dinant comes not :
This is the place ; I cannot see him yet :
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'er knew him yet but to his honour
A firm and worthy friend ; yet I see nothing,
Nor horse, nor man. 'Twould vex me to be left here
To the mercy of two swords, and two approv'd ones.
I never knew him last.

Enter BEAUPRE and VERDONE.

Beau. You're well met, Cleremont.

Verdone. You're a fair gentleman, and love your
friend, sir.

What, are you ready ? The time has overta'en us.

Beau. And this, you know, the place.

Cler. No Dinant yet.

Beau. We come not now to argue, but to do :
We wait you, sir.

Cler. There's no time past yet, gentlemen ;
We have day enough.—Is't possible he comes not ?
You see I am ready here, and do but stay [*Aside.*]
Till my friend come ! Walk but a turn or two ;
'Twill not be long.

Verdone. We came to fight.

Cler. You shall fight, gentlemen,
And fight enough : but a short turn or two !
I think I see him ; set up your watch, we'll fight by it.

Beau. That is not he ; we will not be deluded.

Cler. (*aside*) Am I bobb'd thus ?—Pray take a pipe
of tobacco,
Or sing but some new air ; by that time, gentlemen——
Verdone. Come, draw your sword ; you know the
custom here, sir ;

First come, first served.

Cler. Though it be held a custom,
And practised so, I do not hold it honest.
What honour can you both win on me single ?

Beau. Yield up your sword then.

Cler. Yield my sword ! that's Hebrew ;
I'll be first cut a-pieces. Hold but a while,
I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an Old Gentleman.

You are an old gentleman ?

Gent. Yes, indeed am I, sir.

Cler. And wear no sword ?

Gent. I need none, sir.

Cler. I would you did, and had one ;

I want now such a foolish courtesy.

You see these gentlemen ?

Gent. You want a second ?

In good faith, sir, I was never handsome at it.

I would you had my son ; but he's in Italy.

(*Aside.*) A proper gentleman ! (*To the other.*) You may do well, gallants,

If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy ;

The gentleman may do his country——

Cler. Now I beseech you, sir,

If you daren't fight, don't stay to beg my pardon :

There lies your way.

Gent. Good morrow, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Verdone. You see your fortune ;

You had better yield your sword.

Cler. 'Pray ye, stay a little ;

Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought with.—

Enter Two Gentlemen.

Well, Dinant, well !—These wear swords, and seem
brave fellows.—

As you are gentlemen, one of you supply me .

I want a second now, to meet these gallants ;

You know what honour is.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you must pardon us :

We go about the same work you are ready for,

And must fight presently ; else we were your servants.

2 *Gent.* God speed you, and good day !

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Cler. Am I thus colted ?

Beau. Come, either yield——

Cler. As you are honest gentlemen.

Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune ;

And if I fight not like a man——Fy, Dinant ! [*Aside.*

Cold now and treacherous !

La Writ. (*within*) I understand your causes,
Yours about corns, yours about pins and glasses—
Will ye make me mad? have I not all the parcels?
And his petition too, about bell-founding?
Send in your witnesses.—What will ye have me do?
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are
melted!
And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,
His cause shall be the first. Commend me to your
mistress,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her—I shall dispatch you too,
I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales:
Trouble me no more, I say again to you, {puddings;
No more vexation!—Bid my wife send me some
I have a cause to run through, requires puddings;
Puddings enough. Farewell!

Enter LA WRIT.

Cler. God speed you, sir!

Beau. 'Would he would take this fellow!

Verdone. A rare youth.

Cler. If you be not hasty, sir——

La Writ. Yes, I am hasty,

Exceeding hasty, sir; I am going to the parliament;
You understand this bag: if you have any business
Depending there, be short and let me hear it,—
And pay your fees.

Cler. 'Faith, sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no parliament.

La Writ. I have no skill in't then.

Cler. I must desire you;
'Tis a sword matter, sir.

La Writ. I am no cutler;
I am an advocate, sir.

Beau. How the thing looks !

Verdone. When he brings him to fight——

Cler. Be not so hasty ;

You wear a good sword.

La Writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword——

Cler. I must entreat you try, sir, and bear a part
Against these gentlemen ; I want a second :
You seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

La Writ. I am a lawyer, sir, I am no fighter.

Cler. You that breed quarrels, sir, know best to satisfy.

Beau. This is some sport yet !

Verdone. If this fellow should fight !

La Writ. And, for anything I know, I am an arrant
coward.

Do not trust me ; I think I am a coward.

Cler. Try, try : you are mistaken.—Walk on,
gentlemen,
The man shall follow presently.

La Writ. Are ye mad, gentlemen ?
My business is within this half-hour.

Cler. That's all one ;
We'll despatch within this quarter.—There, in that
bottom ;
'Tis most convenient, gentlemen.

Beau. Well, we'll wait, sir. [*Moving to go thither.*]

Verdone. Why, this will be a comic fight. You'll
follow ?

La Writ. As I am a true man, I cannot fight.

Cler. Away, away.—

[*Exeunt* BEAUPRE and VERDONE.]

I know you can ; I like your modesty ;
I know you will fight, and so fight with much mettle,
And with such judgment meet your enemy's fury—
I see it in your eye, sir.

La Writ. I'll be hang'd then ;
And I charge you, in the king's name, name no more
fighting.

Cler. I charge you, in the king's name, play the man ;
Which, if you do not quickly, I begin with you ;
I'll make you dance. Do you see your fiddlestick ?
Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.

La Writ. Stand further, gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a dust o' th' chaps——

Cler. Spoke bravely.
And like thyself, a noble advocate !
Come to thy tools.

La Writ. I do not say I'll fight.

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La Writ. If I do fight—
I say, *if* I do, but don't depend upon 't—
(And yet I have a foolish itch upon me)—
What shall become of my writings ?

Cler. Let 'em lie by ;
They will not run away, man.

La Writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my causes then ? my business ?
I will not fight : I cannot fight. My causes——

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand
causes ;
Thou art a man to fight for any cause,
And carry it with honour.

La Writ. Hum ! say you so ? If I should
Be such a coxcomb to prove valiant now !

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

La Writ. Do you think so ?
I am undone for ever, if it prove so ;
I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever ;
For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight ? for I cannot stay,

Nor will not stay ! I have business.

Cler. We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.

La Writ. Here will I hang my bag then ; it may save
my belly ; *[Hangs his bag before him.]*

I never loved cold iron there.

Cler. You do wisely.

La Writ. Help me to pluck my sword out then ;
quickly ; quickly !

It has not seen sun these ten years.

Cler. How it grumbles !

This sword is vengeance angry.

La Writ. Now I'll put my hat up,
And say my prayers as I go. Away, boy !

If I be kill'd, remember the Little Lawyer ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BEAUPRE.

Beau. They are both come on , that may be a stubborn rascal.

Enter LA WRIT.

Take you that ground, I'll stay here. Fight bravely !

La Writ. To't cheerfully, my boys ! You'll let's
have fairplay ?

None of your foining tricks ?

Beau. Come forward, monsieur !

What hast thou there ? a pudding in thy belly ?

I shall see what it holds.

La Writ. Put your spoon home then ! *[Fights.]*

Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit, sir !

[BEAUPRE hits him on the bag.]

God-a-mercy, bag !

Beau. Nothing but bombast in you ?

The rogue winks and fights.

[*BEAUPRE loses his sword ; LA WRIT treads on it.*

La Writ. Now your fine fencing, sir !

Stand off ; thou diest on the point else ! I have it, I have it !

Yet further off !—I have his sword.

[*Calls to CLEREMONT.*

Cler. (within.) Then keep it.

Be sure you keep it !

La Writ. I'll put it in my mouth else.

Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,

And look another way, or I'll be with you !

Is this all ! I'll undertake within these two days

To furnish any cutler in this kingdom.

Beau. What fortune's this ! Disarmed by a puppy ?
A snail ? a dog ?

La Writ. No more o' these words, gentlemen !
Sweet gentleman, no more ! Do not provoke me !

Go walk i' th' horse-fair ; whistle, gentleman.—

What must I do now ? [*To CLEREMONT, entering.*

Enter CLEREMONT, pursued by VERDONE.

Cler. Help me ; I am almost breathless.

La Writ. With all my heart. There's a cold pie for
you, sir ! [*Strikes CLEREMONT.*

Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool !

La Writ. Thou fool, stand further off then.—
Deliver, deliver !

[*Strikes up VERDONE's heels and takes his sword too.*

Cler. Hold fast.

La Writ. I never fail in't.

There's twelvepence ; go, buy you two leaden daggers !
Have I done well ?

Cler. Most like a gentleman.

Beau. And we two basely lost !

Verdone. 'Tis but a fortn.

We shall yet find an hour.

[*Exeunt BEAUPRE and VERDONE, sad.*]

Cler. I shall be glad on't.

La Writ. Where's my cloak, and my trinkets ? Or will you

Fight any longer for a crash or two ?

Cler. I am your noble friend, sir.

La Writ. It may be so.

Cler. What honour shall I do you, for this great courtesy ?

La Writ. All I desire of you is to take

The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more on't ;

(I have no liking to't—'tis a foolish matter ;)

And help me to put up my sword.

Cler. Most willingly :

But I am bound to gratify you, and I must not leave you.

La Writ. I tell you I will not be gratified :

Nor I will hear no more on't. Take the swords too,

And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.

For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own disposure ;

And so, and so——

[*Exit LA WRIT.*]

Cler. This is a most rare lawyer ;

I am sure, most valiant.—Well, Dinant, as you satisfy me—

I say no more. I am loaden like an armourer.

[*Exit with the swords.*]

THE LAWYER CHALLENGES
THE JUDGE.

SCENE—*A Street.*

Enter SAMPSON (a foolish Advocate) and Three Clients.

Samp. I know monsieur La Writ.

1 Client. Would he knew himself, sir !

Samp. He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,

Of a kind of unable thing.

1 Client. He's blown up, sir.

2 Client. Run mad, and quarrels with the dog he meets :

He is no lawyer of this world now.

Samp. Your reason ?

Is he defunct ? is he dead ?

2 Client. No, he's not dead yet, sir ;

But I would be loth to take a lease on's life for two hours :

Alas, he is possess'd, sir, with the spirit of fighting,
And quarrels with all people ; but how he came to it——

Samp. If he fight well, and like a gentleman,
The man may fight ; for 'tis a lawful calling.

Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentleman,
And my lord my uncle loves me.

3 Client. We all know it, sir.

Samp. I think he does, sir ; I have business too,
much business,

Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a week :

Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my friends ; a little does well ;
I would be loth to learn to fight.

1 *Client.* But, an't please you, sir,
His fighting has neglected all our business ;
We are undone, our causes cast away, sir ;
His not-appearance——

Samp. There he fought too long ;
A little, and fight well : he fought too long, indeed,
friends :

But, ne'ertheless, things must be as they may,
And there be ways——

1 *Client.* We know, sir, if you please——

Samp. Something I'll do. Go, rally up your causes.

Enter LA WRIT in the habit of a gallant, and a Gentleman at the door.

2 *Client.* Now you may behold, sir,
And be a witness, whether we lie or no.

La Writ. I'll meet you at the ordinary, sweet
gentlemen,

No handling any duels before I come ;
We'll have no going less ; I hate a coward !

Gent. There shall be nothing done.

La Writ. Make all the quarrels
You can devise before I come, and let's all fight ;
There's no sport else.

Gent. We'll see what may be done, sir.

1 *Client.* Ha ! monsieur La Writ !

La Writ. Baffled in the way of business,
My causes cast away, judgment against us !
Why, there it goes.

2 *Client.* What shall we do the whilst, sir ?

La Writ. Breed new dissensions ; go hang yourselves ?
'Tis all one to me ; I have a new trade of living.

1 *Client.* Do you hear what he says, sir ?

Samp. The gentleman speaks finely.

La Writ. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my occupation.

If you find yourselves aggrieved——

Samp. A complete gentleman!

La Writ. Avaunt, thou buckram budget of petitions!

[*Throws away his bag of papers.*]

Thou spital of lame causes!—I lament for thee;

And, till revenge be taken——

Samp. 'Tis most excellent.

La Writ. There, every man choose his paper, and his place;

I'll answer ye all; I will neglect no man's business,

But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.

The judge may do and not do; he's but a monsieur.

Samp. You have nothing of mine in your bag, sir.

La Writ. I know not, sir;

But you may put anything in, any fighting thing.

Samp. It is sufficient! you may hear hereafter.

La Writ. I rest your servant, sir!

Samp. No more words, gentlemen,

But follow me! no more words, as you love me,

The gentleman's a noble gentleman!

I shall do what I can, and then——

Clients. We thank you, sir!

Samp. Not a word to disturb him; he's a gentleman:

[*Exeunt SAMPSON and Clients.*]

La Writ. No cause go o' my side? the judge cast all?

And, because I was honourably employ'd in action,

And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,

'Tis well, faith! 'tis well, judge!

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. Who have we here?

My little furious lawyer!

La Writ. I say, 'tis well !
But mark the end !

Cler. How he is metamorphosed !
Nothing of lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No soliciting face now ! This is no simple conversion.—

Your servant, sir, and friend !

La Writ. You come in time; sir

Cler. The happier man; to be at your command then.

La Writ. You may wonder to see me thus; but
that's all one ;

Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a lawyer,
But I have mew'd that coat; I hate a lawyer;
I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking.
I did you the office of a man ?

Cler. I must confess it.

La Writ. And budged not; no, I budged not.

Cler. No, you did not.

La Writ. There's it then; one good turn requires
another.

Cler. Most willing, sir; I am ready at your service.

La Writ (*gives him a paper*). There; read, and
understand, and then deliver it.

Cler. This is a challenge, sir.

La Writ. 'Tis very like, sir;
I seldom now write sonnets.

Cler. O, *admirantis* !

“To Monsieur Vertaigne, the president.”

La Writ. I choose no fool, sir.

Cler. Why, he's no swordsman, sir.

La Writ. Let him learn, let him learn;
Time, that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.

Cler. Why, he's a judge, an old man !

La Writ. Never too old

To be a gentleman ; and he that is a judge
Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.

[*Points to the scattered papers.*]

There are my griefs ; he has cast away my causes,
In which he has bow'd my reputation :
And therefore, judge or no judge——

Cler. Pray be ruled, sir !

This is the maddest thing——

La Writ. You will not carry it ?

Cler. I do not tell you so ; but, if you may be
persuaded——

La Writ. You know how you used me when I would
not fight ?

Cler. The devil's in him. [*Aside.*]

La Writ. I see it in your eyes ; that you dare do it ;
You have a carrying face ; and you shall carry it.

Cler. The least is banishment.

La Writ. Be banish'd then ;

'Tis a friend's part. We'll meet in Africa,
Or any corner of the earth.

Cler. Say, he will not fight ?

La Writ. I know then what to say ; take you no care,
sir.

Cler. Well, I will carry it and deliver it,
And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre ;
Till when, my service. [*Exit.*]

La Writ. A judge, or no judge ? no judge.

FROM BONDUCA.

CARATACH DEPRECATES BOASTING.

SCENE—*The British Camp.*

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, HENGO, NENNIUS, *and*
Soldiers.

Bond. The “hardy Romans?” Oh, ye gods of Britain,
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!

Enter CARATACH.

Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,
That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome, and one Cæsar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar’s soft soul dwells in ’em,
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love’s allurements.
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice have we beat ’em, Nennius, scatter’d ’em:
And through their big-boned Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sits in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame ’em. And a woman,
A woman beat ’em, Nennius; a weak woman;
A woman beat these Romans!

Car. So it seems;

A man would shame to talk so.

Bond. Who’s that?

Car. I.

Bond. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes?

Car. No, Bonduca ;
If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes :
You put too much wind to your sail ; discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And nurs'd together, make a conqueror ;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed :
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues ; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing ;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Boul. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us ?

Car. No, Bonduca ;
So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans fearful, fleeing Romans,
And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures :
Does this become a doer ? are they such ?

Bond. They are no more.

Car. Where is your conquest then ?
Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers ?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire ?
The holy Druids composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory ?
Why are these triumphs, lady ? for a May-game ?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans ?
Is it no more ? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers ;
Put out your holy fires ; no timbrel ring ;
Let's home and sleep ; for such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,

A glow-worm's tail too full of flame.—Oh, Nennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.

Bond. By the gods, I think
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach !

Car. Witness these wounds, I do ; they were fairly
given.

And are not all these Roman ? Ten struck battles
I sucked these honour'd scars from, and all Roman ;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night
I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their wat'ry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues ;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought
(Which was not fear, nor flight), as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward, as the Britons ;
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Aye, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
Have not I seen the Britons——

Bond. What ?

Car. Dishearten'd,
Run, run, Bonduca ! Not a flight drawn home,
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,

E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,
I have seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring ; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.

Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer !

Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I have seen thee run too ; and thee, Nennius ;
Yea, run apace, both ; then, when Penius
(The Roman girl !) cut through your armèd carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill :
Then did I see
These valiant and approvèd men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

Nen. And what did you then, Caratach ?

Car. I fled too,
But not so fast ; your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there ; he trasht me, Nennius :
For, when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the Roman fury
Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back
I buckled him ; behind him my sure shield ;
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the son of virtue, Penius,
Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow
Turn'd to my foe (my face), he cried out nobly,
"Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely ;
Thy manly sword has rausom'd thee ; grow strong,

And let me meet thee once again in arms ;
Then, if thou stand'st thou'rt mine." I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Oh, cousin,
From what a flight of honour hast thou check'd me !
What wouldst thou make me, Caratach ?

Car. See, lady,
The noble use of others in our losses.
Does this afflict you ? Had the Romans cried this,
And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as th' earth was ours, to show us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despis'd us,
And held it equal whether banqueting
Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have gall'd you.

Bond. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but so think as we [too] may be conquer'd;
And where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,
That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
They file to after-ages. Our registers
The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour ;
And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings ?

Bond. No more ; I see myself. Thou hast made me,
cousin,
More than my fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory :
Thy temperance has cured that tympany,
And given me health again—nay, more, discretion.
Shall we have peace ? for now I love these Romans.

Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.

Bond. Your reason ?

Nen. Is not peace the end of arms ?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our land-marks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and, next those, our honours,
And with those swords that know no end of battle,
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds, that where the day is, claim inheritance,
And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome, and here i' th' bowels on us,
It must not be. No; as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em,
Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our hands our swords. That hardy Roman
That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred underground,
And be allied in ashes.

Bond. Caratach,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver:
The Romans shall have worthy wars.

Car. They shall:
And, little sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you to a sword.

Hengo. And what then, uncle?

Car. Then you must kill, sir, the next valiant Roman
That calls you knave.

Hengo. And must I kill but one?

Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope five hundred.

Car. That is a noble boy !—Come, worthy lady,
Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth.

SUETONIUS'S HARANGUE.

SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, CURIUS, DECIUS,
DEMETRIUS, and MACER.

Suet. Draw out apace ; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready ?

Junius. All our troops attend, sir.

Suet. Gentlemen,
To bid you fight is needless ; ye are Romans ;
The name will fight itself :—to tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power and nature,
But loss of time ; ye know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so. To tell ye further,
His body shows more dreadful than it has done,
To him, that fears, less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance ! draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice ;
The gods of Rome fight for ye : loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the under-world, all nations,
The seas and unfrequented deserts, where the snow
dwells ;
Wakens the ruin'd monuments ; and there,

Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
Go on, I say. Valiant and wise rule Heaven,
And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow
Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name ; and like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours ; fight and conquer !

Dec. Dem. 'Tis done.

Pet. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot !

Suet. Sufficient !

Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder ;
March close and sudden, like a tempest ; all executions
[*March.*

Done without sparkling of the body ; keep your phalanx
Sure lined, and piec'd together, your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won.

[*Exeunt.*

A BATTLE SCENE.

Enter SUTONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER,
and Soldiers.

Suet. Oh, bravely fought !
Honour till now ne'er show'd her golden face
I' the field. Like lions, gentlemen, you have held
Your heads up this day. Where's young Junius,
Curius, and Decius ?

Pet. Gone to heaven, I think, sir.

Suct. Their worths go with 'em ! Breathe a while.
How do ye ?

Pet. Well ; some few scurvy wounds ; my heart's
whole yet.

Dem. 'Would they would give us more ground !

Suct. Give ? we'll have it.

Pet. Have it ? and hold it too, despite the devil.

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, and CURIUS.

Jun. Lead up to th' head, and line sure ! The queen's
battle

Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general ?

Suct. Oh, they are living yet.—Come, my brave
soldiers,

Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye. Live,
Live, and lead armies all ! Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best ;

We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

Dec. More wounds, more honour.

Pet. Lose no time.

Suct. Away then ;

And stand this shock, ye have stood the world.

*Enter BONDUCA, CARATACH, Daughters, NENNIUS, and
Soldiers.*

Car. Charge 'em i' th' flanks ! Oh, you have play'd
the fool,

The fool extremely, the mad fool !

Bond. Why, cousin ?

Car. The woman fool ! Why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people
In gross before the enemy ? We pay for't ;
Our own swords cut our throats !

Why do you offer to command ? The devil,
The devil, and his dam too ! who bid you
Meddle in men's affairs ?

Bond. I'll help all.

[Exeunt all but CARATACH.]

Car. Home,
Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin ! you trifle.
Open before there, or all's ruin'd !—How ?

[Shouts within.]

Now comes the tempest on ourselves, by Heaven !

Within. Victoria !

Car. Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman !

[Exit.]

Drus. Victoria, Victoria !

Pen. How's that, Drusius ?

Drus. They win, they win, they win ! Oh, look, look,
look, sir,

For Heaven's sake, look ! The Britons fly, the Britons
fly ! Victoria !

Enter SÜETONIUS, Soldiers, and Captains.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent soldiers !
Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans !
Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius ; they are ours,
The world cannot redeem 'em : stern Petillius,
Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good soldiers !

[Exeunt.]

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, and Britons flying.

Bond. Shame ! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons !
Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers ! leave me ?
Leave your queen desolate ?

Enter CARATACH and HENGO.

Car. Fly, ye buzzards !

Ye have wings enough, ye fear ! Get thee gone, woman,
[Loud shout within.]

Shame tread upon thy heels ! All's lost, all's lost ! Hark,
 Hark how the Romans ring our knells !

[Exeunt BONDUCA, Daughters, etc.]

Hengo. Good uncle,
 Let me go too.

Car. No, boy ; thy fortune's mine ;
 I must not leave thee. Get behind me ; shake not ;
 I'll scourge you, if you do, boy.

Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, and DECIUS.

Come, brave Romans !
 All is not lost yet.

Jun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach.

[Fight. Drums.]

Car. Thou art a soldier ; strike home, home ! Have
 at you !

Pen. His blows fall like huge sledges on an auvil.

Dec. I am weary.

Pet. So am I.

Car. Send more swords to me.

[Exeunt Britons unpursued.]

Jun. Let's sit and rest.

[They sit down.]

Drus. What think you now ?

Pen. Oh, Drusius,

I have lost mine honour, lost my name,
 Lost all that was my light. These are true Romans,
 And I a Briton coward, a base coward !
 Guide me where nothing is but desolation,
 That I may never more behold the face
 Of man, or mankind know me ! Oh, blind Fortune,
 Hast thou abus'd me thus ?

Drus. Good sir, be comforted ;
 It was your wisdom rul'd you. Pray you go home ;

Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. [Retreat.

Pen. Fool, fool, coward !

[*Exeunt* PENIUS, and DRUSIUS into the Tent.

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, Soldiers, drum and
colours.

Suet. Draw in, draw in !—Well have you fought, and
worthy

Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds ;
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters
Defy us once again. To-morrow morning
We'll seek her out, and make her know, our fortunes
Stop at no stubborn walls.—Come, sons of Honour,
True Virtue's heirs, thus hatch'd with Britain blood
Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours !

[*Exeunt*

AN INFANT HERO.

Caratach. How does my boy ?

Hengo. I would do well : my head's well :
I do not fear.

Car. My good boy !

Hen. I know, uncle,
We must all die : my little brother died,
I saw him die ; and he died smiling. Sure,
There's no great pain in't, uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go, when we are dead ?

Car. (*aside*) Strange questions !
Why, to the blessed'st place, boy ! ever sweetness
And happiness dwells there.

Hen. Will you come to me ?

Car. Yes, my sweet boy.

Hen. Mine aunt too, and my cousins ?

Car. All, my good child.

Hen. No Romans, uncle ?

Car. No, boy.

Hen. I should be loath to meet them there,

Car. No ill men

That live by violence and strong oppression

Come thither. 'Tis for those the gods love ; good ones.

Hen. Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely

I am persuaded they love me. I never

Blasphem'd 'em, uncle, nor transgress'd my parents ;

I always said my prayers.

Car. Thou shalt go then ;

Indeed thou shalt.

Hen. When they please.

Car. That's my good boy.

Art thou not weary, Hengo ?

Hen. Weary, uncle ?

I've heard you say you've march'd all day in armour.

Car. I have boy.

Hen. Am I not your kinsman ?

Car. Yes.

Hen. And am I not as fully allied to you

In those rare things as blood ?

Car. Thou art too tender,

Hen. To go upon my legs ? they were made to bear me.

I can play twenty mile a day : I see no reason

But, to preserve my country and myself,

I should march forty.

Car. What would'st thou be, living

To wear a man's strength ?

Hen. Why, a Caratach,

A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven

To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom. — Hark !
Hark, uncle, hark ! I hear a drum.

*Enter JUDAS (a Roman Corporal), with other Soldiers,
and remains at the side of the stage.*

Judas. Beat softly.

Softly, I say. They're here. Who dare charge ?

1st Soldier. He

That dares be knock'd o' the head. I'll not come near
him.

Jud. Retire again, and watch then. How he stares !
H' has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well ;
If we could take or kill him—A [plague] on you,
How fierce you look ! See, how he broods the boy !
The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say,
Apace, apace ! h' has found us. [*Exit with Soldiers.*]

Car. Do ye hunt us ?

Hen. Uncle, good uncle, see ! the thin starv'd rascal,
The eating Roman ; see where he thrids the thickets !
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him.

Car. Do ye make us foxes ?—

Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy :
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels ! [*Exit.*]

Hen. Now he pays 'em :

Oh, that I had a man's strength !

Re-enter JUDAS.

Jud. Here's the boy ;
Mine own, I thank my fortune.

Hen. (*calling out for Caratach*). Uncle, uncle !
Famine is fall'n upon me, uncle.

Jud. Come, sir ;
Yield willingly : your uncle's out of hearing.

Hen. Thou mock-made man of mat ! Charge home, sirrah !

Hang thee, base slave ; thou shak'st !

Jud. Upon my conscience,

The boy will beat me ! Yield ; or I cut thy head off.

Hen. Thou dar'st not cut my finger. Here 'tis. Touch it.

Jud. The boy speaks sword and buckler.—Pr'ythee yield, boy.

Come ; here's an apple. Yield.

Hen. By Heaven, he fears me !

I'll give you sharper language.—When, you coward, When come you up ?

Jud. If he should beat me——

Hen. When, sir ?

I long to kill thee. Come ; thou canst not 'scape me : I've twenty ways to charge thee. Twenty deaths Attend my bloody staff.

Jud. Sure, 'tis the devil ;
A dwarf-devil in a doublet !

Hen. I have killed a captain, sirrah, a brave captain, And when I have done, I have kick'd him ;—thus ;—look here ;

See how I charge this staff.

Jud. Most certain,
This boy will cut my throat yet.

Re-enter Two Soldiers, running.

1st Soldier. Flee, flee ! he kills us !

2nd Soldier. He comes ! he comes !

Jud. The devil take the hindmost.

[*Exeunt JUDAS and Soldiers.*]

Hen. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye rank rogues !

A'comes, a'comes, a'comes, a'comes ! That's he,
boys——

What a brave cry they make !

Car. How does my chicken ?

Hen. Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier :
For by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon't,
I've out-brav'd Hunger !

Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy !
Here ; here's a Roman's head for thee.

Hen. Good provision.
Before I starve, my sweet-faced gentleman,
I'll try your favour.

Car. A right complete soldier !
Come, chicken ; let's go seek some place of strength
(The country's full of scouts) to rest awhile in ;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food awhile, boy.

Hen. Anything ;
I can eat moss ; nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.

Car. I warrant thee. Come cheerfully.

Hen. And boldly.

[*Exeunt.*]

PENIUS'S REMORSE.

SCENE—*The Tent of PENIUS.*

Enter PENIUS, DRUSIUS, and REGULUS.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.

Pen. Pray ye, forsake me ;
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours !

I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp else.

Drus. Dear captain !

Reg. Most honoured sir !

Pen. Most hated, most abhorr'd !
Say so, and then ye know me ; nay, ye please me.
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit !

Reg. Sure

His mind is dangerous.

Drus. The good gods cure it !

Pen. My honour, got through fire, through stubborn
breaches,
Through battles that have been as hard to win as heaven,
Through Death himself, in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen !
And now I am left to scornful tales and laughs,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, " That's he,
That's the brave gentleman forsook the battle,
The most wise Penius, the disputing coward."
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill me ;
Cut out the coward from my heart !

Reg. You are none.

Pen. He lies that says so ; by Heaven, he lies, lies
basely,
Baser than I have done ! Come, soldiers, seek me ;
I have robb'd ye of your virtues ! Justice seek me ;
I have broke my fair obedience ! lost ! Shame take me,
Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me,
Shame, endless shame ! and pray do you forsake me !

Drus. What shall we do ?

Pen. Good gentlemen, forsake me ;
You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray
do it,
And do not fear ; for, as I am a coward,

I will not hurt myself (when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help), I dare not.
[Throws himself upon the ground.]

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. Good-morrow, gentlemen ! Where's the tribune?
Reg. There.

Drus. Whence come you, good Petillius ?

Pet. From the general.

Drus. With what, for Heaven's sake !

Pet. With good counsel, Drusius,
And love, to comfort him.

Drus. Good Regulus,
Step to the soldier and allay his anger ;
For he is wild as winter.

[Exeunt DRUSIUS and REGULUS.]

Pet. Oh, are you there? have at you!—Sure he's dead.
[Half aside.]

It cannot be he dare outlive this fortune ;
He must die ; 'tis most necessary ; men expect it,
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely? Fy upon't !
So poorly to betray his worth? So coldly
To cut all credit from the soldier? Sure
If this man mean to live (as I should think it
Beyond belief), he must retire where never
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or strongly means it ; he's no soldier else,
No Roman in him ; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he rises.—
How does lord Penius ?

Pen. As you see.

Pet. I am glad on't !

Continue so still. The lord general
The valiant general, great Suetonius——

Pen. No more of me is spoken ; my name's perish'd.

Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day,
By his own valour and discretion
(When, as some say, Penius refus'd to come,
But I believe 'em not), sent me to see you.

Pen. Ye are welcome, and pray see me, see me well ;
You shall not see me long.

Pet. I hope so, Penius.— [Aside.
The gods defend, sir !

Pen. See me and understand me. This is he,
Left to fill up your triumph ; he that basely
Whistled his honour off to th' wind ; that coldly
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off ; that fool,
That having gold and copper offered him,
Refused the wealth, and took the waste ; that soldier.
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,
And in the other Glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damn'd !

Pet. It was an error.

Pen. A foul one, and a black one.

Pet. Yet the blackest
May be washed white again.

Pen. Never.

Pet. Your leave, sir ;
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort. Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities ? are our natures
More than men's natures ? When we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost ?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy ?

Pen. None, Petillius ;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should ; I have sinned beyond it.

Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.

Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven ;
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
To be so stupid to arrive at pardon !

Pet. Oh, but the general——

Pen. He is a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving ; and I dare say
He would, as far as honour durst direct him,
Make even with my fault ; but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power. Examples that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be play'd withal ; nor out of pity
Make [such] a general forget his duty ;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

Pet. What would you do ?

Pen. Die.

Pet. So would sullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient,
That fear the law. Die ! Fy, great captain ! you
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your regiment, and let your passion
Betray your reason ? I bring you all forgiveness.

Pen. Pr'ythee no more ; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou
(By Heaven, thou didst ; I overheard thee, there,
There where thou stand'st now) deliver me for rascal,
Poor, dead, cold, coward, miserable, wretched,
If I outlived this ruin ?

Pet. I ?

Pen. And thou didst it nobly,

Like a true man, a soldier ; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee !

Pet. Since you are so justly made up, let me tell you,
'Tis fit you die indeed.

Pen. Oh, how thou lovest me !

Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the people's
whispers

Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own command think, from whose swords
You have taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompense of arms ; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew obedience? must not these kill you?
Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
Will ever follow you more ? Dare you know these
ventures ?

If so, I bring you comfort ; dare you take it ?

Pen. No, no, Petillius, no.

Pet. If your mind serve you,
You may live still ; but how ?—yet pardon me :
You may out-wear all too ;—but when ?—and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will tak't upon conditions.

Pen. No, by no means : I am only thinking now, sir
(For I am resolved to go), of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.

Pet. You shall not ; you're a gentleman I honour,
I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging ! 'tis a dog's death,
An end for slaves.

Pen. The fitter for my baseness.

Pet. Besides, the man that's hang'd preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gaze at.

Pen. That's true ; I'll take a fitter ; poison.

Pet. No ;

'Tis equal ill ; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazy boys, that fear correction ;
Die like a man.

Pen. Why, my sword, then.

Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir.
There's nothing under Heaven that's like your sword ;
Your sword's a death indeed !

Pen. It shall be sharp, sir.

Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poison, if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords. Your sword must do the deed.
'Tis shame to die chok'd, fame to die and bleed.

Pen. Thou hast confirm'd me ; and, my good Petillius,
Tell me no more I may live.

Pet. 'Twas my commission ;
But now I see you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.

Pen. Farewell, captain !
Be a good man, and fight well ; be obedient ;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shak'st thou ?

Pet. I do not, sir.

Pen. I would thou hadst, Petillius !
I would find something to forsake the world with,
Worthy the man that dies ; a kind of earthquake
Through all stern valours but mine own.

Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.

Pen. Keep it still ;
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.

Pet. And, brave captain,
The great and honour'd Penius !——

Pen. That again !
Oh, how it heightens me ! again, Petillius !

Pet. Most excellent commander——

Pen. Those were mine !
Mine, only mine !

Pet. They are still.

Pen. Then, to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at ye !—Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I am yours :
The work is done, [Falls upon his sword.
That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy,
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great general : kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my fault to justice,
Which I have done upon myself ; my virtue,
If ever there was any in poor *Penius*,
Made more, and happier, light on him !—I faint—
And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.
I die : lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth ! [Dies.

Pet. And on my sin ! Farewell, Great *Penius* !—
The soldier is in fury ; now I am glad [Noise within.
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil ;—for thee, the way of honour ! [Exit.

DRUSIUS, REGULUS, and Soldiers are heard without.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him !

Drus. What will ye do ?

Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers—

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him !

Drus. Kill us first : we command too.

Reg. Valiant soldiers,

Consider but whose life ye seek.—Oh, *Drusius*,
Bid him be gone ; he dies else.— [DRUSIUS enters.

—Shall Rome say,

Ye most approv'd soldiers, her dear children
Devour'd the fathers of the fights ? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin ?

Drus. Oh, let 'em in; all's done, all's ended, Regulus; Penius has found his last eclipse. Come, soldiers, Come and behold your miseries; come bravely, Full of your mutinous and bloody angers, And here bestow your darts.—Oh, only Roman, Oh, father of the wars!

Enter REGULUS and Soldiers.

Reg. Why stand ye stupid?
Where be your killing furies? whose sword now
Shall be first sheathed in Penius? Do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches; ye have cause; howl ever!
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valour
Preserve ye to the glory of your country?
Who shall march out before ye, coyed and courted
By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel
Quick-eyed experience, and victory twined to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honours living,
When children fail, and Time, that takes all with him,
Builds houses for ye to oblivion?

Drus. Oh, ye poor desperate fools, no more now
soldiers,
Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot 'em;
And humble your stern valours to soft prayers!
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;
The sun that warmed your bloods is set for ever.—
I'll kiss thy honour'd cheek. Farewell, great Penius;
Thou thunderbolt, farewell!—Take up the body:
To-morrow morning to the camp convey it,
There to receive due ceremonies. That eye,
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.

[Exeunt, bearing out the body. A dead march.]

THE BOY HENGO'S DEATH.

Enter CARATACH and HENGO, on a rock.

Car. Courage, my boy ! I have found meat ; look,
Hengo ;

Look where some blessèd Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink. Cheer up, boy :
Do not forsake me now.

Hengo. Oh uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long ! yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I'm heart-whole,
And would live.

Car. Thou shalt ; long, I hope.

Hengo. But my head, uncle.
Methinks the rock goes round.

Car. Oh my poor chicken !

Hengo. Fie, faint-hearted uncle !
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go myself, boy.

Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle !
I will not eat it if I do not fetch it.
Pray tie me.

Car. I will ; and all my care hang o'er thee.
Come, child, my valiant child.

Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies ; for 'tis, most certain,
A Roman train ; and you must hold me sure too :
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry !

Car. Go, in the name of Heaven, boy.

[Lets HENGO down by his belt.]

Hen. Quick, quick, uncle ; I have it—

[*JUDAS shoots HENGO with an arrow.*

Oh !

Car. What ail'st thou ?

Hen. Oh my best uncle, I am slain !

Car. (*to Judas*). I see you,
And Heaven direct my hand ! destruction
Go with thy coward soul !

[*Kills JUDAS with a stone, and then draws up HENGO.*

How dost thou, boy ?

Oh, villain [abject], villain !

Hen. Oh uncle, uncle.

Oh, how it pricks me ! am I preserv'd for this ?

Extremely pricks me !

Car. Coward, rascal coward !

Dogs eat thy flesh.

Hen. Oh, I bleed hard ! I faint too ! out upon't,
How sick I am !—The lean rogue, uncle.

Car. Look, boy.

I have laid him, sure enough.

Hen. Have you knock'd his brains out ?

Car. I warrant thee for stirring more : cheer up, child,

Hen. Hold my sides hard ;—stop, stop ;—oh, wretched
fortune,

Must we part thus ? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

Car. Heav'n look upon this noble child.

Hen. I hoped

I should have liv'd to have met these bloody Romans

At my sword's point ; to have reveng'd my father ;

To have beaten them ; oh, hold me hard ;—but uncle—

Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw
it ? [Meaning the arrow.

Hen. You draw away my soul then ;—I would live
A little longer (spare me, Heavens !), but only

To thank you for your tender love ! . Good uncle,
Good, noble uncle, weep not !

Car. Oh, my chicken,
My dear boy, what shall I lose ?

Hen. Why, a child,
That must have died however ; had this 'scaped me,
Fever or famine—I was born to die, sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my boy ?

Hen. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know you
When you come, uncle ?

Car. Yes, boy.

Hen. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.

Car. Most certain, child.

Hen. I grow cold ;
Mine eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up !

Hen. Pray for me ;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew ! Mercy !

Car. Mercy !
You blessed angels, take him !

Hen. Kiss me ! so.
Farewell, farewell ! *[Dies.*

Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain !
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever !—Time and Death,
Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph : look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to.—Oh, fair
flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins show, how sweetly
Even death embraces thee ! The peace of Heaven,

The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee !

Enter PETILLIUS and JUNIUS, on the rock.

Ha ! Dare ye, Romans ? Ye shall win me bravely.
Thou'rt mine ! *[Fight.*

Jun. Not yet, sir.

Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
And come up all, with all your ancient valours ;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls and send 'em——

Enter SÜETONIUS, and all the Roman Captains.

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach ! By all the gods,
As I am a soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.

Pet. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms and
honour,
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory !

Jun. Most worthy man, we'll woo thee, be thy
prisoners.

Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquests, that true happiness,
To be my friend !

Car. Oh, Romans, see what here is !
Had this boy liv'd——

Suet. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desir'st to build thy virtues greater,
By all that's excellent in man, and honest——

Car. I do believe. Ye have had me a brave foe ;
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in !

Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.

Car. I yield then,
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.

Pet. Thus we conduct then to the arms of peace
The wonder of the world !

Suct. Thus I embrace thee ; [*Flourish.*]
And let it be no flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier !

Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for Rome ?

Suct. You must.

Car. Then Rome shall know
The man that makes her spring of glory grow.

Suct. March on, and through the camp, in every
tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be sung ! [*Exeunt.*]

FROM THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

LUST NOT LOVE.

A Room in MOUNTFERRAT'S House.

Enter MOUNTFERRAT.

Mountf. Dares she despise me thus ? me, that with
 spoil
And hazardous exploits, full sixteen years
Have led (as handmaids) Fortune, Victory,
Whom the Maltezzi call my servitors ?
Tempests I have subdued, and fought them calm,
Out-lighten'd lightning in my chivalry,
Rid (tame as patience) billows that kick'd Heaven,
Whistled enrag'd Boreas till his gusts
Were grown so gentle that he seem'd to sigh
Because he could not show the air my keel ;
And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
Which, though they blaze, both comfort and invite ;

Neither by force, nor fraud, pass through her ear,
Whose guard is only blushing innocence,
To take the least possession of her heart.
Did I attempt her with a threadbare name,
Un-napt with meritorious actions,
She might with colour disallow my suit ;
But, by the honour of this Christian cross
(In blood of infidels so often dyed,
Which mine own soul and sword hath fixèd here,
And neither favour nor birth's privilege),
Oriana shall confess (although she be
Valetta's sister, our grand-master here)
The wages of scorn'd love is baneful hate,
And, if I rule not her, I'll rule her fate——

Enter ROCCA.

Rocca, my trusty servant, welcome !

Rocca. Sir,

I wish my news deserv'd it ! Hapless I,
That being lov'd and trusted, fail to bring
The loving answer that you do expect.

Mountf. Why speak'st thou from me ? thy pleas'd eyes
send forth

Beams brighter than the star that ushers day ;
Thy smiles restore sick expectation.

Rocca. I bring you, sir, her smiles, not mine.

Mountf. Her smiles ?

Why, they are presents for kings' eldest sons :
Great Solyman is not so rich as I
In this one smile, from Oriana sent.

Rocca. Sir, fare you well !

Mountf. Oh, Rocca ! thou art wise,
And wouldst not have the torrent of my joy
Ruin me headlong ! Aptly thou conceiv'st,
If one reviving smile can raise me thus,

What trances will the sweet words which thou bring'st
Cast me into. I felt, my dearest friend
(No more my servant), when I employ'd thee,
That knew'st to love and speak as lovers should,
And carry faithfully thy master's sighs,
That it must work some heat in her cold heart ;
And all my labours now come fraughted home
With tenfold prize.

Rocca. Will you yet hear me ?

Mountf. Yes :

But take heed, gentle Rocca, that thou dost
Tenderly by degrees assault mine ears
With her consent, now to embrace my love ;
For thou well know'st I've been so plung'd, so torn,
With her resolv'd rejection and neglect,
That to report her soft acceptance now
Will stupify sense in me, if not kill.—
Why show'st thou this distemper ?

Rocca. Draw your sword,
And when I with my breath hath blasted you,
Kill me with it :
I bring you smiles of pity, not affection,
For such she sent.

Mountf. Oh ! can she pity me ?
Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,
Pity's the straightest.

Rocca. Waken, sir, and know
That her contempt (if you can name it so)
Continues still ; she bids you throw your pearl
Into strong streams, and hope to turn them so,
Ere her to foul dishonour ; write your plaints
In rocks of coral grown above the sea ;
Them hope to soften to compassion,
Or change their modest blush to love-sick pale,
Ere work her to your impious requests.

All your loose thoughts she chides you home again,
But with such calm behaviour and mild looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant ;
For just as others love, so doth she hate.
She says, that by your order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her and your own faith ;
That being the virgin you should now protect,
Hitherto, she professes, she has conceal'd
Your lustful batteries ; but the next, she vows
(In open hall, before the honour'd cross,
And her great brother) she will quite disclose,
Calling for justice, to your utter shame.

Mountf. Hence ! find the Blackamoor that waits upon
her,
Bring her unto me ; *she* doth love me yet,
And I must *her* now ; at least seem to do.—
Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
I will with blood extinguish !—Are not gone ?

DENIAL OF SELF.

MIRANDA *and* MOUNTFERRAT.

Mir. (*aside.*) Alone,
And troubled too, I take it. How he starts !
All is not handsome in thy heart, Mountferrat.—
(*aloud.*) God speed you, sir. I have been seeking of
you ;
They say you are to fight to-day.

Mountf. What then ?

Mir. Nay, nothing, but good fortune to your sword,
sir !

You have a cause requires it ; the island's safety,
The order's, and your honour's.

Mountf. And do you make a question
I will not fight it nobly ?

Mir. You dare fight ;
You have ; and with as great a confidence as justice,
I have seen you strike as home, and hit as deadly.

Mountf. Why are these questions then ?

Mir. I'll tell you quickly.
You have a lady in your cause, a fair one ;
A gentler never trod on ground, a nobler——

Mountf. (aside.) Do you come on so fast ? I have it
for you.

Mir. The sun ne'er saw a sweeter.

Mountf. These I grant you ;
Nor dare I against beauty heave my hand up ;
It were unmanly, sir, too much unmanly.
But when these excellencies turn to ruin,
To ruin of themselves, and those protect 'em——

Mir. Do you think 'tis so ?

Mountf. Too sure.

Mir. And can it be ?

Can it be thought, Mountferrat, so much sweetness,
So great a magazine of all things precious,
A mind so heavenly made—Pr'ythee observe me.

Mountf. I thought so too. Now, by my holy order,
He that had told me (till experience found it,
Too bold a proof) this lady had been vicious—
I wear no dull sword, sir, nor hate I virtue.

Mir. Against her brother ? to the man has bred her ?
Her blood and honour ?

Mountf. Chastity, cold Duty,
Like fashions old forgot, she flings behind her,
And puts on blood and mischief, death and ruin,
To arise her new-built hopes, new faith to fasten her :

Ma foy, she is as foul as Heaven is beauteous !

Mir. Thou liest, thou liest, Mountferrat, thou liest basely ;

Stare not, nor swell not with thy pride ! thou liest ;
And this (*laying his hand on his sword*) shall make it good.

Mountf. Out with your heat first !
You shall be fought withal.

Mir. By Heaven, that lady,
The virtue of that woman, were all the good deeds
Of all thy families bound in one faggot,
From Adam to this hour, but with one sparkle
Would fire that whisp, and turn it to light ashes.

Mountf. Oh, pitiful young man, struck blind with beauty !
Shot with a woman's smile ! Poor, poor Miranda !
Thou hopeful young man once, but now thou lost man,
Thou naked man of all that we call noble,
How art thou cozen'd ! Didst thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear honour (mark me, fool !),
Which like a father I have kept from blasting,
Thy tender honour, is abused—But fight first,
And then, too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou liest still !

Mountf. Stay ! now I'll show thee all, and then I'll kill thee :
I love thee so dear, time shall not disgrace thee.
Read that ! *[Gives him a letter.]*

Mir. It is her hand, it is most certain.
Good angels keep me ! that I should be her agent
To betray Malta, and bring her to the basha !
That on my tender love lay all her project !
Eyes never see again, melt out for sorrow !
Did the devil do this ?

Mountf. No, but his dam did it,
The virtuous lady that you love so dearly.
Come, will you fight again?

Mir. No; pr'ythee kill me,
For Heaven's sake, and for goodness' sake, despatch me!
For the disgrace' sake that I gave thee, kill me!

Mountf. Why, are you guilty?

Mir. I have liv'd, Mountferrat,
To see dishonour swallow up all virtue,
And now would die. By Heaven's eternal brightness,
I am as clear as innocence!

Mountf. I knew it,
And therefore kept this letter from all knowledge,
And this sword from [all] anger; you had died else—
(*aside.*) And yet I lie, and basely lie.

Mir. O Virtue,
Unspotted Virtue, whither art thou vanish'd?
What hast thou left us to abuse our frailties,
In shape of goodness?

Mountf. Come, take courage, man!
I have forgiven and forgot your rashness,
And hold you fair as light in all your actions;
And by my troth I griev'd your love. Take comfort!
There be more women.

Mir. And more mischief in 'em!

Mountf. The justice I shall do, to right these villainies,
Shall make you man again: I'll strike it sure, sir.
Come, look up bravely; put this puling passion
Out of your mind. One knock for thee, Miranda,
And for the *boy* the grave Gomera gave thee,
When she accepted thee her champion,
And in thy absence, like a valiant gentleman;
I yet remember it: "He is too young,
Too *boyish*, and too tender, to adventure:"

I'll give him one sound rap for that : I love thee ;
Thou art a brave young spark.

Mir. Boy did he call me ?

Gomera call me *boy* ?

Mountf. It pleased his gravity,
To think so of you then. They that do service,
And honest service, such as thou and I do,
Are either knaves or boys.

Mir. Boy, by Gomera ?

How look'd he when he said it ? for Gomera
Was ever wont to be a virtuous gentleman,
Humane and sweet.

Mountf. Yes, when he will, he can be.
But let it go ; I would not breed dissension ;
'Tis an unfriendly office. And had it been
To any of a higher strain than you, sir,
The well-known, well-approv'd, and lov'd Miranda,
I had not thought on't. 'Twas happily his haste too,
And zeal to her.

Mir. A traitor and a *boy* too ?

Shame take me, if I suffer it !—Puff ! farewell, love !

Mountf. You know my business ; I must leave you,
sir ;

My hour grows on apace.

Mir. I must not leave you ;

I dare not, nor I will not, till your goodness
Have granted me one courtesy. You say you love me ?

Mountf. I do, and dearly ; ask, and let that courtesy
Nothing concern mine honour——

Mir. You must do it,
Or you will never see me more.

Mountf. What is it ?

It shall be great that puts you off : pray speak it.

Mir. Pray let me fight to-day, good, dear Mountferrat !
Let me, and bold Gomera——

Mountf. Fy, Miranda !

Do you weigh my worth so little ?

Mir. On my knees !

As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow

Thy friend conceiv'd, as ever honour lov'd thee—

Mountf. Shall I turn recreant now ?

Mir. 'Tis not thy cause ;

Thou hast no reputation wounded in it ;

Thine's but a general zeal : 'Death ! I am tainted ;

The dearest twin to life, my credit, 's murder'd,

Baffled and *boy'd*.

Mountf. (*aside*). I am glad you have swallow'd it—

(*Aloud.*) I must confess I pity you ; and 'tis a justice,

A great one too, you should revenge these injuries ;

I know it, and I know you fit and bold to do it,

And man as much as man may : but, Miranda—

Why do you kneel ?

Mir. By Heaven, I'll grow to the ground here,

And with my sword dig up my grave, and fall in't,

Unless thou grant me—Dear Mountferrat ! friend !

Is anything in my power ? to my life, sir !

The honour shall be yours.

Mountf. I love you dearly ;

Yet so much I should tender—

Mir. I'll preserve all ;

By Heaven I will, or all the sin fall with me !

Pray let me.

Mountf. You have won ; I'll once be coward

To pleasure you.

Mir. I kiss your hands, and thank you.

Mountf. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.

Mir. Blow not the fire that flames.

Mountf. I'll send mine armour :

My man shall presently attend you with it

(For you must arm immediately ; the hour calls),

I know 'twill fit you right. Be sure, and secret,
And last, be fortunate ! farewell ! (*aside.*) You're fitted :
I am glad the load's off me.

Mir. My best Mountferrat ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Room in the House of NORANDINE, a brave
Humorist.*

Enter NORANDINE and Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I'll see the combat, that's the truth on't ;
If I had ne'er a leg, I would crawl to see it.

Doctor. You are most unfit, if I might counsel you,
Your wounds so many, and the air——

Nor. The halter !
The air's as good an air, as fine an air—
Wouldst thou have me live in an oven ?

Doctor. Beside, the noise, sir ;
Which, to a tender body——

Nor. That's it, Doctor,
My body must be cured. If you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a drum-head in my broth. I never prosper
With knuckles o' veal, and birds in sorrel sops,
Caudles and cullisses. If thou wilt cure me,
A pickled herring, and a pottle of sack, Doctor,
And half-a-dozen trumpets !

Doctor. I am glad you are grown so merry.

Enter ASTORIUS and CASTRIOT.

Nor. Welcome, gentlemen !

Asto. We come to see you, sir ; and glad we are
To see you thus, thus forward to your health, sir.

Nor. I thank my Doctor here.

Doctor. Nay, thank yourself, sir ;
For, by my troth, I know not how he's cured !
He ne'er observes any of our prescriptions.

Nor. Give me my money again, then, good, sweet Doctor !

Wilt thou have twenty shillings a-day for vexing me ?

Doctor. That shall not serve you, sir.

Nor. Then forty shall, sir

And that will make you speak well. Hark, the drums !

[*Drums afar off. A low march.*]

Cast. They begin to beat to th' field. O, noble Dane,
Never was such a stake, I hope, of innocence
Play'd for in Malta, and in blood, before.

Asto. It makes us hang our heads all.

Nor. A bold villain !

If there be treason in it.—Accuse poor ladies !
And yet they may do mischief too. I'll be with ye
If she be innocent I shall find it quickly,
And something then I'll say——

Asto. Come, lean on us, sir.

Nor. I thank ye, gentlemen ; and *domine* Doctor,
Pray bring a little sneezing powder in your pocket,
For fear I swoon when I see blood.

Doctor. You are pleasant.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*An open Field before the City ; a Scaffold hung with Black in the Background ; Stairs leading up to it.*

Enter Two Marshals.

1 *Marsh.* Are the combatants come in ?

2 *Marsh.* Yes.

1 *Marsh.* Make the field clear there !

2 *Marsh.* That's done too.

1 *Marsh.* Then to the prisoner. The Grand-master's
coming. Let's see that all be ready there.

2 *Marsh.* Too ready.

How ceremonious our very ends are !

Alas, sweet lady, if she be innocent,
No doubt but justice will direct her champion.

[*Flourish.*

Away ! I hear 'em come.

1 *Marsh.* Pray Heaven she prosper !

Enter VALETTA, NORANDINE. ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, etc.

Val. Give Captain Norandine a chair.

Nor. I thank your lordship. [it.

Val. Sit, sir, and take your ease ; your hurts require
You come to see a woman's cause decided
(That's all the knowledge now, or name I have for her) ;
They say a false, a base, and treacherous woman,
And partly prov'd too.

Nor. 'Pity it should be so ;
And, if your lordship durst ask my opinion,
Sure I should answer, No (so much I honour her),
And answer it with my life too. But Gomera
Is a brave gentleman ; the other valiant,
And if he be not good, dogs gnaw his flesh off !
And one above 'em both will find the truth out ;
He never fails, sir.

Val. That's the hope rests with me.

Nor. How nature and his honour struggle in him !
A sweet, clear, noble gentleman !

Guard (within). Make room there !

*Enter ORIANA, Ladies, Executioner, ZANTHIA, and
Guard.*

Val. Go up, and what you have to say, say there.

Ori. (goes up to the scaffold). Thus I ascend ; nearer, I
hope, to Heaven !

Nor do I fear to tread this dark black mansion,
The image of my grave ; each foot we move

Goes to it still, each hour we leave behind us
Knolls sadly towards it. My noble brother
(For yet mine innocence dares call you so),
And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,
The chorus of this tragic scene, behold me,
Behold me with your justice, not with pity
(My cause was ne'er so poor to ask compassion);
Behold me in this spotless white I wear,
The emblem of my life, of all my actions;
So ye shall find my story, though I perish.
Behold me in my sex; I am no soldier;
Tender and full of fears our blushing sex is,
Unharden'd with relentless thoughts; unhatcht
With blood and bloody practice: alas, we tremble
But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies;
Die with a tale well told. Had I been practis'd,
And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it,
And given my blood and honour up to reach it,
Forgot religion, and the line I sprung on,
Oh, Heaven! I had been fit then for thy justice,
And then in black, as dark as hell, I had howl'd here.
Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence:
Amongst ye I was planted from an infant
(Would then, if Heaven had been so pleas'd, I had
perish'd),

Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage;
And I am blasted in my bud, with treason?
Boldly and basely of my fair name ravish'd,
And hither brought to find my rest in ruin?
But he that knows all, he that rights all wrongs,
And in his time restores, knows me!—I have spoken.

Val. If ye be innocent, Heaven will protect ye,
And so I leave ye to his sword strikes for ye;
Farewell!

Ori. Oh, that went deep ! Farewell, dear brother,
And howsoe'er my cause goes, see my body
(Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely ;
For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.

Asto. Justice sit on your cause, and Heaven fight for
ye !

Nor. Two of ye, gentlemen, do me but the honour
To lead me to her ; good my lord, your leave too.

Val. You have it, sir.

Nor. Give me your fair hands fearless :
As white as this I see your innocence,
As spotless and as pure ; be not afraid, lady !
You are but here brought to your nobler fortune,
To add unto your life immortal story :
Virtue through hardest things arrives at happiness.
Shame follow that blunt sword that loses you ;
And he that strikes against you, I shall study
A curse or two for him. Once more your fair hands !
I ne'er brought ill-luck yet ; be fearless, happy.

Ori. I thank ye, noble captain.

Nor. So I leave ye.

Val. Call in the knights severally.

*Enter severally, GOMERA, and MIRINDA in the armour of
MOUNTFERRAT.*

Ori. But two words to my champion ;
And then to Heaven and him I give my cause up.

Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.

Ori. I have not much, sir.—

Noble Gomera, from your own free virtue
You have undertaken here a poor maid's honour,
And with the hazard of your life ; and happily
You may suspect the cause, though in your true worth
You will not show it ; therefore take this testimony
(And, as I hope for happiness, a true one !),

And may it steel your heart, and edge your good sword !
You fight for her, as spotless of these mischiefs,
As Heaven is of our sins, or Truth of errors ;
And so defy that treacherous man, and prosper !

Nor. Blessing o' thy heart, lady !

Val. Give the signal to 'em. [*Low alarms. They fight.*]

Nor. 'Tis bravely fought, Gomera, follow that blow—
Well struck again, boy !—look upon the lady,
And gather spirit ! brave again ! lie close,
Lie close, I say ! he fights aloft and strongly ;
Close for thy life !—A pox o' that fell buffet !
Retire and gather breath ; ye have day enough,
knights—

Look lovely on him, lady ! to't again, now !
Stand, stand, Gomera, stand !—one blow for all now !
Gather thy strength together ; God bless the woman !
Why, where's thy noble heart ? Heaven bless the lady !

All. Oh, oh !

Val. She is gone, she is gone.

Nor. Now strike it. [*MIRANDA falls.*]

Hold, hold—he yields : Hold thy brave sword, he's
conquer'd—

He's thine, Gomera. Now be joyful, lady !
What could this thief have done, had his cause been
equal !

He made my heart-strings tremble.

Val. Off with his casque there ;

And, executioner, take you his head next.

Zanthia. Oh, cursed Fortune ! [*Aside.*]

Gom. Stay, I beseech you, sir ! and this one honour
Grant me,—I have deserv'd it,—that this villain
May live one day, to envy at my justice ;
That he may pine and die, before the sword fall,
Viewing the glory I have won, her goodness.

Val. He shall ; and you the harvest of your valour
Shall reap, brave sir, abundantly.

Gom. I have sav'd her,
Preserv'd her spotless worth from black destruction
(Her white name to eternity deliver'd),
Her youth and sweetness from a timeless ruin.
Now, lord Valetta, if this bloody labour
May but deserve her favour——

Mir. Stay, and hear me first.

Val. Off with his casque ! This is Miranda's voice.

Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine eyes abuse me :
What makes he here thus ?

Ori. The young Miranda ?
Is he mine enemy too ?

Mir. None has deserv'd her,
If worth must carry it, and service seek her,
But he that saved her honour.

Gom. That is I, Miranda.

Mir. No, no ; that's I, Gomera ; be not so forward !
In bargain for my love you cannot cozen me.

Gom. I fought it.

Mir. And I gave it, which is nobler.
Why, every gentleman would have done as much
As you did. Fought it ? that's a poor desert, sir ;
They are bound to that. But then to make that fight
sure,
To do as I did, take all danger from it,
Suffer that coldness that must call me now
Into disgrace for ever, into pity——

Gom. I undertook first, to preserve from hazard.

Mir. And I made sure no hazard should come near
her.

Gom. 'Twas I defied Mountferrat.

Mir. 'Twas I wrought him.
(You had had a dark day else), 'twas I defied

His conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there,
Which is the brave defiance.

Gom. My life and honour
At stake I laid.

Mir. My care and truth lay by it,
Lest that stake might be lost. I have deserv'd her,
And none but I. The lady might have perish'd
Had fell Mountferrat struck it, from whose malice,
With cunning and bold confidence, I catch'd it ;
And 'twas high time. And such a service, lady,
For you and for your innocence—for who knows not
The all-devouring sword of fierce Mountferrat ?
I show'd you what I could do, had I been spiteful,
Or master of but half the poison he bears
(He'll take his heart for't !) : and beshrew these hands,
madam,

With all my heart, I wish a mischief on 'em !
They made you once look sad. Such another fright
I would not put you in, to own the island.
Yet, pardon me ; 'twas but to show a soldier,
Which when I had done, I ended your poor coward.

Val. Let some look out for the base knight
Mountferrat.

Zan. (*aside*). I hope he's far enough, if his man be
trusty.

This was a strange misfortune ; I must know it.

Val. That most debosh'd knight. Come down, sweet
sister,

My spotless sister now ! Pray thank these gentlemen ;
They have deserv'd both truly, nobly of you,
Both excellently, dearly, both all the honour,
All the respect and favour——

Ori. Both shall have it ;
And as my life their memories I'll nourish.

Val. Ye are both true knights, and both most worthy lovers ;

Here stands a lady ripen'd with your service,
Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable ;
'Tis my will that she shall marry, and one of you.
She cannot take more nobly. Your deserts
Begot this will, and bred it. Both her beauty
Cannot enjoy ; dare you make me your umpire ?

Gom. Mir. With all our souls.

Val. He must not then be angry
That loses her.

Gom. Oh, that were, sir, unworthy.

Mir. A little sorrow he may find.

Val. 'Tis manly.—

Gomera, you're a brave accomplish'd gentleman ;
A braver nowhere lives than is Miranda.
In the white way of virtue, and true valour,
You have been a pilgrim long ; yet no man farther
Has trod those thorny steps than young Miranda.
You are gentle, he is gentleness itself. Experience
Calls you her brother ; this her hopeful heir.

Nor. The young man now, an't be thy will !

Vol. Your hand, sir !

You undertook first, nobly undertook.
This lady's cause ; you made it good, and fought it ;
You must be serv'd first. Take her and enjoy her !
I give her to you. Kiss her ! Are you pleas'd now ?

Gom. My joy's so much, I cannot speak.

Val. (to Miranda). Nay, fairest sir,
You must not be displeas'd ; you break your promise.

Mir. I never griev'd at good, nor dare I now, sir,
Though something seem strange to me.

Val. I have provided
A better match for you, more full of beauty ;
I'll wed you to our order. There's a mistress

Whose beauty ne'er decays (Time stands below her);
Whose honour, ermin-like, can never suffer
Spot or black soil; whose eternal issue
Fame brings up at her breasts, and leaves them sainted;
Her you shall marry.

Mir. I must humbly thank you.

Val. Saint Thomas' Fort, a charge of no small value,
I give to you, in present, to keep waking
Your noble spirits; and to breed you pious,
I'll send you a probation-robe; wear that,
Till you shall please to be our brother.—How then?

Enter ASTORIUS.

Asto. Mountferrat's fled, sir.

Val. Let him go a while,
Till we have done these rites, and seen these coupled.
His mischief now lies open. Come, all friends now!
And so let's march to th' temple. Sound those
instruments,
That were the signal to a day of blood!
Evil-beginning hours may end in good.

FROM THE COXCOMB.

THE DRUNKARD RICARDO'S REPENTANCE.

SCENE—*A Street.*

Enter RICARDO.

Ric. Am I not mad? Can this weak-temper'd head,
That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong
That I have done a virgin, and my love?

Be mad, for so thou ought'st, or I will beat
The walls and trees down with thee, and will let
Either thy memory out, or madness in !
But sure I never lov'd fair Viola ;
I never lov'd my father, nor my mother,
Or anything but drink ! Had I had love,
Nay, had I known but so much charity
As would have sav'd an infant from the fire,
I had been naked, raving in the street
With half a face, gashing myself with knives,
Two hours ere this time.

Enter PEDRO, SILVIO, and UBERTO.

Pedro. Good-morrow, sir !

Ric. Good-morrow, gentlemen !

Shall we go drink again ? I have my wits.

Pedro. So have I, but they are unsettled ones :
'Would I had some porridge !

Ric. The tavern-boy was here this morning with me,
And told me that there was a gentlewoman
For whom we quarrell'd, and I know not what.

Pedro. I'faith, nor I.

Uberto. I have a glimmering
Of some such thing.

Ric. Was it you, Silvio,
That made me drink so much ? 'twas you or Pedro.

Pedro. I know not who.

Silvio. We are all apt enough.

Ric. But I will lay the fault on none but me,
That I would be so entreated !—Come, Silvio,
Shall we go drink again ? Come gentlemen,
Why do you stay ? Let's never leave off now,
Whilst we have wine and throats ! I'll practise it,
Till I have made it my best quality ;
For what is best for me to do but that ?

For God's sake, come and drink ! When I am nam'd.
Men shall make answer, " Which Ricardo mean you ?
The excellent drinker ? " I will have it so.
Will you go drink ?

Silvio. We drank too much too lately.

Ric. Why, there is then the less behind to drink.
Let's end it all ! dispatch that, we'll send abroad,
And purchase all the wine the world can yield,
And drink it off ; then take the fruits o' th' earth,
Distil the juice from them, and drink that off ;
We'll catch the rain before it fall to ground,
And drink off that, that never more may grow ;
We'll set our mouths to springs, and drink them off ;
And all this while we'll never think of those
That love us best, more than we did last night.
We will not give unto the poor a drop
Of all this drink : but, when we see them weep,
We'll run to them, and drink their tears off too :
We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture
In this large globe, but suck it cold and dry,
Till we have made it elemental earth,
Merely by drinking.

Pedro. Is it flattery
To tell you, you are mad ?

Ric. If it be false,
There's no such way to bind me to a man :
He that will have me lay my goods and lands,
My life down for him, need no more but say,
" Ricardo, thou art mad ! " and then all these
Are at his service ; then he pleases me,
And makes me think that I had virtue in me,
That I had love and tenderness of heart ;
That, though I have committed such a fault
As never creature did, yet running mad,
As honest men should do for such a crime,

I have express'd some worth, though it be late :
But I, alas, have none of these in me,
But keep my wits still like a frozen man,
That had no fire within him.

Silvio. Nay, good Ricardo,
Leave this wild talk, and send a letter to her !
I will deliver it.

Ric. 'Tis to no purpose ;
Perhaps she's lost last night ; or, if she is
Got home again, she's now so strictly look'd to,
The wind can scarce come to her : or, admit
She were herself, if she would hear from me,
From me unworthy, that have used her thus,
She were so foolish that she were no more
To be beloved.

Enter ANDRUGIO, and Servant with a night-gown.

Serv. Sir, we have found this night-gown she took
with her.

Andr. Where ?

Ric. Where ? where ? speak quickly !

Serv. Searching in the suburbs.

Ric. Murdered ! *[Grasps his sword.]*

Silvio. What ail you, man ?

Ric. Why, all this doth not make
Me mad.

Silvio. It does ; you would not offer this else.
Good Pedro, look to his sword !

[PEDRO takes his sword.]

Andr. Sir, I will only
Entreat you this,—that as you were the greatest
Occasion of her loss, you will be pleased
To urge your friends, and be yourself earnest in
The search of her. God keep you, gentlemen ! *[Exit.]*

Silvio. Alas, good man !

Ric. What think ye now of me? I think this lump
Is nothing but a piece of phlegm congeal'd,
Without a soul; for where there's so much spirit
As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine
Would make it glow and flame in this dull heart,
And run like molten gold through every sin,
Till it could burst these walls and fly away.
Shall I entreat you all to take your horses,
And search this innocent!

Prdro. With all our hearts.

Ric. Do not divide yourselves. I'll follow too;
But never to return till she be found.

RICARDO FORGIVEN.

SCENE—*A Field.*

Enter VALERIO and RICARDO.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the maid
Alone last night, drying her tender eyes,
Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
To have me gone.

Ric. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of civil to ourselves!
If she had set her foot upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous,
Though they had had no house to bring her to,
Thy would have spoil'd the glory that the spring
Has deck'd the trees in, and with willing hands
Have torn their branches down; and every man
Would have become a builder for her sake.—
What time left you her here?

Val. I left her when the sun had so much to set,
As he is now got from his place of rise.

Ric. So near the night, she could not wander far.
—Fair Viola !

Val. It is in vain to call ; she sought a house,
Without all question.

Ric. Peace !—Fair Viola !
Fair Viola !—Who would have left her here
On such a ground ? If you had meant to lose her,
You might have found there were no echoes here
To take her name, and carry it about,
When her true lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighbouring valleys and the hills
Resounded Viola ; and such a place
You should have chose ! You pity us
Because the dew a little wets our feet
(Unworthy far to seek her, in the wet !) ;
And what becomes of her ? where wander'd she,
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her ?—
Will you go with me to travel ?

Val. Whither ?

Ric. Over all the world.

Val. No, by my faith ; I'll make a shorter journey
When I do travel.

Ric. But there is no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.

Val. Why, what's your end ?

Ric. It is to search the earth,
Till we have found two in the shapes of men,
As wicked as ourselves.

Val. 'Twere not so hard
To find out those.

Ric. Why, if we find them out,
It were the better ; for what brave villainy
Might we four do !—We would not keep together ;
For every one has treachery enough
For twenty countries. One should trouble Asia ;
Another should sow strife in Africa ;
But you should play the knave at home in Europe ;
And for America, let me alone.

Val. Sir, I am honester
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd, but I shall find myself a right.

Ric. If you had any spark of honesty,
You would not think that *honester than I*
Were a praise high enough to serve your turn :
If men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in calendars for saints,
And bones of murderers would work miracles.
I am a kind of knave : of knave so much
There is betwixt me and the vilest else ;
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter VIOLA, NAN, and MADGE. (*VIOLA had been sheltered in a farm-house and had joined in its services.*)

Val. That last is she ; 'tis she !

Ric. Let us away ;
We shall infect her ! let her have the wind
And we will kneel down here.

Viola. Wenches, away,
For here are men.

Val. Fair maid, I pray you stay.

[*Takes hold of VIOLA.*]

Viola. Alas ! again ?

Ric. Why do you lay hold on her ?
I pray heartily, let her go.

Val. With all my heart ; I do not mean to hurt her.

Ric. But stand away then ! for the purest bodies
Will sooner take infection ; stand away !
But for infecting her myself, by Heaven,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.

Viola. I know that voice and face.

Val. You are finely mad !
God b' w' ye, sir ! Now you are here together,
I'll leave you so. God send you good luck, both !
When you are soberer, you'll give me thanks. [*Exit.*]

Madge. Wilt thou go milk ? come.

Nan. Why dost not come ?

Madge. She nods, she's asleep.

Nan. What, wert up so early ? [*RICARDO kneels.*]

Madge. I think yon man's mad to kneel there.

Nay, come, come away.

'Uds body, Nan, help ! she looks black i' th' face ;
She's in a swoond. [*VIOLA faints.*]

Nan. An' you be a man, come hither,
And help a woman !

Ric. Come thither ? You are a fool.

Nan. And you a knave and a beast, that you are.

Ric. Come hither ? 'twas my being now so near
That made her swoon ; and you are wicked people,
Or you would do so too : my venom eyes
Strike innocency dead at such a distance ;
Here I will kneel, for this is out of distance.

Nan. Thou art a prating ass ! there's no goodness in
thee,

I warrant.—How dost thou ? [*VIOLA recovers.*]

Viola. Why, well.

Madge. Art thou able to go ?

Viola. No ; pray you go and milk. If I be able
To come, I'll follow you ; if not, I'll sit here
Till you come back.

Nan. I am loth to leave thee here with yon wild fool

Viola. I know him well ; I warrant thee he will not hurt me.

Madge. Come then, Nan. [*Exeunt* Maids.]

Ric. How do you ? Be not fearful, for I hold
My hands before my mouth, and speak, and so
My breath can never blast you.

Viola. 'Twas enough
To use me ill, though you had never sought me
To mock me too. Why kneel you so far off ?
Were not that gesture better used in prayer ?
Had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep
Till God and you had both forgiven me.

Ric. I do not mock ; nor lives there such a villain
That can do anything contemptible
To you : but I do kneel, because it is
An action very fit and reverent,
In presence of so pure a creature ;
And so far off, as fearful to offend
One too much wrong'd already.

Viola. You confess you did the fault, yet scorn to come
So far as hither, to ask pardon for't ;
Which I could willingly afford to come
To you to grant. May the next maid you try
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I !

Ric. Do not leave me yet, for all my fault !
Search out the next things to impossible,
And put me on them ; when they are effected,
I may with better modesty receive
Forgiveness from you.

Viola. I will set no penance,
And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance ;
Never so crafty to be eaten i' th' shell,
But is out-stripp'd of all he has at first,
To gain the great forgiveness you desire,
But to come hither, and take me and it ;

Or else, I'll come and beg, so you will grant
That you will be content to be forgiven !

Ric. (rises). Nay, I will come, since you will have it so,
And, since you please to pardon me, I hope
Free from infection. Here I am by you,
A careless man, a breaker of my faith,
A loathsome drunkard ; and in that wild fury,
A hunter after—— ! I do beseech you
To pardon all these faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful man !

Viola. For God's sake urge your faults no more, but
mend !

All the forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you ; which I will do, and desire
Nothing but love again ; which if I have not,
Yet I will love you still.

Ric. Oh, women ! that some one of you will take
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper (which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments)
Your matchless virtues to posterities ;
Which the defective race of envious man
Strives to conceal !

FROM WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

A "POACHED SCHOLAR."

Witty. I tell you, cousin,
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
In your society here, especially
When you come raw from the university,
Before the world has harden'd you a little ;

For as a butter'd loaf is a scholar's breakfast there,
So a poach'd scholar is a cheater's dinner here :
I ha' known seven of 'em supp'd up at a meal.

Credulous. Why a poach'd scholar ?

Witty. 'Cause he pours himself forth,
And goes down glib ; he's swallow'd with sharp wit,
Stead of wine vinegar.

Cred. I shall think, cousin,
O' your poach'd scholar while I live.

FROM THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF COCKNEYS SATIRISED.

*Enter Speaker of the Prologue. The Citizen, his Wife,
and RALPH, sitting below the stage among the specta-
tors. Several Gentlemen sitting upon the Stage.*

*Prologue. From all that's near the court, from all that's
Within the compass of the city-walls, [great
We now have brought our scene—*

Citizen leaps upon the Stage.

Cit. Hold your peace, goodman boy !

Pro. What do you mean, sir ?

Cit. That you have no good meaning. This seven
years there hath been plays in this house, I have
observed it, you have still girds at citizens ; and now
you call your play, "*The London Merchant.*" Down
with your title, boy ; down with your title !

Pro. Are you a member of the noble city ?

Cit. I am.

Prol. And a freeman?

Cit. Yea, and a grocer.

Prol. So, grocer; then, by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

Cit. No, sir? yes, sir. If you were not resolved to play the Jacks, what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters? Why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the legend of *Whittington*, or the *Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham*, with the *Building of the Royal Exchange*? or the story of *Queen Eleanor*, with the *Rearing of London Bridge upon Wool-sacks*?

Prol. You seem to be an understanding man; what would you have us do, sir?

Cit. Why, present something notably in honour of the commons of the city.

Prol. Why, what do you say to the *Life and Death of Fat Drake*?

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

Prol. Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that; but I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

Prol. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry, I will have him——

Wife (below). Husband, husband!

Ralph (below). Peace, mistress!

Wife. Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant thee. Husband, husband!

Cit. What say'st thou!

Wife. Let him kill a lion with a Pestle, husband! let him kill a lion with a Pestle!

Cit. So he shall. I'll have him kill a lion with a Pestle.

Wife. Husband ! shall I come up, husband ?

Cit. Ralph, help your mistress this way.—Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room. I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife. I thank you, sir ; so !

[*Wife comes upon the stage.*]

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all ! I'm something troublesome ! I'm a stranger here ; I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before ; but I should have seen *Jane Shore* once ; and my husband hath promised me any time this twelvemonth to carry me to the *Bold Beauchamps*, but in truth he did not. I pray you bear with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools, and then begin ; and let the grocer do rare things.

[*Stools are brought, and they sit down.*]

Prol. But, sir, we have never a boy to play him : every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for God's sake let Ralph play him. Beshrew me, if I don't think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remember'd, wife.—Come up, Ralph ! I'll tell you, gentlemen ; let them but lend him a suit of reparable, and necessities, and by gad, if——

[*Ralph comes on the stage.*]

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of reparable ! I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true. He will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him ; he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feared, I warrant you, that we quake again. We'll fear our children with him. If they be never so unruly, do but cry, "Ralph comes, Ralph comes," to them, and they'll be as quiet as lambs.—Hold up thy head, Ralph ; show the gentleman what thou canst do ; speak a huffing part ; I warrant you the gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do, Ralph, do.

Ralph. By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,
Where never fathom-line touch'd any ground,
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

Cit. How say you, gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath played before, my husband says, *Musidorus*, before the wardens of our company.

Cit. Ay, and he should have played *Jeronimo* with a shoemaker for a wager.

Prol. He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In, Ralph; in, Ralph! and set out the grocery in their kind, if thou lovest me.

Wife. I warrant our Ralph will look finely when he's dress'd.

Prol. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. "*The Grocer's Honour.*"

Prol. Methinks "*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*" were better.

Wife. I'll be sworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so; begin, begin: my wife and I will sit down.

Prol. I pray you do.

Cit. What stately music have you? you have shawms?

Prol. Shawms? No.

Cit. No? I'm a thief if my mind did not give me so. Ralph plays a stately part, and he must needs have shawms. I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them.

Prol. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and so I will be. There's two shillings; let's have the waits of Southwark! they are as rare

fellows as any are in England ; and that will fetch them all o'er the water, with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

Prol. You shall have them. Will you sit down then ?

Cit. Ay.—Come, wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen. I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

Prol. *From all that's near the court, from all that's great*

Within the compass of the city-walls,

We now have brought our scene. Fly far from hence

All private taxes, [all] immodest phrases,

Whatever may but show like vicious !

For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,

But honest minds are pleased with honest things.

Thus much for what we do ; but, for Ralph's part, you must answer for yourself.

SATIRISING KNIGHT ERRANTRY.

SCENE—*A Grocer's Shop.*

Enter RALPH, like a Grocer, with Two Apprentices, reading Palmerin of England.

[*Wife.* *Oh, husband, husband, now, now ! there's Ralph, there's Ralph.*

Cit. *Peace, fool ! let Ralph alone—Hark you, Ralph ; do not strain yourself too much at first. Peace ! Begin, Ralph.]*

Ralph (reads). Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their lances from their dwarfs, and clasping their helmets, gallop'd amain after the giant ; and Palmerin having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, "Stay, traitorous thief ! for

thou mayst not so carry away her that is worth the greatest lord in the world ;" and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides his elephant. And Trineus coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall ; so that the princess getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, " All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me."

I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the prince of Portigo brought against Rosicler, and destroy these giants ; they do much hurt to wandering damsels, that go in quest of their knights :

[Wife. *'Faith, husband, and Ralph says true ; for they say the King of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins will come and snatch it from him.*

Cit. *Hold thy tongue,—On, Ralph !*]

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts, to relieve poor ladies.

[Wife. *Ay, by my faith are they, Ralph ; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.*]

Ralph. What brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flappet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling mithridatum, that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess ?

[Cit. *Well said, Ralph ; some more of those words Ralph !*

Wife. *They go finely, by my troth.*]

Ralph. Why should not I then pursue this cour~

both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a Grocer-Errant; I will be the said Knight.—Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder 'prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be pourtrayed a Burning Pestle, and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

[Wife. *Nay I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.*]

Ralph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*; and that you never call any female by the name of woman or wench, but *fair lady*, if she have her desires; if not, *distressed damsel*; that you call all forests and heaths, *deserts*, and all horses, *palfries*!

[Wife. *This is very fine!—'Faith, do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you husband?*]

Cit. *Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.*]

Ralph. My beloved squire Tim, stand out. Admit this were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. "Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding?"

Ralph. No! thus; "Fair sir! the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle* commanded me to

enquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsels, or otherwise."

[Cit. *Blockhead! cannot remember?*

Wife. *I faith, and Ralph told him on't before; all the gentlemen heard him; did he not, gentlemen? did not Ralph tell him on't?*

George. *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed damsel, to have a halfpennyworth of pepper.*

[Wife. *That's a good boy! see, the little boy can hit it: by my troth, it's a fine child.*]

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous language. Now shut up shop; no more my 'prentice, but My trusty squire and dwarf. I must bespeak My shield, and arming Pestle.

[Cit. *Go thy ways, Ralph! As I am a true man, thou art the best of 'em all.*

Wife. *Ralph, Ralph!*

Ralph. *What say you, mistress?*

Wife. *I pr'ythee come again quickly, sweet Ralph.*

Ralph. *By-and-bye.*]

SCENE—*A Room in the Bell Inn.*

Enter MRS. MERRYTHOUGHT, RALPH, MICHAEL, TIM, GEORGE, Host, and a Tapster.

Tapster. Master, the reckoning is not paid.

Ralph. Right courteous Knight, who, for the order's sake,

Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
Stiffen'd with hard achievements in wild desert.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry squire Tapstero, thanks to thee
For comforting our souls with double jug !
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,
Every true knight, and every damsel fair !
But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens,
And false enchanters, that with magic spells
Have done to death full many a noble knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle,
give ear to me ; there is twelve shillings to pay, and, as
I am a true Knight, I will not bate a penny.

[*Wife.* *George, I pray thee tell me ; must Ralph pay
twelve shillings now ?*

Cit. No, Nell, no ; nothing but the old Knight is merry
with Ralph.

Wife. Oh, is't nothing else ? *Ralph will be as merry
as he.]*

Ralph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you
well ;

But, to requite this liberal courtesy,
If any of your squires will follow arms,
He shall receive from my heroic hand
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble offer ;
therefore, gentle Knight, twelve shillings you must pay,
or I must cap you.

[*Wife.* *Look, George ! did not I tell thee as much ? the
Knight of the Bell is in earnest. Ralph shall not be
beholding to him. Give him his money, George, and let
him go snick up.*

Cit. Cap Ralph ? No ; hold your hawl, Sir Knight of
the Bell ! There's your money ; have you anything to
say to Ralph now ? *Cap Ralph ?*

Wife. *I would you should know it, Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that. Now take thy course, Ralph !]*

Mrs. Mer. Come, Michael ; thou and I will go home to thy father ; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our purse and our casket : shall we, Michael !

Mich. Ay, I pray, mother ; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

[Wife. *'Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble. Mistress Merrythought, when your youth comes home, let him rub all the solcs of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles, with a mouse-skin ; or if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to bed, let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and I warrant you he shall be well.*]

Mrs. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell. I thank your worship heartily for your kindness.

Ralph. Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire ! If, pricking through these deserts, I do hear Of any traitorous knight who through his guile Hath lit upon your casket and your purse, I will despoil him of them, and restore them.

Mrs. Mer. I thank your worship.

[Exit with MICHAEL.]

Ralph. Dwarf, bear my shield ; squire, elevate my lance ;

And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell !

[Cit. *Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.*]

Ralph. But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight, If aught you do of sad adventures know, Where errant-knight may through his prowess win Eternal fame, and free from gentle souls From endless bonds of steel and lingering pain.

Host. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly.

Tap. I am gone, sir. [Exit.]

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a knight
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame,
And where I would not have you lose your life,
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Ralph. Speak on, Sir Knight: tell what he is, and where:

For here I vow upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietness,
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,
Till I have quell'd that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all errant-knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,
At the north end of this distressed town,
There doth stand a lowly house.
Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
In which an ugly giant now doth won,
Ycleped Barbaroso; in his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turn'd up; and, him before, he wears
A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
From blood of those knights which he massacres,
And ladies gent; without his door doth hang
A copper bason, on a prickant spear,
At which no sooner gentle knights can knock
But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the errant-knight,
And sets him down in an enchanted chair:
Then with an engine, which he hath prepar'd,
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin

He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord,
 And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks ;
 Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
 With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
 The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.
 Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
 And now no creature dares encounter him.

Ralph. In God's name, I will fight with him. Kind
 sir,

Go but before me to this dismal cave
 Where this huge giant Barbaroso dwells,
 And, by that virtue that brave Rosicler
 That damnèd brood of ugly giants slew,
 And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew,
 I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
 And to the devil send his guilty soul,

Host. Brave-sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform
 This your request ; I'll bring you within sight
 Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
 By a more loathsome man ; but dare not stay,
 For his main force swoops all he sees away.

Ralph. Saint George ! Set on, before ; march, squire
 and page ! *[Exeunt.*

*[Wife. George, dost think Ralph will confound the
 giant ?*

Cit. *I hold my cap to a farthing he does. Why, Nell,
 I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman and hurl
 him.]*

*[After some previous great deeds achieved by this
 Flower of Grocery, the Wife exclaims—*

*Ay marry, Ralph, this has some savour in't ; I would see
 the proudest of them all offer to carry his books after him.
 But, George, I will not have him go away so soon ; I
 shall be sick if he go away, that I shall ; call Ralph*

again, George ; call Ralph again, I pry'thec, sweetheart ; let him come fight before me, and let's ha' some drums, and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an' thou lov'st me, George !

Cit. Peace a little, bird ! he shall kill them all, an' they were twenty more on 'em than there are.

Again, on another occasion, the Wife says—

George, let Ralph travel over great hills, and let him be very weary, and come to the king of Cracovia's house, covered with [black] velvet, and there let the king's daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory ; and let her spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her father's house, and then let Ralph talk with her !

Cit. Well said, Nell ; it shall be so. Boy, let's ha' it done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together ; but we cannot present a house covered with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.

Cit. Sir Boy, let's ha' it as you can then.

Boy. Besides, it will show ill-favouredly to have a grocer's 'prentice to court a king's daughter.

Cit. Will it so, sir ? You are well read in histories ! I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet ? Was not he 'prentice to a grocer in London ? Read the play of the Four 'Prentices of London, where they toss their pikes so.]

MERRY DOINGS.

SCENE—A Room in MERRYTHOUGHT'S House.

Enter JASPER and Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mrs. Merr. Give thee my blessing ? No, I'll ne'er give thee my blessing ; I'll see thee hang'd first. It shall

ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing. Thou art thy father's own son, of the right blood of the Merrythoughts. I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy father. He hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings, and cries, "A merry heart lives long-a." And thou art a wastethrill, and art run away from thy master that loved thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou think'st to 'bezzle that; but thou shalt never be able to do it.

Enter MICHAEL.

Come hither, Michael; come, Michael; down on thy knees. Thou shalt have my blessing.

Mich. (kneels). I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me!

Mrs. Merr. God bless thee! but Jasper shall never have my blessing; he shall be hanged first, shall he not, Michael? how say'st thou?

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God.

Mrs. Merr. That's a good boy!

[*Wife. Faith, it's a fine spoken child!*]

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a parent's love, I must preserve the duty of a child.

I ran not from my master, nor return
To have your stock maintain my idleness.

[*Wife. Ungracious child, I warrant him! hark how he chops logic with his mother. Thou hadst best tell her she lies; do tell her she lies.*]

Cit. If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flea him, and salt him.]

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love.
Which I must ever, though I never gain it;
And howsoever you esteem of me,
There is no drop of blood hid in these veins

But I remember well belongs to you,
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mrs. Mer. I'faith, I had sorrow enough for thee (God knows); but I'll hamper thee well enough.—Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

Mer. (singing within). Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?

Mrs. Mer. Hark, my husband! he's singing and hoiting, and I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough.—Husband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

Enter Old MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. (singing). Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves;
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

Mrs. Mer. If you would consider your state, you would have little lust to sing, I wis.

Mer. It should never be considered, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest.

Mer. And will do.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How? Why, how have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my dining-room, but, at eleven and six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink o' th' table; my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever! Use makes perfectness; if all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

[Wife. *It's a foolish old man this ; is not he, George ? Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live.*

Cit. *Ay, by 'r lady, hold thee there !*

Mrs. Mer. Well, Charles ; you promised to provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael : I pray you pay Jasper his portion ; he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock ; he says his master turned him away, but I promise you truly I think he ran away.

[Wife. *No, indeed, mistress Merrythought, though he be a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place ; 'twas, i' faith, within this half-hour, about his daughter ; my husband was by.*

Cit. *Hang him, rogue ! he served him well enough. Love his master's daughter ?*

Wife. *Ay, George ; but yet truth is truth.]*

Mer. Where is Jasper ? he's welcome, however. Call him in ; he shall have his portion. Is he merry ?

Mrs. Mer. Ay, foul chive him, he is too merry. Jasper ! Michael !

Enter JASPER and MICHAEL.

Mer. Welcome, Jasper ! though thou runn'st away, welcome ! God bless thee ! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion. Thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to govern it ; thou art of sufficient years ; hold thy hand. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine ; there is ten shillings for thee ; thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course. If Fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place ; come home to me ; I have twenty shillings left. Be a good husband ; that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink ; be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Jasper. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still !
But, father——

Mer. No more words, Jasper ; get thee gone ! Thou hast my blessing ; thy father's spirit upon thee ! Farewell, Jasper !

But yet, or ere you part (oh, cruel !)

Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting, mine own dear jewel !

So ; now begone ; no words ! [Exit JASPER.]

Mrs. Mer. So, Michael ; now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother ; but I'll have my father's blessing first.

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael ; 'tis no matter for his blessing ; thou hast my blessing ; begone. I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow thee. I'll stay no longer with him, I warrant thee.—Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

Mer. What ? you will not ?

Mrs. Mer. Yes, indeed will I.

Mer. (sings). Hey-ho, farewell, Nan !

I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

Mrs. Mer. You shall not think (when all your own is gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael.

Mer. Farewell, good wife ! I expect it not ; all I have to do in this world, is to be merry ; which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me ; and if it be, [Sings.]

When earth and seas from me are reft,
The skies aloft for me are left.

[Exeunt.]

[Wife. *I'll be sworn he's a merry old gentleman, for all that.* Hark, hark, husband, hark ! fiddles,

fiddles! [Music.] *Now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death for these fiddlers to tune their rebecks before the great Turk's grace; is't not, George!* [Boy danceth.] *But look, look! here's a youth dances! now, good youth, do a turn o' th' toe. Sweetheart, 'faith I'll have Ralph come and do some of his gambols; he'll ride the wild-mare, gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him. I thank you, kind youth; pray bid Ralph come.*

Cit. Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the players send Ralph. An' they do not, I'll tear some off their peri-wigs beside their heads. This is all riff-raff!]

Merrythought (sings).

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

I have money, and meat, and drink, beforehand, till to-morrow at noon; why should I be sad? Methinks I have half-a-dozen jovial spirits within me. [*Sings.*] "*I am three merry men, and three merry men!*"—To what end should any man be sad in this world? I have seen a man come by my door with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hat-band, carrying his head as if he look'd for pins in the street. I have look'd out of my window half-a-year after, and have spied that man's head upon London-bridge. 'Tis vile. Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work: his mind is on nothing but filching.

[*Wife. Mark this, George! 'tis worth noting. God-frey, my tailor, you know, never sings; and he had fourteen yards to make this gown, and I'll be sworn, mistress Penistone, the draper's wife, had one made with twelve.*]

Mer. 'Tis birth that fills the veins with blood,
 More than wine, or sleep, or food :
 Let each man keep his heart at ease ;
 No man dies of that disease.
 He that would his body keep
 From diseases, must not weep ;
 But whoever laughs and sings,
 Never he his body brings
 Into fevers, gout, or rheums,
 Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes.
 Or meets with achs in the bone,
 Or catarrhs, or griping stone,
 But contented lives for aye ;
 The more he laughs, the more he may

FROM CUPID'S REVENGE.

DYING FOR LOVE.

LEUCIPPUS and URANIA ; *the latter, who is disguised as
 his page, having swooned*

Leuc. How dost thou ?
 Let not thy misery vex me ; thou shalt have
 What thy poor heart can wish : I am a prince,
 And I will keep thee in the gayest clothes,
 And the finest things that ever pretty boy
 Had given him.

Urania. I know you well enough.
 'Faith, I am dying ; and now you know all too.

Leuc. But stir thyself. Look, what a jewel here is ;
 See how it glisters ! what a pretty show
 Will this make in thy little ear ! ha, speak !
 Eat but a bit, and take it.

Ura. Do you not know me ?

Leuc. I pr'ythee mind thy health ! why, that's well said ;

My good boy, smile still.

Ura. I shall smile till death,
An' I see you. I am Urania.

Leuc. How !

Ura. I am Urania.

Leuc. Dulness did seize me ! now I know thee well :
Alas, why cam'st thou hither ?

Ura. 'Faith, for love :
I would not let you know till I was dying ;
For you could not love me, my mother was
So naught. [Dies.

FROM THIERRY AND THEODORET.

A COWARD FOUND OUT.

Enter King, THIERRY, and THEODORET, from hunting.

Theod. This stag stood well, and cunningly.

Thierry. My horse,
I am sure, has found it, for his sides are blooded
From flank to shoulder. Where's the troop ?

Enter MARTELL.

Theod. Pass'd homeward,
Weary and tired as we are.—Now, Martell ;
Have you remember'd what we thought of ?

Thi. What is that ?
May not I know too ?

Theod. Yes, sir ; to that end
We cast the project.

Thi. What is't ?

Mart. A desire, sir,
Upon the gilded flag your grace's favour
Has stuck up for a general ; and to inform you
(For this hour he shall pass the test) what valour,
Staid judgment, soul, or safe discretion,
Your mother's wandering eyes, and your obedience,
Have flung upon us ; to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be, nothing
(Load him with piles of honours, set him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us)
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected, undone fool,
And most unheard-of coward.

Thi. No more ! I know him ;
I now repent my error. Take your time,
And try him home, even thus far reserved,
You tie your anger up !

Mart. I lose it else, sir.

Thi. Bring me his sword fair-taken without violence
(For that will best declare him)——

Theod. That's the thing.

Thi. And my best horse is thine.

Mart. Your grace's servant ! [*Exit.*

Theod. You'll hunt no more, sir ?

Thi. Not to-day ; the weather
Is grown too warm ; besides, the dogs are spent :
We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,
And halloo in the troop ! [*Exeunt. Wind horns.*

Enter Two Huntsmen, and to them PROTALDYE.

Prot. How now, keepers ?
Saw you the king ?

1 *Hunts.* Yes, sir ; he's newly mounted,
And, as we take it, ridden home.

Prot. Farewell then ! [*Exeunt Huntsmen.*

Enter MARTELL.

Mart. My honour'd lord, fortune has made me happy
To meet with such a man of men to side me.

Prot. How, sir? I know you not,
Nor what your fortune means.

Mart. Few words shall serve.
I am betray'd, sir; innocent and honest,
Malice and violence are both against me,
Basely and foully laid for; for my life, sir!
Danger is now about me, now in my throat, sir.

Prot. Where, sir?

Mart. Nay, I fear not;
And let it now pour down in storms 'pon me,
I have met a noble guard.

Prot. Your meaning, sir?
For I have present business.

Mart. Oh, my lord,
Your honour cannot leave a gentleman,
At least a fair design of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatch'd in, and made one piece, in such a peril.
There are but six, my lord.

Prot. What six?

Mart. Six villains;
Sworn, and in pay to kill me.

Prot. Six?

Mart. Alas, sir,
What can six do, or six score, now you're present?
Your name will blow 'em off. Say they have shot too;
Who dare present a piece? your valour's proof, sir.

Prot. No, I'll assure you, sir, nor my discretion,
Against a multitude. 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough;
But wisdom, sir, and weight of what is on me

In which I am no more mine own, nor yours, sir,
 Nor, as I take it, any single danger,
 But what concerns my place), tells me directly,
 Beside my person, my fair reputation,
 If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions,
 Suffers opinion. Six? Why, Hercules
 Avoided two, man. Yet, not to give example,
 But only for your present danger's sake, sir,
 Were there but four, sir, I cared not if I kill'd them;
 They'll serve to whet my sword.

Mart. There are but four, sir;
 I did mistake them; but four such as Europe,
 Excepting your great valour——

Prot. Well consider'd!
 I will not meddle with 'em; four, in honour,
 Are equal with four score. Besides, they are people
 Only directed by their fury.

Mart. So much nobler
 Shall be your way of justice.

Prot. That I find not.

Mart. You will not leave me thus?

Prot. I would not leave you; but look you, sir,
 Men of my place and business must not
 Be question'd thus.

Mart. You cannot pass, sir,
 Now they have seen me with you, without danger:
 They are here, sir, within hearing. Take but two!

Prot. Let the law take 'em! take a tree, sir—
 I'll take my horse—that you may keep with safety,
 If they have brought no hand-saws. Within this hour
 I'll send you rescue, and a toil to take 'em.

Mart. You shall not go so poorly. Stay! but one, sir!

Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these rescues,
 So hew'd and tortur'd, that the truth is, sir,
 I have mainly vow'd against 'em. Yet, for your sake,

If, as you say, there be but one, I'll stay
And see fair play o' both sides.

Mart. There is no

More, sir, and, as I doubt, a base one too.

Prot. Fy on him ! Go, lug him out by th' ears !

Mart. Yes, this is he, sir ; the basest in the kingdom.
[*Seizes him.*]

Prot. Do you know me ?

Mart. Yes, for a general fool,

A knave, a coward : puppy, that dares not bite.

Prot. The best man best knows patience.

Mart. Yes,

This way, sir ; now draw your sword, and right you,
[*Kicks him.*]

Or render it to me ; for one you shall do !

Prot. If wearing it may do you any honour,
I shall be glad to grace you ; there it is, sir !

Mart. Now get you home, and tell your lady mistress,
She has shot up a sweet mushroom ! quit your place too,
And say you are counsell'd well ; thou wilt be beaten else
By thine own lanceprisadoes (when they know thee),
That tuns of oil of roses will not cure thee :
Go ; armour like a frost will search your bones,
And make you roar, you rogue ! not a reply,
For if you do, your ears go off !

Prot. Still patience ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to a Hall in the Palace, with THIERRY,
THEODORET, and others. Enter to them MARTELL,
with PROTALDYE'S sword.*

Theod. Look, sir ; he has it !

Nay, we shall have peace when so great a soldier
As the renown'd Protaldye will give up
His sword rather than use it.

Thi. Pray you speak ;

How won you him to part from't ?

Mart. Won him, sir ?

He would have yielded it upon his knees,
 Before he would have hazarded the exchange
 Of a fillip of the forehead. Had you will'd me,
 I durst have undertook he should have sent you
 His nose, provided that the loss of it
 Might have saved the rest of his face. He is, sir,
 The most unutterable coward that e'er nature
 Bless'd with hard shoulders ; which were only given him
 To the ruin of bastinadoes.—I'll hazard
 My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
 Should scourge him hither like a parish top,
 And make him dance before you.

A WILLING MARTYR.

SCENE—*Before the Temple of Diana.*

Enter THIERRY and MARTELL.

Mart. Your grace is early stirring.

Thi. How can he sleep,
 Whose happiness is laid up in an hour
 He knows comes stealing toward him ? This day
 France

(France, that in want of issue withers us,
 And, like an aged river, runs his head
 Into forgotten ways) again I ransom,
 And his fair course turn right. This day beauty,
 The envy of the world, the pleasure, glory,
 Content above the world, desire beyond it,
 Are made mine own, and useful !

Mart. Happy woman,
 That dies to do these things !

Thi. But ten times happier,
That lives to do the greater ! Oh, Martell,
The gods have heard me now ; and those that scorn'd
me,
Mothers of many children, and bless'd fathers,
That see their issues like the stars unnumber'd,
Their comforts more than them, shall in my praises
Now teach their infants songs ; and tell their ages
From such a son of mine, or such a queen,
That chaste Ordella brings me. Blessed marriage,
The chain that links two holy loves together !
And, in the marriage, more than bless'd Ordella,
That comes so near the sacrament itself,
The priests doubt whether purer !

[He stands musing, in a state of ecstasy.]

Mart. Sir, you are lost !

Thi. I pr'ythee let me be so !

Mart. The day wears ;

And those that have been offering early prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.

Thi. Stand, and mark, then !

Mart. Is it the first must suffer ?

Thi. The first woman.

Mart. What hand shall do it, sir ?

Thi. This hand, Martell ;

For who less dare presume to give the gods
An incense of this offering ?

Mart. 'Would I were she !

For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
Can never crown my parting. —
Here comes a woman.

Enter ORDELLA, veiled.

Thi. Stand, and behold her, then !

Mart. I think, a fair one.

Thi. Move not, whilst I prepare her. May her peace
 (Like his whose innocence the gods are pleased with,
 And, offering at their altars, gives his soul
 Far purer than those fires) pull Heaven upon her !
 You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her !—
 No love of anything, but you and goodness,
 Tie her to earth !—Fear be a stranger to her ;—
 And all weak blood's affections, but thy hope,
 Let her bequeath to women ! Hear me, Heaven !
 Give her a spirit masculine, and noble,
 Fit for yourselves to ask, and me to offer !
 Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death ;
 And as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
 That by his cutting off more may increase,
 So let her fall to raise me fruit !—Hail, woman ;
 The happiest and the best (if thy dull will
 Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet !

Ord. She's more than dull, sir, less, and worse than
 woman,
 That may inherit such an infinite
 As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
 And brings a will to rob her.

Thi. Tell me this then ;
 Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
 That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
 For Virtue's sake, and only for itself-sake,
 Has, or dare make a story ?

Ord. Many dead, sir ;
 Living, I think, as many.

Thi. Say, the kingdom
 May from a woman's will receive a blessing,
 The king and kingdom, not a private safety,
 A general blessing, lady ?

Ord. A general curse
 Light on her heart denies it !

Thi. Full of honour,
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadows of, and empty figures?

Ord. You strangely stir me, sir; and were my
weakness
In any other flesh but modest woman's,
You should not ask more questions. May I do it?

Thi. You may; and, which is more, you must.

Ord. I joy in't
Above a moderate gladness! Sir, you promise
It shall be honest?

Thi. As ever Time discover'd.

Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.

Thi. But hark you;
What may that woman merit, makes this blessing?

Ord. Only her duty, sir,

Thi. 'Tis terrible!

Ord. 'Tis so much the more noble.

Thi. 'Tis full of fearful shadows!

Ord. So is sleep, sir.
Or anything that's merely ours, and mortal.
We were begotten gods else. But those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.

Thi. Suppose it death!

Ord. I do.

Thi. And endless parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay
reason!

For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel, nothing's heard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,

Dust and an endless darkness. And dare you, woman,
Desire this place ?

Ord. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest :
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this centre :
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures, or life's profits,
Can recompense this place ; and mad that stay it,
'Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
Bring them dispersed to th' earth.

Thi. Then you can suffer ?

Ord. As willing as say it.

Thi. Martell, a wonder !

Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,
Are you a wife ?

Ord. I am, sir.

Thi. And have children ?—

She sighs, and weeps !

Ord. Oh, none, sir,

Thi. Dare you venture,

For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes ?

Ord. With all but Heaven,

And yet die full of children. He that reads me
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes ;
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters. [ledge,

Thi. Then there is nothing wanting but my know-
And what I must do, lady.

Ord. You are the king, sir,
And what you'll do I'll suffer ; and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom !

Thi. Thus much before I strike then ; for I must kill
you—

The gods have will'd it so. Thou'rt made the blessing
Must make France young again, and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly !

Ord. Fear me not.

Thi. And meet death like a measure !

Ord. I am steadfast.

Thi. Thou shalt be sainted, woman ; and thy tomb
Cut out in crystal, pure and good as thou art ;
And on it shall be graven, every age,
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall ;
Till thou liest there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'st thou behold thy happiness !

Ord. I dare, sir.

Thi. Ha ! [*Pulls off her veil, lets fall his sword.*]

Mart. Oh, sir, you must not do it.

Thi. No, I dare not !

There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue !

Ord. Strike, sir, strike !

And if in my poor death fair France may merit,
Give me a thousand blows ! be killing me
A thousand days !

Thi. First, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd ! Rise, Ordella,
The nearest to thy Maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh show'd us !—Oh, my heart-strings !
[*Exit.*]

THE DEATH OF THIERRY AND ORDELLA.

THIERRY *on a bed, with Doctors and Attendants.*

1 *Doctor.* How does your grace now feel yourself ?

Thi. What's that ?

1 *Doctor.* Nothing at all, sir, but your fancy.

Thi. Tell me,
 Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,
 Assure my soul there is sleep? is there night
 And rest for human labours? do not you
 And all the world, as I do, out-stare Time,
 And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguish'd?
 Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,
 Nor fear to tell me truth) and in that grave
 Is there a hope I shall sleep? can I die?
 Why do you crucify me thus with faces,
 And gaping strangely upon one another!
 When shall I rest?

2 *Doctor.* Oh, sir, be patient!

1 *Doctor.* We do beseech your grace be more reclaim'd!
 This talk doth but distemper you.

Thi. Well, I will die,
 In spite of all your potions! One of you sleep;
 Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold
 What blessed rest it is my eyes are robb'd of!—
 See; he can sleep, sleep anywhere, sleep now,
 When he that wakes for him can never slumber!
 Is't not a dainty ease?

2 *Doctor.* Your grace shall feel it.

Thi. Oh, never, never I! The eyes of Heaven
 See but their certain motions, and then sleep:
 The rages of the ocean have their slumbers,
 And quiet silver calms; each violence
 Crowns in his end a piece; but my fix'd fires
 Shall never, never set!—Who's that?

Enter MARTELL, BRUNHALT, DE VITRY, and Soldiers.

Mart. No, woman,
 Mother of mischief, no! the day shall die first,
 And all good things live in a worse than thou art,
 Ere thou shalt sleep! Dost thou see him?

Brun. Yes, and curse him ;
And all that love him, fool, and all live by him.

Mart. Why art thou such a monster ?

Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to ask me ?

Mart. Hope of hell,
By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs,
Which are above thy years, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, nor feel more what is pity,
Know nothing necessary, meet no society
But what shall curse and crucify thee, feel in thyself
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conscience,
Till this man rest. Do you nod ? I'll waken you
With my sword's point.

Brun. I wish no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger
To torture thee !

Mart. See, she that makes you see, sir !
And, to your misery, still see your mother,
The mother of your woes, sir, of your waking,
The mother of your people's cries and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother !

Thi. Physicians, half my state to sleep an hour now !—
Is it so, mother ?

Brun. Yes, it is so, son ;
And, were it yet again to do, it should be.

Mart. She nods again ; swinge her !

Thi. But, mother
(For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been so), was this,
This endless misery, this cureless malice,
This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crown'd with eternal time are proud to finish,
Done by your will ?

Brun. It was, and by that will——

Thi. Oh, mother, do not lose your name ! forget not
The touch of Nature in you, tenderness !
'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness :
Forget not, I beseech you, what are children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them ; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept ;
And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember
How they imp out your age ! and when Time calls you,
That as an autumn flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang like pennons !

Brun. Holy fool,
Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has killed thee,
Preach not to me of punishments or fears,
Or what I ought to be ; but what I am,
A woman in her liberal will defeated,
In all her greatness cross'd, in pleasure blasted !
My angers have been laugh'd at, my ends slighted,
And all those glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blasted Virtue to be scatter'd :
I am the fruitful mother of these angers,
And what such have done, read, and know thy ruin !

Thi. Heaven forgive you !

Mart. She tells you true ; for millions of her mischiefs
Are now apparent. Protaldye we have taken,
An equal agent with her, to whose care,
After the damn'd defeat on you, she trusted
The bringing-in of Leonor the bastard,
Son to your murder'd brother. Her physician
By this time is attach'd too, that damn'd devil !

Enter Messenger.

Mess. 'Tis like he will be so ; for ere we came,
Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
He drench'd himself.

Brun. He did like one of mine then !

Thi. Must I still see these miseries ? no night
To hide me from their horrors ? That Protaldye
See justice fall upon !

Brun. Now I could sleep too.

Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy. Bring the lady,
And Heaven in her embraces give him quiet !

Enter ORDELLA.

Madam, unveil yourself.

Ord. I do forgive you ;
And though you sought my blood, yet I'll pray for you.

Brun. Art thou alive ?

Mart. Now could you sleep ?

Brun. For ever.

Mart. Go carry her without wink of sleep, or quiet,
Where her strong knave Protaldye's broke o' th' wheel,
And let his cries and roars be music to her !

I mean to waken her.

Thi. Do her no wrong !

Mart. No, right, as you love justice !

Brun. I will think ;
And if there be new curses in old nature,
I have a soul dare send them !

Mart. Keep her waking !

[Exit BRUNHALT with a Guard.]

Thi. What's that appears so sweetly ? There's that
face—

Mart. Be moderate, lady !

Thi. That's angel's face——

Mart. Go nearer.

Thi. Martell, I cannot last long ! See the soul
(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,
The heavenly figure of her sweetness, there !

Forgive me, gods ! it comes ! Divinest substance !
 Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one ! Saint of thy sex,
 If it be for my cruelty thou comest—
 Do ye see her, hoa ?

Mart. Yes, sir ; and you shall know her,

Thi. Down, down again !—To be revenged for blood !
 Sweet spirit, I am ready. She smiles on me !
 Oh, blessed sign of peace !

Mart. Go nearer, lady.

Ord. I come to make you happy.

Thi. Hear you that, sirs ?
 She comes to crown my soul. Away, get sacrifice !
 Whilst I with holy honours——

Mart. She is alive, sir.

Thi. In everlasting life ; I know it, friend :
 Oh, happy, happy soul !

Ord. Alas, I live, sir ;
 A mortal woman still.

Thi. Can spirits weep too ?

Mart. She is no spirit, sir ; pray kiss her.—Lady,
 Be very gentle to him !

Thi. Stay!—She is warm ;
 And, by my life, the same lips ! Tell me, brightness,
 Are you the same Ordella still ?

Mart. The same, sir,
 Whom Heavens and my good angel stay'd from ruin.

Thi. Kiss me again !

Ord. The same still, still your servant.

Thi. 'Tis she ! I know her now, Martell. Sit down,
 sweet !

Oh, bless'd and happiest woman !—A dead slumber
 Begins to creep upon me. Oh, my jewel !

Ord. Oh, sleep, my lord !

Thi. My joys are too much for me !

Enter Messenger and MEMBERGE.

Mess. Brunhalt, impatient of her constraint to see Protaldye tortured, has chok'd herself.

Mart. No more !

Her sins go with her !

Thi. Love, I must die ; I faint :

Close up my glasses !

1 Doctor. The queen faints too, and deadly.

Thi. One dying kiss !

Ord. My last, sir, and my dearest !

And now, close my eyes too !

Thi. Thou perfect woman !—

Martell, the kingdom's yours. Take Memberge to you,
And keep my line alive !—Nay, weep not, lady !

Take me ! I go.

[*Dies.*

Ord. Take me too ! Farewell, Honour !

[*Dies.*

2 Doctor. They are gone for ever.

Mart. The peace of happy souls go after them !

Bear them unto their last beds, whilst I study
A tomb to speak their loves whilst old Time lasteth.
I am your king in sorrows.

All. We your subjects !

Mart. De Vitry, for your services, be near us !

Whip out these instruments of this mad mother
From court, and all good people ; and, because
She was born noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour !
And now lead on ! They that shall read this story,
Shall find that Virtue lives in good, not glory. [*Exeunt.*

FROM VALENTINIAN.

SCORN OF LOVE ADMONISHED.

Hear, ye ladies that despise,
What the mighty Love has done ;
Fear examples, and be wise :
Fair Calisto was a nun ;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan ;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do ;
Fear the fierceness of the boy :
The chaste moon he makes to woo ;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies ;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

POISONING A TYRANT.

Enter LYCIAS and PROCULUS.

Lycias. Sicker and sicker, Proculus ?

Proc. Oh, Lycias,
What shall become of us ? 'Would we had died
With happy Chilax, or with Balbus bed-rid,
And made too lame for justice !

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. The soft music ;
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him.—
Oh, friends, the emperor !

Proc. What say the doctors ?

Licin. For us a most sad saying ; he is poison'd,
Beyond all cure too.

Lycias. Who ?

Licin. The wretch Aretus,
That most unhappy villain.

Lycias. How do you know it ?

Licin. He gave him drink last. Let's disperse, and
find him ;

And, since he has opened misery to all,
Let it begin with him first. Softly ; he slumbers.

[Exeunt.]

VALENTINIAN brought in sick in a chair, with EUDOXIA,
Physicians, and Attendants.

MUSIC AND SONG.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince ; fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night.
Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

Val. Oh, gods, gods ! Drink, drink ! colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains ! Oh, my heart-
strings !

Eud. How does your grace ?

Phys. The empress speaks, sir.

Val. Dying ;
Dying, Eudoxia, dying.

Phys. Good sir, patience.

Eud. What have you given him ?

Phys. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope shall comfort him.

Val. Oh, flatter'd fool,
See what thy god-head's come to ! Oh, Eudoxia !

Eud. Oh, patience, patience, sir !

Val. Danubius
I'll have brought through my body——

Eud. Gods give comfort !

Val. And Volga, on whose face the north wind freezes.
I am an hundred hells ! an hundred piles
Already to my funeral are flaming !
Shall I not drink ?

Phys. You must not, sir.

Val. By Heaven,
I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all,
If ye deny me longer ! Tempest blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,
Flow over me and quench me ! Where's the villain ?
Am I immortal now, ye slaves ? By Numa,
If he do 'scape—Oh, oh !

Eud. Dear sir !

Val. Like Nero,
But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,
In the midst of all my flames, I'll fire the empire ?
A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me !
Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.

Eud. Sir !

Val. Oh, do not flatter me ! I am but flesh,—
A man, a mortal man. Drink, drink, ye dunces !
What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,
Your oils, and Mithridates ? If I do die,

You only words of health, and names of sickness,
Finding no true disease in man but money,
That talk yourselves into revenues—oh !—
And, ere you kill your patients, beggar 'em,
I'll have ye flea'd and dried !

Enter PROCULUS and LICINIUS, with ARETUS.

Proc. The villain, sir ;
The most accursed wretch.

Val. Begone, my queen ;
This is no sight for thee. Go to the vestals,
Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
One powerful sacrifice to free thy Cæsar.

Proc. Go, go, and be happy. [*Exit EUDOXIA.*]

Are. Go ; but give no ease.—
The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian ;
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
And like a sensual bloody thing, thou diest !

Proc. Oh, damned traitor !

Are. Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches !
You taught him to be poison'd.

Val. Yet no comfort ?

Are. Be not abus'd with priests nor 'pothecaries,
They cannot help thee. Thou hast now to live
A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes.
I gave the poison for Aëcius' sake,
Such a destroying poison would kill nature ;
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old Time clipp'd for ever, Reason lost,
In what I had attempted, yet, O Cæsar,
To purchase fair revenge, I had poison'd them too.

Val. Oh, villain !—I grow hotter, hotter.

Are. Yes ;

But not near my heat yet. What thou feel'st now
(Mark me with horror, Cæsar) are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed ;
But there be flames of murder !

Val. Fetch out tortures.

Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee ; nay, more, I'll love thee.
Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Cæsar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter, and more full of mirth, than laughter.

Val. Let 'em alone. I must drink.

Are. Now be mad ;
But not near me yet.

Val. Hold me, hold me, hold me !
Hold me, or I shall burst else !

Are. See me Cæsar,
And see to what thou must come for thy murder.
Millions of women's labours, all diseases——

Val. Oh, my afflicted soul too !

Are. Women's fears, horrors,
Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds——

Val. Aëcius, oh, Aëcius ! oh, Lucina !

Are. Are but my torments' shadows !

Val. Hide me, mountains !
The gods have found my sins. Now break !

Are. Not yet, sir ;
Thou hast a pull beyond all these.

Val. Oh, hell !
Oh, villain, cursed villain !

Are. Oh, brave villain !
My poison dances in me at this deed !
No, Cæsar, now behold me ; this is torment,
And this is thine before thou diest : I'm wild-fire !
The brazen bull of Phalaris was feign'd,
The miseries of souls despising heaven

But emblems of my torment, ——

Val. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me !

Are. Fire's a flattery,

And all the poets' tales of sad Avernus

To my pains less than fictions. Yet, to show thee

What constant love I bore my murder'd master,

Like a south wind, I have sung through all these
tempests.

My heart, my wither'd heart ! Fear, fear, thou monster !

Fear the just gods ! I have my peace ! *[Dies.]*

Val. More drink !

A thousand April showers fall in my bosom !

How dare ye let me be tormented thus ?

Away with that prodigious body. Gods,

Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay

All your inflictions on me ? Hear me, hear me !

I do confess I am a ravisher,

A murderer, a hated Cæsar.—Oh !

Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,

The fat of all the world for sacrifice,

And, where that fails, the blood of thousand captives,

To purge those sins, but I must make the incense ?

I do despise ye all ! ye have no mercy,

And wanting that, ye are no gods ! Your parole

Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,

And women, made of awe, believe your heaven !

Oh, torments, torments, torments ! Pains above pains !

If ye be anything but dreams, and ghosts,

And truly hold the guidance of things mortal,

Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present,

Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,

Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason,

Be more than all, ye gods, great in forgiveness !

Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,

For you are things, men teach us, without passions.

Give me an hour to know ye in ; oh, save me !
But so much perfect time ye make a soul in ;
Take this destruction from me !—No, ye cannot ;
The more I would believe ye, more I suffer.
My brains are ashes ! Now my heart, my eyes ! Friends,
I go, I go ! More air, more air !—I am mortal ! [*Dies.*]

FROM THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A FATAL ERROR.

JULIANA KILLS HER OWN HUSBAND IN MISTAKE FOR
HIS ENEMY.

A Room in VIROLET's House.

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. This woman's threats, her eyes, ev'n red with
fury,
Which, like prodigious meteors, foretold
Assur'd destruction, are still before me.
Besides, I know such natures unacquainted
With any mean, or in their love or hatred ;
And she that dar'd all dangers to possess him,
Will check at nothing, to revenge the loss
Of what she held so dear. I first discover'd
Her bloody purposes, which she made good,
And openly professed 'em. That in me
Was but a cold affection ; charity
Commands so much to all ; for Virolet,
Methinks, I should forget my sex's weakness,
Rise up, and dare beyond a woman's strength ;
Then do, not counsel. He is too secure ;
And, in my judgment, 'twere a greater service

To free him from a deadly enemy,
Than to get him a friend. I undertook too
To cross her plots ; opposed my piety
Against her malice ; and shall virtue suffer ?
No, Martia ; wert thou here equally arm'd,
I have a cause, 'spite of thy masculine breeding,
That would assure the victory. My angel
Direct and help me !

*Enter VIROLET, habited like RONVERE. JULIANA,
unseen by him, stands apart.*

Vir. The state in combustion,
Part of the citadel forc'd, the treasure seiz'd on ;
The guards, corrupted, arm themselves against
Their late protected master ; Ferrand fled too,
And with small strength, into the castle's tower,
The only Aventine that now is left him ;
And yet the undertakers, nay, performers,
Of such a brave and glorious enterprise,
Are yet unknown. They did proceed like men,
I like a child ; and had I never trusted
So deep a practice unto shallow fools,
Besides my soul's peace in my Juliana,
The honour of this action had been mine,
In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no share.

Jul. Ronvere ! 'tis he ! a thing, next to the devil,
I most detest, and like him terrible ;
Martia's right hand ; the instrument, I fear too,
That is to put her bloody will into act.
Have I not will enough, and cause too mighty ;
Weak women's fear, fly from me !

Vir. Sure this habit,
This likeness to Ronvere, which I have studied,
Either admits me safe to my design,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,

And suffer'd to be ravish'd from my glory,
Or sinks me and my miseries together ;
Either concludes me happy.

Jul. He stands musing ;
Some mischief is now hatching :
In the full meditation of his wickedness,
I'll sink his cursed soul. Guide my hand, Heaven,
And to my tender arm give strength and fortune,
That I may do a pious deed, all ages
Shall bless my name for, all remembrance crown me !

Vir. (aloud). It shall be so.

Jul. It shall not ! Take that token, [Stabs him.
And bear it to the lustful arms of Martia !
Tell her, for Violet's dear sake, I sent it.

Vir. Oh, I am happy ! Let me see thee, that I
May bless the hand that gave me liberty !
Oh, courteous hand ! Nay, thou hast done most nobly,
And Heaven has guided thee ; 'twas their great justice.
Oh, blessed wound, that I could come to kiss thee !
How beautiful and sweet thou show'st !

Jul. Oh !

Vir. Sigh not,
Nor weep not, dear ! shed not those sovereign balsams
Into my blood, which must recover me ;
Then I shall live again, again to do a mischief
Against the mightiness of love and virtue.
Some base unhallow'd hand shall rob thy right of—
Help me ; I faint. So.

Jul. Oh, unhappy wench !
How has my zeal abus'd me ! You that guard virtue,
Were ye asleep ? or do ye laugh at innocence,
You suffer'd this mistake ? Oh, my dear Violet !
An everlasting curse follow that form
I struck thee in ! his name be ever blasted !
For his accursed shadow has betray'd

The sweetness of all youth, the nobleness,
The honour, and the valour, wither'd for ever
The beauty and the bravery of all mankind !
Oh ! my dull devil's eyes !

Vir. I do forgive you ; [Kisses her.]
By this, and this, I do. I know you were cozen'd ;
The shadow of Ronvere I know you aim'd at,
And not at me ; but 'twas most necessary
I should be struck ; some hand above directed you ;
For Juliana could not show her justice,
Without depriving high Heaven of his glory,
On any subject fit for her, but Virolet.
Forgive me too, and take my last breath, sweet one !
This the new marriage of our souls together.
Think of me Juliana ; but not often,
For fear my faults should burthen your affections.
Pray for me, for I faint.

Jul. Oh, stay a little,
A little, little, sir ! [Offers to kill herself.]

Vir. Fy, Juliana.

Jul. Shall I outlive the virtue I have murder'd ?

Vir. Hold, or thou hast my peace ! Give me the
dagger ;

On your obedience, and your love, deliver it !
If you do thus, we shall not meet in heaven, sweet ;
No guilty blood comes there. Kill your intentions,
And then you conquer. There, where I am going,
Would you not meet me, dear ?

Jul. Yes.

Vir. And still love me ?

Jul. And still behold you.

Vir. Live then, till Heaven calls you :
Then, ripe and full of sweetness, you rise sainted ;
Then I, that went before you to prepare,

Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you
With hymns of holy love. God ! I go out !
Give me your hand. Farewell ! in peace, farewell !
Remember me ! farewell ! [Dies.

Jul. Sleep you, sweet glasses !
An everlasting slumber crown those crystals !
All my delight, adieu ! farewell, dear Violet,
Dear, dear, most dear ! Oh, I can weep no more ;
My body now is fire, and all-consuming.
Here will I sit, forget the world and all things,
And only wait what Heaven shall turn me to ;
For now methinks I should not live. [She sits down.

Enter PANDULPHO (VIOLET'S Father), with a book.

Pand. Oh, my sweet daughter,
The work is finish'd now I promis'd thee :
Here are thy virtues show'd, here register'd,
And here shall live for ever.

Jul. Blot it, burn it !
I have no virtue ; hateful I am as hell is !

Pand. Is not this Violet ?

Jul. Ask no more questions !
Mistaking him, I kill'd him.

Pand. Oh, my son !
Nature turns to my heart again. My dear son !
Son of my age ! wouldst thou go out so quickly ?
So poorly take thy leave, and never see me !
Was this a kind stroke, daughter ? Could you love him,
Honour his father, and so deadly strike him ?
Oh, wither'd timeless youth ! are all thy promises,
Thy goodly growth of honours, come to this ?
Do I halt still i' th' world, and trouble Nature,
When her main pieces founder, and fail daily ?

Enter LUCIO and Three Servants.

Lucio. He does weep certain. What body's that lies by him ?

How do you, sir ?

Pand. Oh, look there, Lucio,
Thy master, thy best master !

Lucio. Woe is me !

They have kill'd him, slain him basely ! Oh, my master !

Pand. Well, daughter, well ! what heart you had to do this !

I know he did you wrong ; but 'twas his fortune,
And not his fault. For my sake, that have lov'd you—
But I see now you scorn me too.

Lucio. Oh, mistress !

Can you sit there, and his cold body breathless,
Basely upon the earth ?

Pand. Let her alone, boy :

She glories in his end,

Lucio. You shall not sit here,
And suffer him you loved—Ha ! good sir, come hither,
Come hither quickly ! heave her up ! Oh, Heaven, sir !
Oh, God, my heart ! she's cold, cold, cold, and stiff too.
Stiff as a stake ; she's dead !

Pand. She's gone ; ne'er bend her :

I know her heart, she could not want his company.
Blessing go with thy soul ! sweet angels shadow it !
Oh, that I were the third now ! what a happiness !
But I must live to see you laid in earth both ;
Then build a chapel to your memories,
Where all my wealth shall fashion out your stories ;
Then dig a little grave besides, and all's done.
How sweet she looks ! her eyes are open, smiling :
I thought she had been alive.

FROM FOUR PLAYS,
OR
MORAL REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE.
CHILDBIRTH COMFORTED.

Violanta, having borne a child without her father's, but not her mother's knowledge, is comforted by the latter during her confinement.

Viol. Mother—I'd not offend you—might not Gerrard steal in, and see me in the evening?

Ang. Well;

Bid him do so.

Viol. Heaven's blessings o' your heart!—

Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother?

Ang. Yes.

Viol. It well may be. The bare-foot traveller
That's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it
Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me;
And yet, how disobedient have I been!

Ang. Peace, *Violante*; thou hast always been
Gentle and good.

Viol. Gerrard is better, mother.

Oh, if you knew the implicit innocency
Dwells in his breast, you'd love him like your pray'rs.
I see no reason but my father might
Be told the truth, being pleased for Ferdinand
To woo himself; and Gerrard ever was
His full comparative. My uncle loves him,
As he loves Ferdinand.

Ang. No, not for the world !

Viol. As you please, mother. I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of Ease ; I'll sleep.

Ang. Draw in
The bed nearer the fire.—Silken rest,
Tie all thy cares up !

FROM THE ELDER BROTHER.

A BIBLIOPOLE.

Enter ANDREW, Cook, and Butler, *with books.*

And. Unload part of the library, and make room
For th' other dozen of carts ; I'll strait be with you.

Cook. Why, hath he more books ?

And. More than ten marts send over.

Butler. And can he tell their names ?

And. Their names ! he has 'em
As perfect as his *Pater Noster* ; but that's nothing ;
He has read them over, leaf by leaf, three thousand
times.

But here's the wonder ; though their weight would sink
A Spanish carrack, without other ballast,
He carrieth them all in his head, and yet
He walks upright.

But. Surely he has a strong brain.

And. If all thy pipes of wine were filled with books,
Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for's diet,
He eats and digests more volumes at a meal.
Than there would be larks (though the sky should fall)

Devour'd in a month in Paris. Yet fear not,
Sons o' th' buttery and kitchen ! though his learned
stomach
Cannot be appeas'd, he'll seldom trouble you ;
His knowing stomach contemns your black-jacks,
butler,
And your flagons ; and, cook, thy boil'd, thy roast, thy
baked !

Cook. How liveth he ?

And. Not as other men do ;

Few princes fare like him. He breaks his fast
With Aristotle, dines with Tully, takes
His watering with the Muses, sups with Livy,
Then walks a turn or two in *Via Lactea*,
And, after six hours' conference with the stars,
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

FOR AND AGAINST BOOKS.

MIRAMONT *and* BRISAC.

Mir. Nay, brother, brother !

Bri. Pray, sir, be not mov'd ;

I meddle with no business but mine own ;
And, in mine own, 'tis reason I should govern.

Mir. But know to govern then, and understand, sir,
And be as wise as you're hasty. Though you be
My brother, and from one blood sprung, I must tell you,
Heartily and home too——

Bri. What, sir ?

Mir. What I grieve to find ;
You are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.

Bri. We'll part 'em, if you please.

Mir. No, they're entail'd to you.
Seek to deprive an honest noble spirit,

Your eldest son, sir, and your very image
(But he's so like you, that he fares the worse for't),
Because he loves his book, and dotes on that,
And only studies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of such coarse brains as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther
Than when to cut your vines, and cozen merchants,
And choke your hide-bound tenants with musty
harvests !

Bri. You go too fast.

Mir. I'm not come to my pace yet.
Because he has made his study all his pleasure,
And is retired into his contemplation,
Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance ?
Must he be dispossessed, and Monsieur Gingleboy,
His younger brother——

Bri. You forget yourself.

Mir. Because he has been at court, and learn'd new
tongues,
And how to speak a tedious piece of nothing,
To vary his face as seamen do their compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she-calves of the season,
Therefore must he jump into his brother's land ?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake enough
In praise of learning, sir ?

Mir. Never enough.

Bri. But, brother, do you know what learning is ?

Mir. 'Tis not to be a justice of peace, as you are,
And palter out your time i' th' penal statutes ;
To hear the curious tenets controverted
Between a Protestant constable and Jesuit cobbler ;
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blind justice

(Which is deep learning), when your worship's tenants
Bring a light cause and heavy hens before you,
Both fat and feasible, a goose or pig;
And then you sit, like Equity, with both hands
Weighing indifferently the state o' th' question.
These are your quodlibets, but no learning, brother.

Bri. You are so parlously in love with learning,
That I'd be glad to know what you understand, brother,
I'm sure you have read all Aristotle.

Mir. Faith, no:

But I believe; I have a learned faith, sir;
And that's it makes a gentleman of my sort.
Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound on't:
It goes so thundering as it conjured devils:
Charles speaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a man,
Or hadst but ever heard of Homer's Iliads,
Hesiod, and the Greek poets, thou wouldst run mad,
And hang thyself for joy thou hadst such a gentleman
To be thy son. Oh, he has read such things to me!

Bri. And you do understand 'em, brother?

Mir. I tell thee, no; that's not material; the sound's
Sufficient to confirm an honest man.
Good brother Brisac, does your young courtier,
That wears the fine clothes, and is the excellent gentleman,
The traveller, the soldier, as you think too,
Understand any other power than his tailor?
Or know what motion is, more than an horse-race?
What the moon means, but to light him home from
taverns?
Or the comfort of the sun is, but to wear slash'd clothes
in?

And must this piece of ignorance be propp'd up,
Because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, "Sweet lady?"
Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the relics,

Drunk your Verdea wine, and rid at Naples :
Must this thing therefore——

Bri. Yes, sir, this thing must !

I will not trust my land to one so sotted,
So grown like a disease unto his study.
He that will fling off all occasions
And cares, to make him understand what state is
And how to govern it, must, by that reason,
Be flung himself aside from managing :
My younger boy is a fine gentleman.

Mir. He is an ass, a piece of gingerbread,
Gilt over to please foolish girls [and] puppets.

Bri. You are my elder brother.

Mir. So I had need,

And have an elder wit ; thou'dst shame us all else.
Go to ! I say Charles shall inherit.

Bri. I say no,

Unless Charles had a soul to understand it.
Can he manage six thousand crowns a-year
Out of the metaphysics ? or can all
His learn'd astronomy look to my vineyards ?
Can the drunken old poets make up my vines ?
(I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent humanists
Sell 'em the merchants for my best advantage ?
Can history cut my hay, or get my corn in ?
And can geometry vent it in the market ?
Shall I have my sheep kept with a Jacob's staff, now ?
I wonder you will magnify this madman ;
You that are old and should understand.

Mir. Should, say'st thou,

Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in office !
Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy clerk infuses,
Thy dapper clerk, larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than custom of his office ;
Thou unreprievable dunce ! (that thy formal band-strings,

Thy ring (nor pomander, cannot expiate for)
Dost thou tell me I should ? I'll poze thy worship
In thine own library, an almanack ;
Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out
Days of iniquity to cozen fools in,
And full moons to cut cattle ! Dost thou taint me,
That have run over story, poetry,
Humanity ?

Bri. As a cold nipping shadow
Does over ears of corn, and leave 'em blasted.
Put up your anger ; what I'll do, I'll do.

Mir. Thou shalt not do.

Bri. I will.

Mir. Thou art an ass, then,
A dull old tedious ass ; thou art ten times worse,
And of less credit, than dunce Hollingshed,
The Englishman, that writes of shows and sheriffs.

KNOWLEDGE MAKING LOVE.

SCENE—*A Room in the House of Angelina's Father.*

Enter the Father, the Lady, EUSTACE (the Younger Brother), the Uncle, Priest, Notary, and others.

Notary. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done.

Is yours ready ?

Priest. Yes, I'll despatch ye presently,
Immediately ; for in truth I'm a-hungry.

Eustace. Do ; speak apace, for we believe exactly.—
Do we not stay long, mistress ?

Angelina. I find no fault :—

Better things well done, than want time to do them.—
Uncle, why are you sad ?

Mirabel. Sweet-smelling blossom !
Would I were thine uncle to thine own content :
I'd make thy husband's state a thousand better,
A yearly thousand. Thou hast miss'd a man
(But that he is addicted to his study,
And knows no other mistress than his mind)
Would weigh down bundles of these empty kexes.

Ang. Can he speak, sir ?

Mir. 'Faith, yes ; but not to women :
His language is to Heaven and heavenly wonder,
To nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. And does he speak well there ?

Mir. Oh, admirably !
But he's too bashful to behold a woman ;
There's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.

Ang. He is a man.

Mir. 'Faith, yes, and a clear sweet spirit.

Ang. Then conversation, methinks——

Mir. So think I ;
But 'tis his rugged fate, and so I leave you.

Ang. I like thy nobleness.

Eust. See, my mad uncle
Is courting my fair mistress.

Lew. Let him alone ;
There's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty. He'll come to us.

Enter BRISAC and CHARLES.

Eust. My father's here, my brother too ! that's a
wonder ;
Broke like a spirit from his cell.

Bri. Come hither,
Come nearer, Charles ; 'twas your desire to see
My noble daughter, and the company,

And give your brother joy, and then to seal, boy,
You do like a good brother.

Lew. Marry, does he,
And he shall have my love for ever for't.
Put to your hand now.

Not. Here's the deed, sir, ready.

Char. No, you must pardon me awhile. I tell you,
I am in contemplation; do not trouble me.

Bri. Come, leave thy study, Charles.

Char. I'll leave my life first:
I study now to be a man; I've found it.

[*Looking at ANGELINA.*

Before, what man was, was but my argument.

Mir. I like this best of all; he has taken fire:
His dull mist flies away.

Eust. Will you write, brother?

Char. No, brother, no; I have no time for poor
things;
I'm taking the height of that bright constellation.

Bri. I say you trifle time, son.

Char. I will not seal, sir:
I am your eldest, and I'll keep my birthright;
For, Heaven forbid I should become example.
Had you only show'd me land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
'Tis dirt, and labour.—Do I speak right, uncle?

Mir. Bravely, my boy; and bless thy tongue!

Char. I'll forward.
But you have open'd to me such a treasure,—
(*Aside.* I find my mind free; Heaven direct my
fortune!)

Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a son to sacrifice?

Char. Such an inimitable piece of beauty,
That I have studied long, and now found only,
That I'll part sooner with my soul of reason,

And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly,
 And only make the number of things up,
 Than yield one foot of land, if she be tied to 't !

Lew. He speaks unhappily.

Ang. And, methinks, bravely.
 This the mere scholar ?

Eust. You but vex yourself, brother,
 And vex your study too.

Char. Go you and study ; [manners ;
 For 'tis time, young Eustace. You want man and
 I have studied both, although I made no show on't.
 Go, turn the volumes over I have read,
 Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee !
 Wear out the tedious night with thy dim lamp,
 And sooner lose the day than leave a doubt :
 Distil the sweetness from the poet's spring,
 And learn to love ; thou know'st not what fair is :
 Traverse the stories of the great heroës ;
 The wise and civil lives of good men walk through :
 Thou hast seen nothing but the face of countries,
 And brought home nothing but their empty words !
 Why shouldst thou wear a jewel of this worth,
 That hast no worth within thee to preserve her ?

(*He addresses ANGELINA.*)

Beauty clear and fair,
 Where the air
 Rather like a perfume dwells ;
 Where the violet and the rose
 Their blue veins in blush disclose,
 And come to honour nothing else ;
 Where to live near,
 And planted there,
 Is to live, and still live new ;
 Where to gain a favour is
 More than light, perpetual bliss,—
 Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
 To this light,
A stranger to himself and all.
 Both the wonder and the story
 Shall be yours, and eke the glory :
I am your servant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speak such another ode, and take all yet !
What say you to the scholar now ?

Ang. I wonder !—

Is he your brother, sir ?

Eust. Yes.—Would he were buried !

I fear he'll make an ass of me ; a younker.

Ang. Speak not so softly, sir ; 'tis very likely.

Bri. Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dispatch,
Charles.

Char. Dispatch what ?

Bri. Why, the land.

Char. You are deceiv'd, sir :

Now I perceive what 'tis that wooes a woman,
And what maintains her when she's woo'd. I'll stop
here ;

A wilful poverty ne'er made a beauty,
Nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously.
Though land and monies be no happiness,
Yet they are counted good additions.
That use I'll make ; he that neglects a blessing,
Though he want present knowledge how to use it,
Neglects himself.—May be, I have done you wrong,
lady,

Whose love and hope went hand in hand together ;
May be, my brother, that has long expected
The happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance—
Pray give me leave, sir,—I shall clear all doubts—
Why did they show me you ? Pray tell me that.

Mir. He'll talk thee into a pension for thy knavery.

Char. You, happy you ! why did you break unto me ?
The rosy-finger'd morn ne'er broke so sweetly.
I am a man, and have desires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd awhile,
And lay dead, till the spring of beauty rais'd them :
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump,
A chaos of confusedness dwelt in me ;
Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd
And into form he drew my faculties ;
And now I know my land, and now I love too.

Bri. We had best remove the maid.

Char. It is too late, sir ;
I have her figure here. Nay, frown not, Eustace,
There are less worthy souls for younger brothers :
This is no form of silk, but sanctity,
Which wild lascivious hearts can never dignify.
Remove her where you will, I walk along still,
For, like the light, we make no separation.
You may sooner part the billows of the sea,
And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,
Than blot out my remembrance ; sooner shut
Old Time into a den, and stay his motion ;
Wash off the swift hours from his downy wings,
Or steal eternity to stop his glass,
Than shut the sweet idea I have in me.
Room for an Elder Brother ! Pray give place, sir,

Mir. He has studied duel too: take heed, he'll beat thee !
He has frightened the old justice into a fever !
I hope, he'll disinherit him too for an ass ;
For, though he be grave with years, he's a great baby.

Char. Do not you think me mad ?

Ang. No, certain, sir :
I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

Char. You look upon my cloathes, and laugh at me ;
My scurvy clothes !

Ang. They have rich linings, sir.
I would your brother——

Char. His are gold, and gaudy.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of copper.

Char. Can you love me? I am an heir, sweet lady,
However I appear a poor dependant.

Love you with honour? I shall love so ever.

Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.

Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father must die.

Mir. That was well put in; I hope he'll take it
deeply.

Char. Old men are not immortal, as I take it.

Is it you look for youth and handsomeness?

I do confess my brother's a handsome gentleman:

But he shall give me leave to lead the way, lady.

Can you *love for love*, and make that the reward?

The old man shall not love his heaps of gold

With a more doting superstition,

Than I'll love you; the young man, his delights;

The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up,

And sees the mountain-billows falling on him,

As if all elements, and all their angers,

Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,

Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.

We'll live together like two wanton vines,

Circling our souls and loves in one another;

We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;

One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn,

One age go with us, and one hour of death

Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Ang. And one hand seal the match. I am yours for
ever!

FROM THE SPANISH CURATE.

THE ART OF MEMORIES.

LOPEZ and DIEGO, LEANDRO overhearing them.

Lop. Poor stirring for poor vicars.

Die. And poor sextons.

Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no purpose ;
Those that enjoy our lands, choke our devotions ;
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.

Die. If you live miserably, how shall we do, master,
That are fed only with the sound of prayers ?
We rise and ring the bells to get good stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.

Lop. When was there a christ'ning, Diego ?

Die. Not this ten weeks.

They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not die ; there's nothing got by burials.

Lop. Diego, the air's too pure, they cannot perish.
To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting parish,
Lord, what a torment 'tis !

Die. Good sensible master,
You are allow'd to pray against all weathers,
Both foul and fair, as you shall find occasion ;
Why not against all airs ?

Lop. That's not i' th' canons.
We must remove into a muddy air,
A most contagious climate.

Die. We must, certain ;
An air that is in the nursery of agues.

Lop. Gouts and dead palsies.

Die. Surfeits, if we had 'em ?
Those are rich marle, they make a churchyard fat.

Lop. Then wills and funeral sermons come in season,
And feasts that make us frolic.

Die. 'Would I could see 'em !

Lop. And though I weep i' th' pulpit for my brother,
Yet, Diego, here I laugh.

Die. The cause requires it.

Lean. A precious pair of youths ! I must make toward
'em. [Coming forward.

Lop. Who's that ? Look out ; it seems he would
speak to us.

I hope a marriage, or some will to make, Diego.

Die. My friend, your business ?

Lean. 'Tis to that grave gentleman.—

Bless your good learning, sir !

Lop. And bless you also !

He bears a promising face ; there's some hope toward.

Lean. I have a letter to your worship. [Gives a letter.

Lop. Well, sir.

From whence, I pray you ?

Lean. From Nova Hispania, sir,

And from an ancient friend of yours.

Lop. 'Tis well, sir ;

'Tis very well.—(Aside.) The devil a one I know there.

Die. (aside to *Lop.*) Take heed of a snap, sir ; he has
a cozening countenance.

I do not like his way.

Lop. Let him go forward.

Cantabit vacuus ; they that have nothing, fear nothing.

[Reads the letter.

Signior Lopez—Since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet received no answer of any—Good and very good—And although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve

you, must more prevail with me—Better and better: The devil a man know I yet—and therefore, with the present occasion offered, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofor received from you, and do recommend my son, Leandro, the bearer, to you, with request that he may be admitted in that university, till such time as I shall arrive at home. His studies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: and so, Heaven keep you. Yours, Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria! Very well.

A very ancient friend of mine, I take it;

For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet.

Lean. You look, sir, as if you had forgot my father

Lop. No, no, I look as [if] I would remember him;

For that I never remember'd, I cannot forget, sir.

Alonzo Tiveria?

Lean. The same, sir.

Lop. And now i' th' Indies?

Lean. Yes.

Lop. He may be anywhere,

For aught that I consider.

Lean. Think again, sir:

You were students both at one time in Salamanca,

And as I take it, chamber-fellows.

Lop. Ha?

Lean. Nay, sure, you must remember.

Lop. 'Would I could!

Lean. I have heard him say you were gossips too.

Lop. Very likely;

You did not hear him say to whom? for we students
May oft-times over-reach our memories.—

(*Aside.*) Dost thou remember, Diego, this same signior?
Thou hast been mine these twenty years.

(*Aside.*) Remember ?

Why, this fellow would make me mad. Nova Hispania ?
And Signior Tiveria ? What are these ?

He may as well name ye friends out of Cataya.

Take heed, I beseech your worship.—Do you hear, my friend ?

You have no letters for me ?

Lean. Not any letter ;

But I was charged to do my father's love

To the old honest sexton, Diego. Are you he, sir ?

Die. Ha ! have I friends, and know 'em not ? My name is Diego ;

But if either I remember you or your father,

Or Nova Hispania (I was never there, sir),

Or any kindred that you have—(*aside.*) For Heaven sake, master,

Let's cast about a little, and consider ;

We may dream out our time.

Lean. It seems I am deceiv'd, sir :

Yet, that you are Don Lopez, all men tell me,

The curate here, and have been some time, sir,

And you the sexton Diego ; such I am sent to ;

The letter tells as much. Maybe they're dead,

And you of the like names succeed. I thank ye, gentlemen ;

Ye have done honestly in telling the truth ;

I might have been forward else ; for to that Lopez,

That was my father's friend, I had a charge,

A charge of money to deliver, gentlemen ;

Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity.

But since you are not he——

[*Preparing to go.*]

Lop. Good sir, let me think ;

[*Interrupting.*]

I pray ye be patient ; pray ye, stay a little :

Nay, let me remember ; I beseech you stay, sir.

Die. An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly.
An old friend too ; I shall remember, sure, sir.

Lop. Thou say'st true, Diego.

Die (*aside to Lop.*) 'Pray ye consider quickly ;
Do, do, by any means.—(*Aloud.*) Methinks, already,
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.

Lean. He's old indeed, sir.

Die. With a goodly white beard :
(For now he must be so ; I know he must be).
Signior Alonzo, master.

Lop. I begin to have him.

Die. He has been from hence about some twenty years,
sir.

Lean. Some five-and-twenty, sir.

Die. You say most true, sir ;
Just to an hour, 'tis now just five-and-twenty.
A fine straight timber'd man, and a brave soldier.
He married—let me see——

Lean. De Castro's daughter.

Die. The very same.

Lean. (*aside.*) Thou art a very rascal !
De Castro is the Turk to thee, or anything.
'The money rubs 'em into strange remembrances ;
For as many ducats more they would remember Adam.

Lop. Give me your hand ; you are welcome to your
country ;
Now I remember plainly, manifestly,
As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him.
Most heartily welcome ! Sinful that I am,
Most sinful man ! why should I lose this gentleman ?
'This loving old companion ? We had all one soul, sir.
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome——

Lean. Farm, sir :
You say most true.

Lop. Alonzo Tiveria !

Lord, lord, that time should play the treacherous knave thus !

Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, sir.

I knew your mother too, a handsome gentlewoman ;

She was married very young : I married 'em.

I do remember now the masques and sports then,

The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good faith, sir,

Now I look in your face—whose eyes are those, Diego ?

Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture——

Lean. (aside.) Lord, how I blush for those two impudents !

Die. Well, gentleman, I think your name's Leandro.

Lean. It is, indeed, sir.

(Aside.) Gra'-mercy, letter ; thou hadst never known else.

Die. I have dandled you, and kiss'd you, and play'd with you,

A hundred and a hundred times, and danced you,

And swung you in my bell-ropes—you loved swinging.

Lop. A sweet boy.

Lean. (aside.) Sweet lying knaves ! What would these do for thousands ?

Lop. A wondrous sweet boy then it was. See now, Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter.

How does the noble gentleman ? how fares he ?

When shall we see him ? when will he bless his country ?

Lean. Oh, very shortly, sir. Till his return, He has sent me over to your charge.

Lop. And welcome ;

Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your friend, sir.

Lean. And to my study, sir, which must be the law.

To further which, he would entreat your care

To plant me in the favour of some man

That's expert in that knowledge. For his pains

I have three hundred ducats more ; for my diet,

Enough, sir, to defray me ; which I am charg'd
To take it still, as I use it, from your custody.
I have the money ready, and I am weary.

Lop. Sit down, sit down ; and, once more, you're
most welcome.

The law you have hit upon most happily ;
Here is a master in that art, Bartolus,
A neighbour by ; to him I will prefer you ;
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour.
I'll do you faithful service, sir.

Die. (*aside to Lopez.*) He's an ass,
And so we'll use him ; he shall be a lawyer !

Lop. But, if ever he recover this money again—Before,
Diego ;

And get some pretty pittance ; my pupil's hungry.

Lean. 'Pray you, sir, unlade me.

Lop. I'll refresh you, sir :

When you want, you know your exchequer.

Lean. (*aside.*) If all this get me but access, I am
happy.

SONG.

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since thou know'st I must be gone ;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours doth excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair,
Kill not him that vows to serve thee ;
But perfume this neighbouring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me :
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken.
Which being restrain'd, a heart is broken.

DIEGO'S WILL.

SCENE—*A Room with a Curtain in the background. A Table set out with a Standish, Pens, and Paper.*

Enter LOPEZ the Curate, and BARTOLUS the Lawyer.

Bar. Is't possible he should be rich ?

Lop. Most possible ;

He hath been long (though he'd but little gettings)
Drawing together, sir.

Bar. Accounted a poor sexton !
Honest, poor Diego.

Lop. I assure you, a close fellow ;
Both close and scraping ; and that fills the bags, sir.

Bar. A notable good fellow, too.

Lop. Sometimes, sir ;
When he hoped to drink a man into a surfeit,
That he might gain by his grave.

Bar. So many thousands ?

Lop. Heaven knows what.

Bar. 'Tis strange, 'tis very strange. But, we see, by
endeavour,
And honest labour——

Lop. Milo, by continuance,
Grew, from a silly calf (with your worship's reverence),
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, sir,
And from a pound to many. 'Tis the progress.

Bar. You say true. But he loved to feed well also ;
And that, methinks——

Lop. From another man's trencher, sir,
And there he found it season'd with small charge ;
There he would play the tyrant, and would devour you
More than the graves he made. At home he liv'd
Like aameleon ; suck'd the air of misery ;

And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-shell ;
Would smell a cook's shop, and go home and surfeit,
And be a month in fasting out that fever.

Bar. These are good symptoms. Does he lie so sick,
say you ?

Lop. Oh, very sick,

Bar. And chosen me executor ?

Lop. Only your worship.

Bar. No hope of his amendment ?

Lop. None, that we find.

Bar. He hath no kinsmen neither ?

Lop. 'Truth, very few.

Bar. His mind will be the quieter.

What doctors has he ?

Lop. There's none, sir, he believes in.

Bar. They are but needless things in such extremities.
Who draws the good man's will ?

Lop. Marry that do I sir ;

And to my grief.

Bar. Grief will do little now, sir ;

Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counsel you,
An honest man ; but such men live not always.

Who are about him ?

Lop. Many, now he is passing,

That would pretend to his love ; yes, and some gentlemen
That would fain counsel him, and be of his kindred.

Rich men can want no heirs, sir.

Bar. They do ill,

Indeed they do, to trouble him ; very ill, sir.

But we shall take a care.

[*The Curtain is drawn, and DIEGO discovered in a bed.*
MILANES, ARSENIO, and Parishioners about him.]

Lop. Now you may see in what state——
Give him fresh air.

Bar. I am sorry, neighbour Diego,
To find you in so weak a state.

Die. You're welcome ;
But I am fleeting, sir.

Bar. Methinks he looks well ;
His colour fresh, and strong ; his eyes are cheerful.

Lop. A glimmering before death ; 'tis nothing else, sir.
Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet ? do you note
that ?

Die. My learned sir, 'pray you sit. I am bold to
send for you,
To take a care of what I leave.

Lop. Do you hear that ?

Ars. (*aside to Diego.*) Play the knave finely !

Die. So I will, I warrant you,
And carefully.—

Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him ;
You see he's weak, and has a wandering fancy.

Die. My honest neighbours, weep not ; I must leave ye ;
I cannot always bear ye company ;
We must drop still ; there is no remedy.—

'Pray ye, master curate, will you write my testament,
And write it largely, it may be remember'd ?

And be witness to my legacies, good gentlemen,
Your worship I do make my full executor ; [*To BARTOLUS.*

You are a man of wit and understanding.

Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,
For I speak low. I would, before these neighbours,
Have you to swear, sir, that you'll see it executed,
And what I give let equally be render'd,
For my soul's health.

Bar. I vow it truly, neighbours :
Let not that trouble you ; before all these,
Once more I give my oath.

Die. Then set me higher,

And pray ye come near me all.

Lop. We're ready for you.

Die. First, then,

After I have given my body to the worms
(For they must be serv'd first, they're seldom
cozen'd)——

Lop. Remember your parish, neighbour.

Die. You speak truly ;

I do remember it,—a vile parish,—

And pray it may be mended. To the poor of it,

Which is to all the parish, I give nothing ;

For nothing unto nothing is most natural :

Yet leave as much space as will build an hospital ;—

Their children may pray for me.

Bar. What do you give to it ?

Die. Set down two thousand ducats.

Bar. 'Tis a good gift,

And will be long-remember'd.

Die. To your worship,

Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,

I give two thousand more—it may be three, sir—

A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.

Bar. These are large sums.

Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.

Die. To my old master vicar I give five hundred ;

Five hundred and five hundred are too few, sir,

But there be more to serve.

Bar. (*aside.*) This fellow coins, sure.

Die. Give me some more drink.

Bar. If he be worth all these, I'm made for ever.

Die. I give five hundred pounds to buy a churchyard,
A spacious churchyard, to lie thieves and knaves in :

Rich men and honest men take all the room up.

Lop. Are you not weary ?

Die. Never of well-doing.

Bar. These are mad legacies.

Die. They were got as madly.

My sheep and oxen, and my movables,
My plate and jewels, and five hundred acres—
I have no heirs—

Bar. This cannot be ; 'tis monstrous.

Die. Three ships at sea too—

Bar. You have made me full executor ?

Die. Full, full, and total. 'Would I had more to give
you ;

But these may serve an honest mind.

Bar. You say true,

A very honest mind, and make it rich too ;
Rich, wondrous rich ! But where shall I raise these
monies ;

About your house, I see no such great promises,
Where shall I find these sums ?

Die. Even where you please, sir ;

You're wise and provident, and know business.

Even raise 'em where you shall think good ; I'm
reasonable.

Bar. Think good ? will that raise thousands ?

What do you make me ?

Die. You have sworn to see it done ; that's all my
comfort.

Bar. Where I please ? This is pack'd sure to disgrace
me !

Die. You're just, and honest, and I know you'll do it ;
Even where you please, for you know where the wealth is.

Bar. I am abus'd, betray'd ! I am laugh'd at,
scorn'd,

Baffled, and bored, it seems !

Ars. No, no ; you are fool'd.

Lop. Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly ;
Such cunning masters must be fool'd sometimes, sir ;

We are but quit. You fool us of our monies.

Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! some more drink for my heart, gentlemen.

This merry lawyer—Ha, ha, ha, ha ! this scholar—
I think this fit will cure me ! This executor—
I shall laugh out my lungs !

Bar. This is derision above sufferance ; villainy
Plotted and set against me !

Die. 'Faith, 'tis knavery ;

In troth, I must confess thou art fool'd indeed, lawyer.

Mil. Did you think, had this man been rich—

Bar. 'Tis well, sir.

Mil. He would have chosen such a wolf, a canker,
A maggot-pate, to be his whole executor ?

Lop. A lawyer, that entangles all men's honesties,
And lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking,
And catching at all flies that pass his pitfalls,—
Would he trust you ? Do you deserve.

Die. I find, gentlemen,
This cataplasm of a well-cozen'd lawyer
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever.
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.

Bar. I am ashamed to feel how flat I'm cheated ;
How grossly, and maliciously, made a may-game !
God yield you, and God thank you ! I am fool'd, gentlemen !

The lawyer is an ass, I do confess it,
A weak, dull, shallow ass ! Good even to your worships !
Vicar, remember, vicar ! Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich rascal !

FROM THE BEGGARS' BUSH.

THE BEGGARS' HOLIDAY.

Cast our caps and cares away :
This is beggars' holiday !
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where's so happy a prince as he ?
Where the nation lives so free,
And so merry as do we ?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest :
To the field we are not press'd ;
Nor are call'd into the town,
To be troubled with the gown.
Hang all offices, we cry,
And the magistrate too, by.
When the subsidy's increas'd
We are not a penny sess'd ;
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw.
All which happiness, he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

PRIDE REBUKED.

GOSWIN, HEMPSKIRKE, HUBERT, VANDUNKE, MARGARET
(*his Wife*), and GERTRUDE.

Hemp. (to Gert.) You must not only know me for
your uncle
Now, but obey me : *You* go cast yourself

Away, upon a dunghill here ! a merchant !
A petty fellow ! one that makes his trade
With oaths and perjuries !

Gos. What is that you say, sir ?
If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you'd speak to me, sir.

Hemp. Sir, I do say, she is no merchandise ;
Will that suffice you ?

Gos. Merchandise, good sir !
Tho' you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence
To use me with contempt : I ever thought
Your niece above all price.

Hemp. And do so still, sir.
I assure you, her rate's at more than you are worth.

Gos. You do not know what a gentleman's worth, sir,
Nor can you value him.

Hub. Well said, merchant !

Vand. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.

Hemp. A gentleman ?
What, of the wool-pack ? or the sugar-chest ?
Or lists of velvet ? Which is't, pound or yard,
You vent your gentry by ?

Hub. Oh, Hempskirke, fie !

Vand. Come, do not mind 'em ; drink !—He is no
Wolfor,
Captain, I advise you.

Hemp. Alas, my pretty man,
I think't be angry, by its look. Come hither ;
Turn this way a little. If it were the blood
Of Charlemagne, as't may, for aught I know,
Be some good botcher's issue, here in Bruges——

Gos. How ?

Hemp. Nay, I'm not certain of that ; of this I am
If it once buy and sell, its gentry's gone.

Gos. Ha, ha !

Hemp. You're angry, though you laugh.

Gos. No, now 'tis pity

Of your poor argument. Do not you, the lords

Of land (if you be any), sell the grass,

The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese——

Vand. And butter :

Remember butter : do not leave out butter.

Gos. The beef and muttons, that your grounds are
stor'd with ?

Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods ?

Hemp. No, for those sordid uses we have tenants,
Or else our bailiffs.

Gos. Have not we, sir, chapmen,
And factors, then, to answer these ? Your honour,
Fetch'd from the heralds' A B C, and said over
With your court faces, once an hour, shall never
Make me mistake myself. Do not your lawyers
Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers ?
What is not bought and sold ? The company
That you had last, what had you for't, i' faith !

Hemp. You now grow saucy.

Gos. Sure, I have been bred
Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.

Hemp. Upon your equals then.

Gos. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.

Hemp. Do you hear ? No more !

Gos. Yes, sir, this little, I pray you,
And it shall be aside ; then, after, as you please !
You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes ; and I have heard your scorns
With so much scoffing, and so much shame,
As each strive which is greater : but, believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.

Do not presume, because you see me young,
Or cast despites on my profession,
For the civility and tameness of it.
A good man bears a contumely worse
Than he would do any injury. Proceed not
To my offence. Wrong is not still successful ;
Indeed it is not. I would approach your kinswoman
With all respect done to yourself and her.

[*Takes hold of GERTRUDE'S hand.*

Hemp. Away, companion ! handling her ? take that.

[*Strikes him.*

Gos. Nay, I do love no blows, sir. There's exchange !
[*He gets HEMPSKIRKE'S sword, and cuts him on the head.*

Hub. Hold, sir !

Marg. Oh, murder !

Gert. Help my Goswin.

Marg. Man !

Vand. Let 'em alone. My life for one !

Gos. Nay, come,

If you have will.

Hub. None to offend you I, sir.

Gos. He that had, thank himself ! Not hand her ?

Yes, sir,

And clasp her, and embrace her ; and (would she
Now go with me) bear her thro' all her race,
Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd,
And all their nephews, though they stood a wood
Of pikes, and wall of cannon !—Kiss me, Gertrude !
Quake not, but kiss me !

Vand. Kiss him, girl ; I bid you.—

My merchant-royal ! Fear no uncles ! Hang 'em,
Hang up all uncles ! Are we not in Bruges,
Under the rose, here ?

Gos. In this circle, love,
Thou art as safe as in a tower of brass.

Let such as do wrong, fear.

Vand. Ay, that is good ;
Let Wolfort look to that.

Gos. Sir, here she stands,
Your niece, and my belov'd. One of these titles
She must apply to. If unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown, or voice, or other art, shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't !—Come, my joy,
Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profess it.

Vand. Do ; and I drink to it.

Gos. Pr'ythee say so, love.

Gert. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes
(Do not you play the tyrant, sweet !) :—they speak it.

Hemp. I thank you, niece.

Gos. Sir, thank her for your life ;
And fetch your sword within.

Hemp. You insult too much
With your good fortune, sir. [*Exeunt Gos. and GERT.*

Hub. A brave clear spirit !—
Hempskirke, you were to blame. A civil habit
Oft covers a good man ; and you may meet,
In person of a merchant, with a soul
As resolute and free, and all ways worthy,
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him ?

Hemp. 'Tis done now ;
Ask no more of it ; I must suffer. [*Exit.*

Hub. This
Is still the punishment of rashness—sorrow.

FROM THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

DECLARATION OF WAR.

ANTIGONUS, TIMON, CHARINTHUS, *and* MENIPPUS.*Ant.* Conduct in the ambassadors.*1st Usher.* Make room there.*Ant.* They shall not long wait answer.*Flourish.* Enter Three Ambassadors.*Ant.* Now your grievance.

Speak short ; and have as short dispatch.

1st Ambassador. Then thus, sir,

In all our royal masters' names, we tell you
You have done injustice ;—broke the bounds of concord ;
And from their equal shares (from Alexander
Parted, and so possess'd), not like a brother,
But as an open enemy, you have hedg'd in
Whole provinces ; mann'd and maintain'd these injuries ;
And daily with your sword, though they still honour
you,

Make bloody roads, take towns, and ruin castles ;
And still their sufferance feels the weight.
Think of that love, great sir, that honour'd friendship,
Yourself held with our masters ; think of that strength,
When you were all one body, all one mind ;
When all your swords struck one way : when your angers,
Like so many brother billows, rose together,
And, curling up your foaming crests, defied
Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em.
Oh, think of these ! and you that have been conquerors,
That ever led your fortunes open-eyed,
Chain'd fast by confidence ; you that Fame courted.

Now ye want enemies and men to match ye,
Let not your own swords seek your ends, to shame ye !

3rd Amb. Chuse which you will, or peace or war ;
We come prepared for either.

Enter DEMETRIUS, with a javelin, and Gentlemen.

1st Usher. Room for the prince there !

Dem. Hail, royal father !

Ant. You're welcome from your sport, sir.—D'ye see
this gentleman,
You that bring thunders in your mouths, and earth-
quakes

To shake and totter my designs ? Can you imagine,
You men of poor and common apprehensions,
While I admit this man my son, this nature
That in one look carries more fire and fierceness
Than all your masters in their lives,—dare I adm^t him,
Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,
When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his head, thus place
His weapon hatch'd in blood—and these attending
When he shall make their fortunes, all as sudden
In any expedition he shall point 'em,
As arrows from a Tartar's bow, and speeding ;
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy ?
Fear your great master ? yours ? or yours ?

Dem. Oh, Hercules !

Who says you do, sir ? Is there anything
In these men's faces, or their masters' actions,
Able to work such wonders ?
You call 'em kings : they never wore those royalties ;
Nor in the progress of their lives arriv'd yet
At any thought of king. Imperial dignities,
And powerful godlike actions, fit for princes,
They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right,

Than I can with this mortal hand hold Heaven.
Poor petty men ! Nor have I yet forgot,
The chiefest honours time and merit gave 'em :
Lysimachus, your master, at his best,
His highest, and his hopeful'st dignities,
Was but grand master of the elephants ;
Seleucus of the treasure ; and, for Ptolemy,
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,
Some master of ammunition. And must these men—
Must these examine what the wills of kings are ?
Prescribe to their designs, and chain their actions
To their restraints ? be friends and foes when they
please ?

Send out their thunders and their menaces,
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs ?—
Go home, good men, and tell your masters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren countries, ruin their waste cities ;
And tell 'em, out of love, we mean to leave 'em,
Since they will needs be kings, no more to tread on
Than they have able wits and powers to manage ;
And so we shall befriend 'em.

3rd Amb. Once more, sir,
We ask your resolutions : Peace, or war, yet ?

Dem. War, war, my noble father !

1st Amb. Thus I fling it :
And, fair-eyed Peace, farewell !

“DO YOU CALL THIS FAME?”

How now, Lieutenant ?

Enter LIEUTENANT, *wounded.*

Lieut. I know not ; I am maul'd ; we are bravely
beaten ;

All our young gallants lost.

Leontius. Thou'rt hurt.

Lieut. I'm pepper'd ;

I was i' th' midst of all, and bang'd of all hands :

They made an anvil of my head ; it rings yet ; [it ;

Never so thresh'd. Do you call this fame ? I have famed

I have got immortal fame, but I'll no more on't ;

I'll no such scratching saint to serve hereafter.

O' my conscience, I was kill'd above twenty times ;

And yet, I know not what a devil's in't,

I crawl'd away, and liv'd again still. I'm hurt plaguily.

Demetrius. All the young men lost ?

Lieut. I'm glad

You're here ; but they are all in the pound, sir ;

They'll never ride o'er other men's corn again, I take it.

Such frisking, and such flaunting with their feathers,

And such careering with their mistress' favours ?

And here must he be pricking out for honour,

And there got he a knock, and down goes pilgarlick,

Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *exit*.

Another spurs in there, cries, " Make room, villains !

I am a lord ! " scarce spoken, but, with reverence,

A rascal takes him o'er the face, and fells him :

There lies the lord ; the lord be with him !

FROM THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

ETERNAL CONSTANCY.

SCENE—*A Wood.*

Enter CLORIN, having buried her Lover in an Arbour.

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly !

Thus I salute thy grave ; thus do I pay
My early vows, and tribute of mine eyes,
To thy still-lovèd ashes ; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love ;—all sports, delights, and jolly games
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance ;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves. All be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory ;
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing ;
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes ;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs ;
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum ;

These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs, applièd by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chestnuts, plantanes on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown pine ;
On these I'll feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr with a Basket of Fruit.

Sat. Through yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
Since the lusty spring began.—
All to please my master Pan
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit ; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—
But, behold a fairer sight !
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods ; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live ! Therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send

[*Seeing CLORIN.*

Of her choice fruits ; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells.
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne'er grew ;
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets' good ;
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them ;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.
For these black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb :
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red.
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green ;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat :
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun.

[*Exit*

Col. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness or what private hidden power
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man and beast ? Sure I am mortal :

The daughter of a shepherd ; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal. Prick my hand
And it will bleed ; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a-cold. My fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it) if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires ;
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin :
Else, why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me ? Sure there's a power
In that great name of Virgin that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard ; for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell !

[She retires into the arbour.]

SONG TO PAN.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep ;
And arm-in-arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neigh'ring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing :
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
As the young spring.
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke !

A VIRTUOUS WELL.

To that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality.
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom : many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness :
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved shepherd
With guady flowers, whilst he, happy, sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity.

A SPOT FOR LOVERS.

I pray thee stay ! Where hast thou been ?
Or whither goest thou ? Here be woods as green
As any ; air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curl'd streams, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any ;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines ; caves and dells ;

Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers ; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies ;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

AMORET SAVED BY THE RIVER GOD.

AMORET, *and then* PERIGOT.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear
His voice. My Perigot ! She loves thee dear
That calls.

Peri. See yonder where she is ! how fair
She shows ! and yet her breath infects the air.

Amo. My Perigot !

Peri. Here.

Amo. Happy !

Peri. Hapless ! first

It lights on thee : the next blow is the worst.

[*Wounds her and exit.*]

Sull. Shep. Now shall their love be cross'd ; for, being
struck,

I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her——Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die !

Amo. No mercy I do crave :
 Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
 Tell him, that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
 He struck my soul, and not my body through.
 Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
 At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou were
 not meant
 Sure for a woman, thou'rt so innocent.—

[*Flings her into the well.*
 She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,
 In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
 Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
 The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*

The God of the River riseth with AMORET in his arms.

God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
 Back again unto their spring,
 With such force, that I their God,
 Three times striking with my rod,
 Could not keep them in their ranks ?
 My fishes shoot into the banks ;
 There is not one that stays and feeds ;
 All have hid them in the weeds.
 Here's a mortal almost dead,
 Fallen into my river head,
 Hallow'd so with many a spell,
 That till now none ever fell.
 See upon her breast a wound,
 On which there is no plaister bound :
 Yet she's warm, her pulses beat ;
 'Tis a sign of life and heat.—
 If thou be'st a virgin pure,
 I can give a present cure :
 Take a drop into thy wound

From my wat'ry locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid ;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now both break
Her deadly slumber. Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, giv'n me new
breath,

And brought me back out of the arms of death ?

God. I have heal'd thy wounds.

Amo. Ay, me !

God. Fear not him that succour'd hee :

I am this fountain's God. Below
My waters to a river grow ;
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out :
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool stream shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I.
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud ;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim

Through the pure streams may be seen :
Orient pearl fit for a queen
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in.
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river, sweet ;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod ;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob ; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee !

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a God ! For ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality.
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face I know the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.
God. May he prove to thee as true.
Fairest virgin, now adieu !
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,

And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering,
Which I would not ; for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity :
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass :
Nor shall their meads be overflown
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course ;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink ;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook ;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry !

God. Thanks, virgin ! I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain :
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone,
A holy hand was laid upon.

[*Exit.*

Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE—*The Grove before CLORIN's Arbour.*

Enter SATYR, with ALEXIS hurt.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,

Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past ;
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me
To the little bird, that sleeps
On the tender spray ; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles ; not a hare
Can be started from his fare
By my footing ; nor a wish
Is more sudden ; nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But behold the happy power, [Seeing CLORIN.
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit.
Heaven and great Pan succour it !—

Enter CLORIN.

Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of thy master ! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help to keep from grave

This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the destinies
Will undo his thread of life.
View the wound by cruel knife
Trench'd into him.

Clo. What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,
And, with the fear'd name of death, affrights
My tender ears? Speak me thy name and will.

Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more store.
Yet I come not empty now:
See a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it
From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot show me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighbouring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.

Clo. Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude;
Though thou be'st outward rough, and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity. Let me see the wound.

[She applies herbs to the wound, and cures it.]

Sat. Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it. Were I set

To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of the fairies all her beauty,
I would do it ; so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.

Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, pr'ythee, do thy will
To bring them hither.

Sat. I will ; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish :
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bower may ever dwell
Spring and summer !

Clo. Friend, farewell !

DAWN.

See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire. The wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold.

SOUNDS AT NIGHT.

Priest. Wherefore hast thou wander'd ?

Thenot. 'Twas a vow

That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.
Where have you left the rest ?

The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train ;
Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and have lain
All this same night under an aged tree ;
Yet neither wand'ring shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess, or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale among the thick-leav'd spring,
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning ; or the owl,
Or our great enemy, that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.

A SPOTLESS BOSOM.

*Amoret, again wounded, is brought to the Faithful
Shepherdess for help.*

Enter SATYR, carrying her.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot injured be ;
I am a maid ; let that name fight for me !

Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be ;
Men are ruder far than we. —

See, fair goddess, in the wood [*Speaking to CLORIN.*]
They have let out yet more blood :
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast

Durst have touch'd, asleep, or 'wake ;
 So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake
 Would have lain from arm to arm
 On her bosom to be warm
 All a night, and, being hot,
 Gone away, and stung her not.
 Quickly clap herbs to her breast :
 A man sure is a kind of beast !
Clw. With spotless hand on spotless breast
 I put these herbs, to give thee rest.

A POETICAL FAREWELL.

The Satyr takes leave of the Faithful Shepherdess.

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
 Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
 Thou most virtuous and most blessèd,
 Eyes of stars, and golden tressèd
 Like Apollo ! tell me, sweetest,
 What new service now is metest
 For the Satyr ? Shall I stray
 In the middle air, and stay
 The sailing rack, or nimbly take
 Hold by the moon, and gently make
 Suit to the pale queen of night
 For a beam to give thee light ?
 Shall I dive into the sea,
 And bring the coral, making way
 Through the rising waves that fall
 In snowy fleeces ? Dearest, shall
 I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
 Whose woven wings the summer dyes
 Of many colours ? get thee fruit ?
 Or steal from heav'n old Orpheus' lute ?

All these I'll venture for, and more
To do her service all these woods adore.

Clo. No other service, Satyr, than to watch
About these thicks, lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance,

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns, and down the vales,
Faster than the windmill sails.
So I take my leave, and pray,
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this harbour.

Clo. And to thee
All thy master's love be free.

FROM THE MAD LOVER.

MEMNON'S BOASTING.

*King ASTORAX, his General MEMNON, CALIS, and
CLEANTHE.*

Memnon. I know no court but martial,
No oily language, but the shock of arms,
No dalliance but with death ; no lofty measures,
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,
'Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at ;
Yet I ne'er shrunk. Balls of consuming wildfire,
That lick'd men up like lightning have I laugh'd at ;
And toss'd 'em back again like children's trifles.

Upon the edges of my enemies' swords
I have march'd like whirlwinds; Fury at this hand
 waiting,
Death at my right, Fortune my forlorn hope :
When I have grappled with Destruction,
And tugg'd with pale-fac'd Ruin, night and mischief,
Frighted to see a new day break in blood !
And everywhere I conquer'd ; those that griev'd you
I've taken order for, i' th' earth. Those fools
That shall hereafter——

Astorax. No more wars, my soldier :
We must now treat of peace, sir.

[He takes MEMNON aside, and talks with him.]

Cleanthe. How he talks !
How gloriously !

Calis. A goodly timber'd fellow ;
Valiant, no doubt.

Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting.
In what a phrase he speaks ! as if his actions
Could be set off in nothing but a noise !
Sure, h' has a drum in his mouth.

PRAYER TO VENUS.

O divinest star of Heaven,
Thou, in power above the seven :
Thou sweet kindler of desires,
Till they grow to mutual fires :
Thou, O gentle queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart :
Thou, the fuel and the flame :
Thou, in Heaven and here the same :
Thou, the wooer and the woo'd :
Thou, the hunger and the food :

Thou, the prayer and the pray'd :
Thou, what is or shall be said :
Thou, still young, and golden tressed,
Make me by thy answer blessed !

A MASQUE.

Enter ORPHEUS.

Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below
To thee, iond man, the plagues of love to show.
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through hell.
Hark, and beware ! unless thou hast lov'd, ever
Belov'd again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark, how they groan that died despairing !
Oh, take heed then !
Hark, how they howl for over-daring !
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,
They lose their name ;
And they that bleed,
Hark how they speed !

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires,
They sit, and curse their lost desires :
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
Till women waft them over in their tears.

Mem. How ? Should I know my passage is denied
me,
Or which of all the devils dare——

Eum. This song
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

[*Apart.*

SONG.

Orph. Charon, O Charon,
Thou wafter of the souls to bliss or bane !
Cha. Who calls the ferryman of hell ?
Orph. Come near,
And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.
Cha. Those that die well, eternal joy shall follow ;
Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.
Orph. Shall thy black bark those guilty spirits stow,
That kill themselves for love ?
Cha. Oh, no, no, no.
My cordage cracks when such great sins are near ;
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.
Orph. What lovers pass, and in Elysium reign ?
Cha. Those gentle loves that are belov'd again.
Orph. This soldier loves, and fain would die to win ;
Shall he go on ?
Cha. No, 'tis too foul a sin.
He must not come aboard ; I dare not row ;
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.
Orph. Shall time release him, say ?
Cha. No, no, no, no.
Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer :
My boat is Destiny ; and who then dare,
But those appointed, come aboard ? Live still,
And love by reason, mortal, not by will.
Orph. And when thy mistress shall close up thine eyes——
Cha. Then come aboard, and pass.
Orph. Till when, be wise.
Cha. Till when, be wise.

FROM THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

SCENE—*A Room in a Country-house, with a Door in the Back-ground.*

Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BOROSKIE, BURRIS, Gentleman,
and Attendants.

Duke. They are handsome rooms all, well contriv'd and fitted.

Full of convenience : the prospect's excellent.

Archas. Now, will your grace pass down, and do me
but the honour

To taste a country banquet?

Duke. What room's that?

I would see all now; what conveyance has it?

I see you have kept the best part yet: pray open it.

Archas (aside.) Ha! I misdoubted this.—'Tis of no
receipt; sir,

For your eyes most unfit.

Duke. I long to see it,

Because I would judge of the whole piece. Some
excellent painting,

Or some rare spoils, you would keep to entertain me

Another time, I know.

Archas. In troth there is not,

Nor anything worth your sight. Below I have

Some fountains and some ponds.

Duke. I would see this now.

Archas (aside.) Boroskie, thou art a knave!—It
contains nothing

But rubbish from the other rooms, and unnecessaries;

Will't please you see a strange clock?

Duke. This, or nothing.

Why should you bar it up thus with defences

Above the rest, unless it contain'd something

More excellent, and curious of keeping?

Open't, for I will see it.

Archas. The keys are lost, sir.

Does your grace think, if it were fit for you,

I could be so unmannerly?

Duke. I will see it;

And either show it——

Archas. Good sir——

Duke. Thank you, *Archas*;

You show your love abundantly.

Do I use to entreat thus ?—Force it open.

Burris. That were inhospitable; you are his guest,
sir,

And 'tis his greatest joy to entertain you.

Duke. Hold thy peace, fool.—Will you open it ?

Archas. Sir, I cannot.

I must not if I could.

Duke. Go, break it open.

Archas. I must withstand that force. Be not too rash,
gentlemen !

Duke. Unarm him first ; then, if he be not obstinate,
Preserve his life.

Archas. I thank your grace ; I take it :

And now take you the keys ; go in, and see, sir ;

[*The door is opened.*]

There, feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that
traitor,

That thing that sells his faith for favour !

[*Exit DUKE.*]

Burris. Sir, what moves you ?

Archas. I have kept mine pure.—Lord Burris, there's
a Judas,

That for a smile will sell ye all. A gentleman ?

The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. What's all this, Archas ?

I cannot blame you to conceal it so,

This most inestimable treasure.

Archas. Yours, sir.

Duke. Nor do I wonder now the soldier slights me.

Archas. Be not deceiv'd : he has had no favour here,
sir,

Nor had you known this now, but for that pickthank,

That lost man in his faith ! he has revealed it ;

To suck a little honey from you, has betray'd it.—
I swear he smiles upon me, and foresworn too !
Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord !—I'll tell you all, sir.
Your sire, before his death, knowing your temper
To be as bounteous as the air, and open,
As flowing as the sea to all that follow'd you,
Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily,
Like a great husband, to preserve your actions,
Collected all this treasure ; to our trusts,—
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongued lord's there—
He gave the knowledge and the charge of all this ;
Upon his death-bed too ; and on the sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this treasure
Part from our secret keepings, till no hope
Of subject could relieve you, all your own wasted,
No help of those that lov'd you could supply you,
And then some great exploit a-foot. My honesty
I would have kept till I had made this useful
(I show'd it, and I stood it to the tempest),
And useful to the end 'twas left : I am cozen'd,
And so are you too, if you spend this vainly.
This worm that crept into you has abus'd you,
Abus'd your father's care, abus'd his faith too ;
Nor can this mass of money make him man more !
A flead dog has more soul, an ape more honesty !
All mine you have amongst it ; farewell that !
I cannot part with't nobler ; my heart's clear,
My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't.—
But, oh, thy hell— [To BOROSKIE.

Bor. I seek no heaven from you, sir.

Archas. Thy gnawing hell, Boroskie ! it will find thee.
Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you,
Has ruin'd your estate ? give him this money,
Melt it into his month.

Duke. What little trunk's that ?

That there o' th' top, that's lock'd ?

Bor. You'll find it rich, sir ;

Richer, I think, than all.

Archas. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a coarseness ;
Pray rack not honesty !

Bor. Be sure you see it.

Duke. Bring out the trunk.

Enter Attendant, with a trunk.

Archas. You'll find that treasure too ;
All I have left me now. *[The trunk is opened.]*

Duke. What's this ? a poor gown ?

And this, a piece of Seneca !

Archas. Yes, sure, sir, [on't),
More worth than all your gold (yet you have enough
And of a mine far purer, and more precious.
This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,
And yet all counsel, and all friends live here, sir ;
Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's trusty.

Will't please you leave me this ?

Duke. With all my heart, sir.

Archas. What says your lordship to't ?

Bor. I dare not rob you.

Archas. Poor miserable man, you have robb'd your-
selves both !—

This gown, and this unvalued treasure, your brave father
Found me a child at school with, in his progress ;
Where such a love he took to some few answers
(Unhappy boyish toys, hit in my head then)
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was
(For here was all the wealth I brought his highness)
He carried me to court, there bred me up,
Bestow'd his favours on me, taught me arms first,

With those an honest mind : I serv'd him truly,
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not ;
Let the world speak. I humbly thank your highness ;
You have done more, and nobler ; eas'd mine age, sir ;
And to this care a fair *quietus* given,
Now to my book again !

FROM RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A
WIFE.

LEON and MARGARITA.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country-house,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly :
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry ;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

Marg. Whither you will ; I wait upon your pleasure ;
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with you.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband,
And your sick will aims at the care of honour.
Why, now I dote upon you, love you dearly,
And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman !
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
And thro' the world we hold our current virtues ;
Alone, we're single medals, only faces,
And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble ;
I'll be as humble to you as a servant :

Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
 They shall be welcome all ; visit acquaintance,
 Go at your pleasure, now experience
 Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness !

FROM THE CHANCES.

A LUTE SONG.

MERCILESS Love, whom nature hath denied
 The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride
 And glory in thy murders, why am I,
 That never yet transgress'd thy deity,
 Never broke vow, from whose eyes never flew
 Disdainful dart, whose hard heart never slew,
 Thus ill rewarded ? Thou art young and fair,
 Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,
 Thy holy fire still burning, blown with prayer. }
 Then everlasting Love, restrain thy will ;
 'Tis godlike to have power, but not to kill.

AN INCANTATION

Appear ! appear !
 And you, soft winds so clear,
 That dance upon the leaves and make them sing
 Gentle love-lays to the spring,
 Gilding all the vales below
 With your verdure, as ye blow.
 Raise these forms from under ground
 With a soft and happy sound.

FROM THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

PINAC and LILLIA-BIANCA.

Pinac. Self-will in a woman
Chain'd to an overweening thought, is pestilent,
Murders fair Fortune first, then fair Opinion.

Lil. I can but grieve my ignorance.
Repentance, some say too, is the best sacrifice ;
For sure, sir, if my chance had been so happy
(As I confess I was mine own destroyer)
As to have arriv'd at you (I will not prophesy,
But certain, as I think), I should have pleas'd you ;
Have made you as much wonder at my courtesy,
My love, and duty, as I have dishearten'd you.
Some hours we have of youth, and some of folly ;
And being free-born maids, we take a liberty,
And to maintain that, sometimes we strain highly.

Pinac. Now you talk reason.

Lil. But being yolk'd and govern'd,
How fair we grow ! how gentle and how tender
We twine about those loves that shoot up with us.
A sullen woman fear, that talks not to you ;
She has a sad and darken'd soul ; loves dully :
A merry and a free wench, give her liberty,
Believe her, in the lightest form she appears to you,
Believe her excellent, though she despise you ;
Let but these fits and flashes pass, she'll show to you
As jewels rubb'd from dust, or gold new burnish'd :
Such had I been, had you believ'd !

Pinac. Is't possible ?

Lil. And to your happiness I dare assure you,
If true love be accounted so. Your pleasure,
Your will, and your command, had tied my motions :

But that hope's gone. I know you are young and giddy,
And till you have a wife can govern with you,
You sail upon this world's sea, light and empty ;
Your bark in danger daily. 'Tis not the name neither
Of wife can steer you, but the noble nature,
The diligence, the care, the love, the patience.
She makes the pilot, and preserves the husband,
That knows and reckons every rib he is built on.
But this I tell you to my shame.

Pinac. I admire you ;
And now am sorry that I aim beyond you.

FROM A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

ANOTHER TYRANT POISONED.

Alphonso. Give me more air, more air ! blow, blow !
Open, thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me !
Distil thy cold dews, O thou icy moon,
And rivers run through my afflicted spirit !
I am all fire, fire, fire ! The raging Dog-star
Reigns in my blood ! Oh, which way shall I turn me ?
Ætna, and all his flames, burn in my head.
Fling me into the ocean, or I perish !
Dig, dig, dig, till the springs fly up,
The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into 'em,
And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their purling pleasures !
Or shoot me up into the higher region,
Where treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd,
And banquets of sweet hail !

Rugio. Hold him fast, friar ;
Oh, how he burns !

Alph. What, will ye sacrifice me ?
Upon the altar lay my willing body,
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense ;
And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
Consuming flame.—Oh, hell, hell, hell ! Oh, horror.

Marco. To bed, good sir.

Alph. My bed will burn about me :
Like Phaeton, in all-consuming flashes
I am enclos'd ! Oh, for a cake of ice now,
To clap unto my heart to comfort me !
My eyes burn out, and sink into their sockets,
And my infected brain like brimstone boils !
I live in hell, and several furies vex me !
Oh, carry me where no sun ever show'd yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,
Never to be dissolv'd ! where nought inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping frosts, and winds
That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver.

MASQUE.

*CUPID, with his eyes bound, descends in a chariot, the
GRACES sitting by him.*

Cupid. Unbind me, my delight ; this night is mine.

[*The GRACES unbind his eyes.*

Now let me look upon what stars here shine :
Let me behold the beauties ; then clap high
My colour'd wings, proud of my deity.
I am satisfied. Bind me again, and fast ;
My angry bow will make too great a waste
Of beauty else. Now call my masquers in ;
Call with a song ; and let the sports begin :
Call all my servants, the effects of love,
And to a measure let them nobly move.

SONG BY THE GRACES.

Come, you servants of proud Love,
 Come away !
 Fairly, nobly, gently move :
 Too long, too long, you make us stay.
 Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear ;—
 Distrust and Jealousy, be you too here ;
 Consuming Care, and raging Ire,
 And Poverty in poor attire,
 March fairly in ; and last, Despair,—
 Now, full music strike the air.

Enter the Masquers, as above mentioned. CUPID speaks.

Away ! I have done : the day begins to light :
 Lovers, you know your fate : good night, good night !

FROM THE PILGRIM.

INNOCENT PASSION.

ALINDA, PEDRO, *and the* Master of a Madhouse.

Alin. Must I come in too ?

Master. No, my pretty lad ;
 Keep in thy chamber, boy ; 'shalt have thy supper.

Pedro. I pray you what is he, sir ?

Master. A strange boy, that last night
 Was found i' th' town, a little craz'd, distracted,
 And so sent hither.

Pedro. How the pretty knave looks,
 And plays, and peeps upon me !—Sure such eyes
 I have seen and lov'd !—What fair hands !—Certainly—

Master. Good sir, you'll make him worse.

Pedro. I pray believe not :
 Alas, why should I hurt him !—How he smiles !

The very shape and sweetness of Alinda !
Let me look once again. Were it in such clothes
As when I saw her last——

Mast. Pray you be mild, sir !

I must attend elsewhere. [*Exit, and enter ALINDA.*]

Pedro. Pray you be secure, sir.—

What would you say?—How my heart beats and
trembles !

He holds me hard by th' hand. O' my life, her flesh too !
I know not what to think ! Her tears, her true ones,
Pure orient tears !—Hark, do you know me, little one !

Alin. Oh, Pedro, Pedro !

Pedro. Oh, my soul !

Alin. Let me hold thee ;

And now come all the world, and all that hate me !

Pedro. Be wise, and not discover'd. Oh, how I love
How do you now ? [you !]

Alin. I have been miserable ;

But your most virtuous eyes have cured me, Pedro.
Pray you think it no immodesty, I kiss you ;
My head's wild still !

Pedro. Be not so full of passion ;
Nor do not hang so greedily upon me ;
'Twill be ill taken.

Alin. Are you weary of me ?

I will hang here eternally, kiss ever,
And weep away for joy.

ALINDA PLAYS A LUNATIC.

ALINDA and ALPHONSO.

Alphonso. Dost thou dwell in Segovia, fool ?

Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heaven ;

And I have a fine little house, made of marmalade,
And I am a lone woman, and I spin for Saint Peter,

I have a hundred little children, and they sing psalms
with me.

Alph. 'Tis pity this pretty thing should want under-
standing.

But why do I stand talking.—Is this the way to the
town, fool?

Alin. You must go o'er the top of that high steeple,
gaffer,

And then you shall come to a river twenty mile over,
And twenty mile, and ten; and then you must pray,
gaffer,

And still you must pray, and pray.

Alph. Pray Heaven deliver me
From such an ass as thou art.

Alin. Amen, sweet gaffer!

And fling a sop of sugar-cake into it;

And then you must leap in, naked,

And sink seven days together. Can you sink, gaffer?

Alph. Yes, yes. Pr'ythee, farewell:

A plague o' that fool too, that set me upon thee.

Alin. And then I'll bring you a sup of milk shall
serve you.

I am going to get apples.

[*She sings.*

I am not proud, nor full of wine
(This little flower will make me fine),
Cruel in heart, (for I shall cry,
If I see a sparrow die):
I am not watchful to do ill,
Nor glorious to pursue it still:
Nor pitiless to those that weep;
Such as are, bid them go sleep.

Alin. I'll bid you good even: for my boat stays for
me yonder,
And I must sup with the moon to-night in the Mediter-
ranean. [*Exit.*

FROM THE CAPTAIN.

SONG OF LOVE DESPAIRING, AND PREPARED
TO DIE.

AWAY, delights ; go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die :

Farewell, false love ; thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.

For ever let me rest now from thy smarts ;

Alas, for pity go,

And fire their hearts

That have been hard to thee ; mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,

For I will die ;

And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,

Shall be as I :

For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,

“ Alas, for pity stay,

And let us die

With thee ; men cannot mock us in the clay.”

WHAT IS LOVE.

TELL me, dearest, what is Love ?

'Tis a lightning from above,

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,

'Tis a boy they call Desire.

FROM THE PROPHETESS.

TRIUMPH OVER TRIUMPH.

SCENE—*Before the Tent of* DIOCLESIAN.

*Enter (in triumph with Roman ensigns) Guard, DIOCLES-
IAN, CHARINUS, AURELIA, MAXIMINIAN, NIGER,
GETA, and others; COSROE, CASSANA, Persians, as
Prisoners; and DRUSILLA, privately.*

Dio. I am rewarded in the act : your freedom
To me's ten thousand triumphs : you, sir, share
In all my glories : and, unkind Aurelia,
From being a captive, still command the victor.
Nephew, remember by whose gift you are free.
You I afford my pity : baser minds
Insult on the afflicted : you shall know,
Virtue and courage are admir'd and lov'd
In enemies ; but more of that hereafter. —
Thanks to your valour ; to your swords I owe
This wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,
My first poor bondman ! Geta, I am glad
Thou art turn'd a fighter.

Geta. 'Twas against my will ;
But now I am content with't.

Char. But imagine
What honours can be done to you beyond these,
Transcending all example ; 'tis in you
To will, in us to serve it.

Niger. We will have
His statue of pure gold set in the Capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a god,
Makes forfeit of his head.

Maxi. (aside.) I burst with envy !
And yet these honours, which, conferr'd on me,
Would make me pace on air, seem not to move him.

Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a man ;
And all these glories, empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant friends, and faithful guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death
To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd
In these triumphant robes, my body yields not
A greater shadow than it did when I
Liv'd both poor and obscure ; a sword's sharp point
Enters my flesh as far ; dreams break my sleep,
As when I was a private man ; my passions
Are stronger tyrants on me ; nor is greatness
A saving antidote to keep me from
A traitor's poison. Shall I praise my fortune,
Or raise the building of my happiness
On her uncertain favour ? or presume
She is my own, and sure, that yet was never
Constant to any ? Should my reason fail me
(As flattery oft corrupts it), here's an example
To speak, how far her smiles are to be trusted.
The rising sun, this morning, saw this man
The Persian monarch, and those subjects proud
That had the honour but to kiss his feet ;
And yet, ere his diurnal progress ends,
He is the scorn of Fortune. But you'll say
That she forsook him for his want of courage,
But never leaves the bold ? Now, by my hopes
Of peace and quiet here, I never met
A braver enemy ! And, to make it good,
Cosroe, Cassana, and the rest, be free,
And ransomless return !

Cos. To see this virtue
Is more to me than empire ; and to be
O'ercome by you a glorious victory.

Maxi. (aside.) What a devil means he next !

Dio. I know that glory
Is like Alcides' shirt, if it stay on us
Till pride hath mix'd it with our blood ; nor can we
Part with it at pleasure ; when we would uncase,
It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
And leaves us living monsters.

Maxi. (aside.) Would 'twere come
To my turn to put it on ! I'd run the hazard.

Dio. No ; I will not be pluck'd out by the ears,
Out of this glorious castle ; uncompell'd,
I will surrender rather : Let it suffice
I have touch'd the height of human happiness,
And here I fix *nil ultra*. Hitherto
I have liv'd a servant to ambitious thoughts,
And fading glories ; what remains of life,
I dedicate to Virtue ; and, to keep
My faith untainted, farewell pride and pomp !
And circumstance of glorious majesty,
Farewell for ever !—Nephew, I have noted
That you have long with sore eyes look'd upon
My flourishing fortune ; you shall have possession
Of my felicity ; I deliver up
My empire, and this gem I priz'd above it,
And all things else that made me worth your envy,
Freely unto you.—Gentle sir, your suffrage,

[*To CHARINUS.*

To strengthen this. The soldier's love I doubt not :
His valour, gentlemen, will deserve your favours,
Which let my prayers further. All is yours.—
But I have been too liberal, and given that
I must be back again.

Maxi. What am I fallen from !

Dio. Nay, start not :—it is only the poor grange,
The patrimony which my father left me,
I would be tenant to.

Maxi. Sir, I am yours :
I will attend you there.

Dio. No ; keep the court ;
Seek you in Rome for honour ; I will labour
To find content elsewhere. Dissuade me not ;
By Heaven, I am resolv'd !—And now, Drusilla,
Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
My wife, if thy love since hath felt no change,
I'm ready to perform it.

Drus. I still lov'd
Your person, not your fortunes. In a cottage,
Being yours, I am an empress.

DIOCLESIAN IN RETIREMENT.

DIOCLESIAN *and* DRUSILLA.

Dio. Come, Drusilla,
The partner of my best contents ! I hope now
You dare believe me.

Drus. Yes, and dare say to you,
I think you now most happy.

Dio. You say true, sweet :
For, by my soul, I find now by experience,
Content was never courtier.

Drus. I pray you walk on, sir ;
The cool shades of the grove invite you.

Dio. Oh, my dearest !
When man has cast off his ambitious greatness,
And sunk into the sweetness of himself,
Built his foundation upon honest thoughts,

Not great, but good desires his daily servants,
 How quietly he sleeps ! How joyfully
 He wakes again, and looks on his possessions,
 And from his willing labours feeds with pleasure !
 Here hang no comets in the shapes of crowns
 To shake our sweet contents ; nor here, Drusilla,
 Cares, like eclipses, darken our endeavours :
 We love here without rivals, kiss with innocence :
 Our thoughts as gentle as our lips ; our children
 The double heirs both of our forms and faiths.

Drus. I am glad ye make this right use of this sweet-
 This sweet retiredness. [ness,

Dio. 'Tis sweet, indeed, love,
 And every circumstance about it shows it.
 How liberal is the spring in every place here !
 The artificial court shows but a shadow,
 A painted imitation of this glory.
 Smell to this flower ; here Nature has her excellence ;
 Let all the perfumes of the empire pass this,
 The carefull'st lady's cheek show such a colour ;
 They are gilded and adulterate vanities ;
 And here in poverty dwells noble nature,

FROM LOVE'S CURE ; OR, THE MARTIAL MAID.

[*Fight.* LUCIO disarms LAMORAL.

Lamoral. She is yours ! this and my life too. Follow
 your fortune ; [Gives up his lady's glove.
 And give not only back that part the loser
 Scorns to accept of !

Lucio. What's that ?

Lam. My poor life ;

Which do not leave me as a further torment,
Having despoil'd me of my sword, mine honour,
Hope of my lady's grace, fame, and all else
That made it worth the keeping.

Lucio. I take back

No more from you than what you forced from me,
And with a worser title. Yet think not
That I'll dispute this, as made insolent
By my success, but as one equal with you,
If so you will accept me. That new courage
(Or call it fortune if you please) that is
Conferr'd upon me by the only sight
Of fair Genève) was not bestow'd on me
To bloody purposes; nor did her command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her,
But till I did redeem her favour from you;
Which only I rejoice in, and share with you
In all you suffer else.

Lam. This courtesy

Wounds deeper than your sword can, or mine own :
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me !

Lucio. The barbarous Turk is satisfied with spoil;
And shall I, being possess'd of what I came for,
Prove the more infidel ?

Lam. You were better be so
Than publish my disgrace, as 'tis the custom,
And which I must expect.

Lucio. Judge better of me :

I have no tongue to trumpet mine own praise
To your dishonour; 'tis a bastard courage
That seeks a name out that way, no true-born one.
Pray you be comforted ! for, by all goodness,
But to her virtuous self (the best part of it)
I never will discover on what terms
I came by these : which yet I take not from you,

But leave you, in exchange of them, mine own,
With the desire of being a friend ; which if
You will not grant me, but on further trial
Of manhood in me, seek me when you please
(And though I might refuse it with mine honour).
Win them again, and wear them. So good-morrow !
[Gives him his own hat, and exit.]

Lam. I ne'er knew what true valour was till now ;
And have gain'd more by this disgrace, than all
The honours I have won. They made me proud,
Presumptuous of my fortune, a mere beast,
Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do,
Yielding no reasons for my wilful actions
But what I stuck on my sword's point, presuming
It was the best revenue. How unequal
Wrongs, well maintain'd, make us to others ; which
Ending with shame, teach us to know ourselves !

FROM WOMEN PLEASED.

*LOPEZ, a miser, at a table with jewels and money upon it ;
an egg roasting by a candle.*

Lopez. Whilst prodigal young gaudy fools are ban-
queting,
And launching out their states to catch the giddy,
Thus do I study to preserve my fortune,
And hatch with care at home the wealth that saints me.
Here's rubies of Bengala, rich, rich, glorious ;
These diamonds of Ormus, bought for little,
Here vented at the price of princes' ransoms,
How bright they shine, like constellations !
The South-sea's treasure here, pearl, fair and orient,
Able to equal Cleopatra's banquet ;

Here chains of lesser stones for ladies' lustres,
Ingots of gold, rings, brooches, bars of silver,
These are my studies to set off in sale well,
And not in sensual surfeits to consume 'em.—
How roasts mine egg? he heats apace; I'll turn him,—
Penurio! where, you knave, do you wait? Penurio,
You lazy knave!

Enter PENURIO.

Pen. Did you call, sir?

Lopez. Where's your mistress?

What vanity holds her from her attendance?

Pen. She is within, sir.

Lopez. Within, sir? at what thrift, you knave? what getting?

Pen. Getting a good stomach, sir, an she knew where to get meat to't;

She's praying heartily upon her knees, sir,
That Heaven would send her a good dinner.

Lopez. Nothing but gluttony and surfeit thought on!
Health flung behind!—Had she not yesternight, sirrah,
Two sprats to supper, and the oil allowable?
Was she not sick with eating? Hadst not thou
(Thou most ungrateful knave, that nothing satisfies)
The water that I boil'd my other egg in,
To make thee hearty broth?

Pen. 'Tis true, I had, sir;
But I might as soon make the philosopher's stone on't.

Enter ISABELLA.

Lopez. Welcome, my dove!

Isab. Pray you keep your welcome to you,
Unless it carries more than words to please me.
Is this the joy to be a wife? to bring with me,
Besides the nobleness of blood I spring from,

A full and able portion to maintain me ?
Is this the happiness of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a mistress,
To live a slave subject to wants and hungers,
To jealousies for every eye that wanders,
Unmanly jealousy ?

Lopez. Good Isabella——

Isab. Too good for you ! Do you think to famish me,
Or keep me like an alms-woman in such raiment,
Such poor unhandsome weeds ? am I old, or ugly ?
I never was bred thus. Had you love in you,
Or had humanity but ever known you,
You would shame to use a woman of my way thus,
So poor, and basely !

Lopez. 'Tis to keep you healthful
(Surfeits destroy more than the sword) that I am careful
Your meat should be both neat and cleanly handled ;
See, sweet, I am cook myself, and mine own cater.
I'll add another dish ; you shall have milk to't ;
'Tis nourishing and good.

Pen. With butter in't, sir ?

Lopez. (*aside.*) This knave would breed a famine in a
kingdom !—
(*aloud.*) And clothes that shall content you ; you must
be wise then,
And live sequester'd to yourself and me,
Not wand'ring after every toy comes cross you,
Nor struck with every spleen.—What's the knave doing ?
Penurio !

Pen. Hunting, sir, for a second course of flies here.

Lopez. Untemperate knave, will nothing quench thy
appetite ?
I saw him eat two apples, which is monstrous.

Pen. If you had given me those, 't had been more
monstrous.

Lopez. 'Tis a main miracle to feed this villain.—
Come, Isabella, let us in to supper,
And think the Roman dainties at our table !
'Tis all but thought.

[*Exeunt.*

Pen. 'Would all my thoughts would do it !
The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell,
To victual out a witch for the Burmoothees.
'Tis reason to any good stomach living now
To hear a tedious grace said, and no meat to't !
I have a radish yet, but that's but transitory.

FROM THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.
AN OLD SAILOR'S OPINION OF SEA AND LAND.

Oh, my old friend, my tried friend, my Baptista !
These days of rest and feasting suit not with
Our tougher natures ; those were golden ones,
Which were enjoy'd at sea ! that's our true mother ;
The land's to us a step-dame. There we sought
Honour and wealth through dangers ; yet those dangers
Delighted more than their rewards, though great ones,
And worth the undertakers. Here we study
The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,
Dull'd with abundance ; and dispute with Heaven,
If that the least puff of the rough north wind
Blast our time's burden, rendering to our palates
The charming juice less pleasing ; whereas there,
If we had biscuit, powder'd flesh, fresh water,
We thought them Persian delicates ; and, for music,
If a strong gale but made the main-yard crack,
We danced to the loud minstrel.

THE CROWNING VIRTUE.

Bear thy wrongs
 With noble patience, the afflicted's friend,
 Which ever, in all actions, crowns the end.

FROM THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

AFFLICTION MUST BE SERVED BEFORE JOY.

SCENE—ATHENS. *Before the Temple.*

Music. Enter HYMEN with a torch burning ; a Boy, in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers ; after HYMEN, a Nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland ; then THESEUS, between two other Nymphs, with wheaten chaplets on their heads ; then HIPPOLITA, led by PERITHOUS, and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging ; after her, EMILIA, holding up her train. ARTESIUS and Attendants.

SONG.

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
 Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their hue ;
 Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
 Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
 And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
 Merry spring-time's harbinger,
 With her bells dim :
 Oxlips in their cradles growing,
 Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
 Lark-heels trim ;

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense ; [Strewing flowers
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly !

Enter Three Queens, in black, with veils stained, with Imperial Crowns. The First Queen falls down at the foot of THESEUS ; the Second falls down at the foot of HIPPOLITA ; the Third before EMILIA.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me !

2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me ! [mark'd

3 *Queen.* Now, for the love of him whom Jove hath
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us, and our distresses ! This good deed
Shall raze you, out o' the book of trespasses,
All you are set down there.

Thes. Sad lady, rise !

Hip. Stand up !

Emi. No knees to me ! What woman I
May stead, that is distress'd, does bind me to her.

Thes. What's your request ? Deliver you for all.

1 *Queen.* We are three queens whose sovereigns felt
before
The wrath of cruel Creon ; who endur'd

The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke !
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword
That does good turns to th' world ; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them !
And of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crown'd heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to everything !

Thes. Pray you kneel not !

I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capanëus was your lord. The day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar ; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her ; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted ; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles ; Hercules our kinsman
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,
And swore his sinews thaw'd. O Grief and Time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour !

1 Queen. Oh, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker !

Thes. Oh, no knees ; none, widow !
 Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
 And pray for me, your soldier.—Troubled I am.
[Turns away.]

2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolita,
 Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
 The scythe-tusk'd boar ; that, with thy arm as strong
 As it is white, wast near to make the male
 To thy sex captive ; but that this thy lord
 (Born to uphold creation in that honour
 First Nature styled it in) shrunk thee into
 The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
 Thy force and thy affection ; soldieress,
 That equally canst poise sternness with pity,
 Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
 Than e'er he had on thee ; who ow'st his strength
 And his love too, who is a servant to
 The tenor of thy speech ; dear glass of ladies,
 Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
 Under the shadow of his sword may cool us !
 Require him he advance it o'er our heads ;
 Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
 As any of us three ; weep ere you fail ;
 Lend us a knee ;
 But touch the ground for us no longer time
 Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off !
 Tell him, if he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swoln,
 Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
 What you would do !

Hip. Poor lady, say no more !
 I had as lief trace this good action with you
 As that whereto I am going, and never yet
 Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
 Heart-deep with your distress : let him consider ;
 I'll speak anon.

3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was [To EMILIA.
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops: so sorrow wanting form
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emi. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Queen.* Oh, woe!
You cannot read it there; here, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' th' earth,
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emi. Pray you say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed
(Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!); but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone. Pray have good comfort.

Thes. Forward to th' temple! leave not out a jot
O' th' sacred ceremony.

1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliant's war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ears o' th' world. What you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more

Than others' labour'd medittance ; your premeditating
More than their actions ; but (oh, Jove !) your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish
Sublue before they touch. Think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have !

2 *Queen*. What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none !

3 *Queen*. None fit for the dead.
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been Death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1 *Queen*. But our lords
Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings when living.

Thes. It is true ;
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords' graves :
The which to do must make some work with Creon.

1 *Queen*. And that work [now] presents itself to the
doing
Now 'twill take form ; the heats are gone to-morrow,
Then bootless Toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat ; now he's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.

2 *Queen*. Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.

3 *Queen*. And his army full
Of bread and sloth.

Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise,
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business ; forth and levy

Our worthiest instruments ; whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock !

1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands !
Let us be widows to our woes ! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All the Queens. Farewell !

2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably ; but when could
Grief

Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fit'st time
For best solicitation.

Thee. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war ; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected. When her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall,
By warranting moonlight, corslet thee, oh, when
Her twining cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens ? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum ?

Hip. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor, yet I think,
Did I not, by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure the surfeit,
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me. Therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,

Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!

All Queens. Oh, help now! [To EMILIA.

Our cause cries for your knee.

Emi. If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you anything, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray stand up!
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me,—Perithous,
Lead on the bride! Get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything
In the pretended celebration. Queens,
Follow your soldier.—As before, hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd!—[Exit ARTESIUS.] Since that our
theme is haste,

I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token! Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.

[*Exeunt towards the Temple all but PERITHOUS,
THESEUS, and Queens.*]

Farewell, my beauteous sister! Perithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't!

Per. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels. The feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.

Thes. Cousin, I charge you
 Budge not from Athens ; we shall be returning
 Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
 Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all !

1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue
 o' th' world.

2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.

3 *Queen.* If not above him, for
 Thou being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
 To godlike honours ; they themselves, some say,
 Groan under such a mastery.

Thes. As we are men,
 Thus should we do ; being sensually subdued,
 We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies !

Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Flourish.*
 [*Exeunt.*

GIRL'S FRIENDSHIP.

Emilia. I was acquainted
 Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow ;
 You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
 Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th' moon
 (Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
 Was each eleven.

Hip. It was Flavia.

Emi. Yes.

You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love :
 Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
 More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
 The one of th' other may be said to water
 Their intertangled roots of love ; but I
 And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent ;
 Lov'd, for we did ; and like the elements

That know not what nor why, yet do effect
 Rare issues by their operance, our souls
 Did so to one another. What she liked,
 Was then of me approv'd ; what not, condemn'd,—
 No more arraignment ; the flower that I would pluck
 And put between my breasts (then but beginning
 To swell about the blossom), she would long
 Till she had such another, and commit it
 To the like innocent cradle, where, phoenix-like,
 They died in perfume ; on my head no toy
 But was her pattern ; her affections (pretty,
 Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
 For my most serious decking ; had mine ear
 Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
 From musical coinage, why, it was a note
 Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on)
 And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal
 (Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
 Like old Importment's bastard) has this end,
 That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
 More than in sex dividual.

LOVE'S RECONCILIATION.

SCENE—*A Room in a Prison, looking out on a garden.*

Enter the Two Captives from opposite doors.

Pal. How do you, noble cousin ?

Arc. How do you, sir ?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at Misery,
 And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners,
 I fear, for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it ;
 And to that destiny have patiently
 Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now ? where is our noble country ?
Where are our friends and kindreds ? Never more
Must we behold those comforts ; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail ; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Out-strip the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
Like proud seas, under us ! Our good swords now
(Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore),
Ravish'd our sides, like age must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us ;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more, !

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us. Here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring : here Age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried ;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks ! no issue know us ;
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles, teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer !
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done

To Youth and Nature. This is all our world ;
 We shall know nothing here, but one another ;
 Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes :
 The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it ;
 Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
 But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still !

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite ! To our Theban hounds,
 That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
 No more now must we halloo ; no more shake
 Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
 Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
 Stuck with our well-steel'd darts ! All valiant uses
 (The food and nourishment of noble minds)
 In us two here shall perish ; we shall die
 (Which is the curse of Honour !), lastly,
 Children of Grief and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
 Even from the bottom of these miseries,
 From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
 I see two comforts rising, two more blessings,
 If the gods please to hold here ; a brave patience,
 And the enjoying of our griefs together.
 Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
 If I think this our prison !

Pal. Certainly
 'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
 Were twined together. 'Tis most true, two souls
 Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
 The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
 Will never sink ; they must not ; say they could,
 A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
 That all men hate so much ?

Pal. How, gentle cousin ?

Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,

To keep us from corruption of worse men !
We are young, and yet desire the ways of Honour ;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours ? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mind to one another ;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of Love ; we are father, friends, acquaint-
ance ;

We are, in one another, families ;
I am your heir, and you are mine ; this place
Is our inheritance ; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us : here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving ; no surfeits seek us ;
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth ; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business ;
Quarrels consume us ; envy of ill men
Grave our acquaintance ; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods. A thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite !) almost wanton
With my captivity. What a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere !
'Tis like a beast methinks ! I find the court here,
I am sure, a more content ; and all those pleasures
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now ; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.

What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses!
Shall I say more?

Arc. I would hear you still.

Pal. You shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot;
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir!

Enter EMILIA, and her Servant, below.

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasure in't.
What flower is this?

Serv. 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam.

Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself; were there not maids enough?—

Arc. Pray, forward!

Pal. Yes.—

Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?

Serv. There could not be one so fair.

Emi. Thou wouldst not?

Serv. I think I should not, madam.

Emi. That's a good wench!

But take heed to your kindness though!

Serv. Why, madam?

Emi. Men are mad things.—

Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?—

Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench ?

Serv. Yes.

Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em ; and of these ;
This is a pretty colour. Will't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench ?

Serv. Dainty, madam.— [Palamon !

Arc. Cousin ! Cousin ! How do you, sir ? Why,

Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

Arc. Why, what's the matter, man ?

Pal. Behold and wonder !

By Heaven, she is a goddess !

Arc. Ha !

Pal. Do reverence !

She is a goddess, Arcite !—

Emi. Of all flowers,

Methinks a rose is best.

Serv. Why, gentle madam ?

Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid :

For when the west wind courts her gently.

How modestly she blows, and paints the sun [her,

With her chaste blushes ! when the north comes near

Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity,

She locks her beauties in her bud again,

And leaves him to base briars.

Arc. She's wond'rous fair !

Pal. She's all the beauty extant ! [flowers ;

Emi. The sun grows high ; let's walk in ! Keep these
We'll see how near Art can come near their colours.

[Exit with Servant.

Pal. What think you of this beauty ?

Arc. 'Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one ?

Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty,

Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her ?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done ; I have ;

Beshrew mine eyes for't ! Now I feel my shackles.

Pal. You love her, then ?

Arc. Who would not ?

Pal. And desire her ?

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing.

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes ; but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not, as you do ; to worship her,
As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess :
I love her as a woman ;
So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all !

Arc. Not love at all ? who shall deny me ?

Pal. I that first saw her ; I, that took possession
First with mine eye on all those beauties in her
Reveal'd to mankind ! If thou lovest her ;
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her.—Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her !

Arc. Yes, I love her ;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so. I love her with my soul.
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon !
I say again, I love ; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,
That is a man's son.

Pal. Have I call'd thee friend ? [thus ?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd

Let me deal coldly with you ! am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul ? you have told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer ?

Pal. You may be.

Arc. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone ? Speak truly ; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight ?

Pal. No ; but unjust,
If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge ?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me ?

Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom ! else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain !

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be,
Till thou art worthy, Arcite ; it concerns me !
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

Arc. Fy, sir !
You play the child extremely : I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare ;
And all this justly.

Pal. Oh, that now, that now
Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp

Our good swords in our hands, I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another !
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse !
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't ! [feeble !
Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool ; thou can'st not ; thou art
Put my head out ? I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

Enter Jailor.

Pal. No more ! the Keeper's coming : I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
Arc. Do !
Jailor. By your leave, gentlemen !
Pal. Now, honest Keeper ?
Jailor. Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke :
The cause I know not yet.
Arc. I am ready, Keeper.
Jailor. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company. [*Exit with ARCITE.*
Pal. And me too,
Even when you please, of life !

ARCITE'S PRAYER TO MARS.

Thou mighty one, that with thy power has turn'd
Green Neptune into purple ; [whose approach]
Comets prewarn ; whose havock in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim ; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foyzon ; who dust pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets ; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities ; me thy pupil,

Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' the day ! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure !

[*Here ARCITE and his suite fall on their faces, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.*]

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' th' pleurisy of people ; I do take
The signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly.

EMILIA'S PRAYER TO DIANA.

SCENE—*The Temple of Diana.*

[*Still music of records.*
Enter EMILIA, in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath : one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers ; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar, her Maid standing aloof, she sets fire to it ; they then curtsey and kneel.]

Emi. O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,

Which is their order's robe ; I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin !
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear
(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear ! This is my last
Of vestal office ; I am bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted ; a husband I have, 'pointed,
But do not know him ; out of two I should
Chuse one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes ;
Were I to lose one (they are equal precious),
I could doom neither ; that which perish'd should
Go to't unsentenc'd. Therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold, I may
Continue, in the band !

*[Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the
place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.]*

See what our general of ebbs and flows,
Out from the bowels of her holy altar,
With sacred act advances ? But one rose ?
If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

*[Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and
the rose falls from the tree.]*

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends ! Oh, mistress,
Thou here dischargest me ; I shall be gather'd ;
I think so ; but I know not thine own will :

Unclasp thy mystery !—I hope she's pleas'd ;
Her signs were gracious. [*They curtsey, and exeunt.*]

"VICTOR VICTIM."

Enter PERITHOUS to PALAMON.

Per. Noble Palamon,
The gods will show their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be, when
Venus, I have said, is false ? How do things fare ?

Per. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter !

Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream ?

Per. List then ! Your cousin
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him ; a black one ; owing
Not a hair worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note ; which superstition
Here finds allowance. On this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones at Athens, which the calkins
Did rather tell than trample ; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his rider
To put pride in him. As he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to the music
His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin) what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not ; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder

His power could give his will ; bounds ; comes on end ;
 Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
 And of kind manage ; pig-like he whines
 At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
 Than any jot obeys ; seeks all foul means
 Of boisterous and rough jadery, to dis-seat
 His lord that kept it bravely. When nought serv'd,
 When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring
 plunges

Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
 He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
 On end he stands,
 That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
 Seem'd with strange art to hang. His victor's wreath
 Even then fell off his head ; and presently
 Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise
 Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
 But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
 The surge that next approaches. He much desires
 To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears !

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, EMILIA, and ARCITE, the
 last brought in a chair.*

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance !
 The gods are mighty !—Arcite, if thy heart,
 Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
 Give me thy last words ! I am Palamon,
 One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
 And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand ;
 Farewell ! I have told my last hour. I was false,
 Yet never treacherous. Forgive me, cousin !
 One kiss from fair Emilia ! (*Kisses her.*) 'Tis done :
 Take her. I die ! [*Dies.*]

Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium !

Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince ; blessed souls be
with thee !

Thou art a right good man ; and while I live,
This day I give to tears.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thes. In this place first you fought ; even very here
I sunder'd you : acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.

His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well : your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of Heaven does arrose you ;
The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar,
And given you your love ; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention. So the deities
Have show'd due justice. Bear this hence !

Pal. Oh, cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire ! That nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love !

Thes. Never Fortune
Did play a subtler game. The conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss ; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you ; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy ; he restor'd her,
As your stolen jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiv'n. The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off ;
And call your lovers from the stage of death ;
Whom I adopt my friends ! A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite ! in whose end

The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon ; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad,
As for him sorry.—Oh, you heavenly charmers,
What things you make of us ! For what we lack,
We laugh ; for what we have, are sorry ; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is ; and with you have dispute,
That are above our question !

FROM THE FALSE ONE.

UNFORTUNATE WAR.

PHOTINUS, ACHOREUS (*Priest of Isis*), and ACHILLAS.

Pho. Good day, Achoreus.—My best friend, Achilles,
Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour
Of the great Roman action ?

Achil. That we are
To inquire and learn of you, sir, whose grave care
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolemy's good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Pho. I'll not boast
What my intelligence costs me ; but ere long
You shall know more.—The king, with him a Roman.

Enter PTOLEMY, LABIENUS *wounded*, and Guard.

Achor. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dy'd deeply on his face.

Achil. 'Tis Labienus,
Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,
And fortunate in all his undertakings :

But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Pompey,
And, though he followed the better cause,
Not with the like success.

Pho. Such as are wise
Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise :
But more of that hereafter. —

Lab. (to Ptolemy.) In a word, sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,
How many thousand several bloody shapes
Death wore that day in triumph ; how we bore
The shock of Cæsar's charge ; or with what fury
His soldiers came on, as if they had been
So many Cæsars, and, like him, ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of Rome ;
How fathers kill'd their sons, or sons their fathers ;
Or how the Roman piles¹ on either side
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons
(The sword) succeeded, which, in civil wars,
Appoints the tent on which wing'd victory
Shall make a certain stand ; then, how the plains
Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of vultures,
And other birds of prey, hung o'er both armies,
Attending when their ready servitors,
The soldiers, from whom the angry gods
Had took all sense of reason and of pity,
Would serve in their own carcases for a feast ;
How Cæsar with his javelin forc'd them on
That made the least stop, when their angry hands
Were lifted up against some known friend's face ;
Then coming to the body of the army,
He shows the sacred senate, and forbids them
To waste their force upon the common soldier
(Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,

¹ *Piles.* Javelins ;—the *pilum*.

He would have spar'd)——

Ptol. The reason, Labienus?

Lab. Full well he knows that in their blood he was
To pass to empire, and that through their bowels
He must invade the laws of Rome, and give
A period to the liberty of the world.
Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,
The famed Torquati, Scipio's, and Marcelli,—
Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on earth.
The nobles and the commons lay together,
And Pontick, Punick, and Assyrian blood,
Made up one crimson lake: which Pompey seeing,
And that his and the fate of Rome had left him,
Standing upon the rampire of his camp,
Though scorning all that could fall on himself,
He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too
That they should sound retreat, and save themselves:
That he desir'd not so much noble blood
Should be lost in his service, or attend
On his misfortunes: and then, taking horse
With some few of his friends, he came to Lesbos,
And with Cornelia, his wife, and sons,
He's touch'd upon your shore. The king of Parthia
Famous in his defeature of the Crasis,
Offer'd him his protection, but Pompey,
Relying on his benefits and your faith,
Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,
Till he may recollect his scatter'd powers,
And try a second day. Now Ptolemy,
Though he appear not like that glorious thing
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws
To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his gift
(As this, of yours, your noble father took
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it

At his devotion), to do you more honour
In his declin'd estate, as the straightest pine
In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,
He flies to you for succour, and expects
The entertainment of your father's friend,
And guardian to yourself.

Ptol. To say I grieve his fortune,
As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)
Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,
Our gods can witness for me ; yet, being young,
And not a free disposer of myself,
Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,
Which next to hell I hate. Pray you retire,
And take a little rest ; and (*to the others*) let his wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carv'd on my flesh.—Good Labienus, think
The little respite I desire shall be
Wholly employ'd to find the readiest way
To do great Pompey service.

Lab. May the gods,
As you intend, protect you ! [*Exit with Attendants.*]

Ptol. Sit, sit all ;
It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.

Achor. A short deliberation in this,
May serve to give you counsel. To be honest,
Religious, and thankful, in themselves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish
Or gloss in the persuader ; your kept faith,
Though Pompey never rise to the height he's fallen from,
Cæsar himself with love ; and my opinion
Is, still committing it to graver censure,
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.

Ptol. What's yours, Photinus ?

Pho. Achoreus, great Ptolemy, hath counsell'd
Like a religious and honest man.
Worthy the honour that he justly holds
Is being priest to Iris. But, alas,
What in a man sequester'd from the world,
Or in a private person, is preferr'd
No policy allows of in a king :
To be or just, or thankful, makes kings guilty ;
And faith, though prais'd, is punish'd, that supports
Such as good fate forsakes. Join with the gods,
Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched ;
The stars are not more distant from the earth
Than profit is from honesty ; all the power,
Prerogative, and greatness of a prince
Is lost, if he descend once but to steer
His course, as what's right guides him. Let him leave
The sceptre, that strives only to be good,
Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.

Achor. Oh, wicked !

Ptol. Peace !—Go on.

[youth,

Pho. Proud Pompey shows how much he scorns your
In thinking that you cannot keep your own
From such as are o'ercome. If you are tir'd
With being a king, let not a stranger take
What nearer pledges challenge. Resign rather
The government of Egypt and of Nile
To Cleopatra, that has title to them ;
At least, defend them from the Roman gripe :
What was not Pompey's, while the wars endured,
The conqueror will not challenge. By all the world
Forsaken and despis'd, your gentle guardian,
His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of
What nation he shall fall with ; and pursued
By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,
He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,

Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger
Of sharp Pharsalian fowl ; he flies the nations
That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates
Are sunk in his ; and, in no place receiv'd,
Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd
And Ptolemy, things consider'd justly, may
Complain of Pompey. Wherefore should he stain
Our Egypt with the spots of civil war,
Or make the peaceable, or quiet Nile,
Doubted of Cæsar ? Wherefore should he draw
His loss and overthrow upon our heads,
Or choose this place to suffer in ? Already
We have offended Cæsar in our wishes,
And no way left us to redeem his favour
But by the head of Pompey.

Achor. Great Osiris,
Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty,
And barbarous ingratitude.

Pho. Holy trifles,
And not to have place in designs of state.
This sword, which fate commands me to unsheath,
I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquish'd ;
I grant, it rather should have pass'd through Cæsar ;
But we must follow where his fortune leads us :
All provident princes measure their intents
According to their power, and so dispose them,
And think'st thou, Ptolemy, that thou canst prop
His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,
Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd ?
Shall we, that in the battle sat as neuters,
Serve him that's overcome ? No, no, he's lost :
And though 'tis noble to a sinking friend
To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
He may recover, thy part not engaged,
Though one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,

To drown him, set thy foot upon his head.

Achor. Most execrable counsel !

Achil. To be follow'd ;

'Tis for the kingdom's safety.

Ptol. We give up

Our absolute power to thee. Dispose of it
As reason shall direct thee.

Pho. Good Achillas,

Seek out Septimius. Do you but soothe him ;

He is already wrought. Leave the dispatch

To me, of Labienus. 'Tis determin'd

Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate

Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,

But that this hour to Pompey is his last.

[*Exeunt.*]

Song to Cleopatra in Prison.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air ;

E'vn in shadows you are fair ;

Shut-up beauty is like fire,

That breaks out clearer still and higher.

Though your body be confin'd

And soft love a prisoner bound,

Yet the beauty of your mind

Neither check nor chain hath found.

Look out nobly, then, and dare

Ev'n the fetters that you wear

THE HEAD OF POMPEY.

Enter SEPTIMUS *with the head of* POMPEY, *ACHILLAS,*
and Guard.

Sept. 'Tis here !—'tis done ! Behold, you fearful viewers,
That, that whole armies, nay, whole nations,

Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors :
That steel'd War waited on, and fortune courted ;
That high-plum'd Honour built up for her own.
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
By this poor hand made breathless ! Here, my Achilles ;
Egypt and Cæsar owe me for this service,
And all the conquer'd nations.

Achil. Peace, Septimius ;

Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions.
Though sometimes safety seek an instrument
Of thy unworthy nature, thou loud boaster,
Think not she's bound to love him too that's barbarous.
Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,
Strike this rude stroke ? I'll tell thee thou poor Roman.
It was a sacred head I durst not heave at ;
Not heave a thought.

Sept. It was ?

Achil. I'll tell thee truly,
And, if thou ever yet heard'st tell of honour,
I'll make thee blush. It was thy general's !
That man's that fed thee once, that man's that bred
thee ;
The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that warm'd
thee

From his care kindled ever ! Nay, I'll show thee,
Because I'll make thee sensible of thy business,
And why a noble man durst not touch at it,
There was no peace of earth thou put'st thy foot on
But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion !
He triumph'd three times. Who durst touch his person ?
The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence ;
Dear to the gods he was : to them that feared him

A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,
And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin ?
Arm'd, in the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
Where kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought
him,

There, sword to sword.

Sept. I kill'd him on commandment,
If kings' commands be fair, when you all fainted,
When none of you durst look——

Achil. On deeds so barbarous.

What hast thou got ?

Sept. The king's love, and his bounty,
The honour of the service ; which though you rail at,
Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,
Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious ;
And I shall live——

Achil. A miserable villain.

What reputation and reward belongs to it,

[*Seizes the head.*]

Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine :
And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,
Nor bold to stay ; read in mine eyes the reason.
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own.

Sept. The king will yet consider.

[*Exit.*]

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, and PHOTINUS.

Achil. Here he comes, sir,

Achor. (to Ptolemy). Yet, if it be undone, hear me,
great sir,

If this inhuman stroke be yet unstricken,
If that adorèd head be not yet sever'd
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,

The desolations, that this great eclipse works.
You are young ; be provident. Fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt ;
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder ;
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows
That easy women's eyes shall never empty.

Pho. (*aside to Achilles*). You have done well, and
'tis done.—(*to Ptolemy*) See Achilles,
And in his hand the head.

Ptol. Stay ; come no nearer !
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me !
I do remember him : he was my guardian,
Appointed by the senate to preserve me.
What a full majesty sits in his face yet !

Pho. The king is troubled.—Be not frightened, sir ;
Be not abus'd with fears ; his death was necessary
Not to be miss'd : and humbly thank great Isis,
He came so opportunely to your hand.
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.
Is not victorious Cæsar new arriv'd,
And enter'd Alexandria with his friends,
His navy riding by to wait his charges ?
Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursue him ?
Was not this great man his great enemy ?
This godlike, virtuous man, as people held him ?
Bid what fool dare be friend to flying virtue ? [*Flourish.*]
I hear their trumpets ; 'tis too late to stagger.
Give me the head ; and be you confident.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCEVA,
and Soldiers.*

Hail, conqueror of the world, the head of all,
Now this head's off !

Cæsar. Ha !

Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.

From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompense ;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers :
Here they take life ; here they inherit honour,
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant ;
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for it, all Egypt.

Achil. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee :
Because 'tis easily got : it comes the safer :
Yet let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this,
Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
An inward war : he was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthen'd and cherish'd it, and set it right again.
This was a love to Cæsar.

See. Give me hate, gods !

Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked ;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fall'n upon him, what it had been then ;

If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that way !

He was thy son-in-law ; there to be tainted
Had been most terrible ! Let the worst be render'd,
We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæsar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head ! See, captains,
The head of god-like Pompey !

Sce. He was basely ruin'd ;
But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
And be you Cæsar.

Cæsar. O thou conqueror, *[addressing the head.]*
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus !
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?
The light and life of Rome, to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance show'd what a man was ?
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets,
And loose lascivious pleasures ? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life, to know thy goodness ?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears ? Hear me, great Pompey,
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee !
Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
My love and mercy.

Ant. Oh, how brave these tears show !
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy !

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest
pyramids,
Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,

Are monuments fit for him ? no, brood of Nilus ;
Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven ;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial :
Your earth shall now be bless'd, to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.

FROM THE LOVER'S PROGRESS.

SONG OF HEAVENLY AGAINST EARTHLY LOVE.

ADIEU, fond love ! farewell, you wanton Powers !

I am free again ;

Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours,

Bewitching pain,

Fly to the fools that sigh away their time !

My nobler love, to Heaven climb,

And there behold beauty still young,

That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy ;

Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,

And honour'd by eternity and joy !

There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire ;

Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

LOVE'S GENTLENESS.

Love is a gentle spirit ;

The wind that blows the April flowers not softer ;

She's drawn with doves to show her peacefulness ;

Lions and bloody pards are Mars's servants.
Would you serve Love? do it with humbleness,
Without a noise, with still prayers, and soft murmurs;
Upon her altars offer your obedience,
And not your brawls; she's won with tears, not terrors:
The fire you kindle to her deity
Is only grateful when it's blown with sighs,
And holy incense flung with white-hand innocence.

THE LANDLORD'S GHOST.

SCENE—*A Country Inn.*

Enter DORILAUS, CLEANDER, Chamberlain; a table, tapers, and chairs.

Cle. We have supp'd well, friend. Let our beds be ready;
We must be stirring early.

Cham. They are made, sir.

Dor. I cannot sleep yet. Where's the jovial host
You told me of? 'T has been my custom ever
To parley with mine host.

Cle. He's a good fellow,
And such a one I know you love to laugh with.—
Go call your master up.

Cham. He cannot come, sir

Dor. Is he a-bed?

Cham. No, certainly.

Cle. Why then he shall come, by your leave, my friend;
I'll fetch him up myself.

Cham. Indeed you'll fail, sir.

Dor. Is he i' th' house?

Cham. No, but he's hard by, sir ;
He is fast in's grave ; he has been dead these three weeks.

Dor. Then o' my conscience he will come but lamely,
And discourse worse.

Cle. Farewell, mine honest host then,
Mine honest, merry host !—Will you to bed yet ?

Dor. No, not this hour ; I pry'thee, sit and chat by me.

Cle. Give us a quart of wine then ; we'll be merry.

Dor. A match, my son. Pray let your wine be living,
Or lay it by your master.

Cham. It shall be quick, sir. [Exit.

Dor. Had not mine host a wife ?

Cle. A good old woman.

Dor. Another coffin ! that is not so handsome ;
Your hotesses in inns should be blithe things ;
Pretty and young, to draw in passengers.

Enter Chamberlain with Wine.

Well done. Here's to Lisander !

Cle. My full love meets it.—Make fire in our lodgings,
We'll trouble thee no further.— [Exit Chamberlain.
To your son ! *(Drinks again.)*

Dor. Put in Clarange too ; off with't. I thank you.
This wine drinks merrier still. Oh, for mine host now !
Were he alive again, and well disposed,
I would so claw his pate !

Cle. You're a hard drinker.

Dor. I love to make mine host drunk ; he will lie then
The rarest, and the roundest, of his friends,

[A lute is struck within.

His quarrels, and his guests. What's that ? a lute ?
'Tis at the door, I think.

Cle. The doors are shut fast.

Dor. 'Tis morning ; sure the fiddlers are got up
To fright men's sleeps.

Cle. I've heard mine host that's dead
Touch a lute rarely, and as rarely sing too,
A brave still mean.

Dor. I would give a brace of French crowns
To see him rise and fiddle.

Cle. Hark ; a song !

A SONG [*within*].

'Tis late and cold ; stir up the fire ;
Sit close, and draw the table nigher ;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold !
Call for the best the house may ring ;
Sack, white, and claret let them bring ;
And drink apace, while breath you have ;
You'll find but cold drink in the grave ;
Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,
And I shall smile, though under ground.

Cle. Now, as I live, it is his voice !

Dor. He sings well ;
The devil has a pleasant pipe.

Cle. The fellow lied, sure.

Enter the Host's Ghost.

He is not dead ; he's here. How pale he looks !

Dor. Is this he ?

Cle. Yes.

Host. You are welcome, noble gentlemen !
My brave old guest, most welcome !

Cle. Lying knaves,
To tell us you were dead. Come, sit down by us.
We thank you for your song.

Host. 'Would 't had been better !

Dor. Speak, are you dead ?

Host. Yes, indeed am I, gentlemen ;
I have been dead these three weeks.

Dor. Then here's to you,
To comfort your cold body !

Cle. What do you mean ?
Stand further off.

Dor. I will stand nearer to him.
Shall he come out on's coffin to bear us company,
And we not bid him welcome ?—Come, mine host,
Mine honest host, here's to you !

Host. Spirits, sir, drink not.

Cle. Why do you appear ?

Host. To wait upon ye, gentlemen ;
('T has been my duty living, now my farewell)
I fear ye are not used accordingly.

Dor. I could wish you warmer company, mine host,
Howe'er we are used.

Host. Next, to entreat a courtesy ;
And then I go to peace.

Cle. Is't in our power ?

Host. Yes, and 'tis this ; to see my body buried
In holy ground, for now I lie unhallow'd,
By the clerk's fault ; let my new grave be made
Amongst good fellows, that have died before me,
And merry hosts of my kind.

Cle. It shall be done.

Dor. And forty stoops of wine drank at thy funeral.

Cle. Do you know our travel ?

Host. Yes, to seek your friends,
That in afflictions wander now.

Cle. Alas !

Host. Seek 'em no farther, but be confident
They shall return in peace.

Dor. There's comfort yet.

Cle. Pray one word more. Is't in your power, mine host,

(Answer me softly) some hours before my death,
To give me warning?

Host. I cannot tell you truly ;
But if I can, so much alive I lov'd you,
I will appear again. Adieu !

[*Exit.*

Dor. Adieu, sir.

Cle. I am troubled. These strange apparitions are
For the most part fatal.

Dor. This, if told, will not
Find credit. The light breaks apace ; let's lie down,
And take some little rest, an hour or two,
Then do mine host's desire, and so return.
I do believe him.

Cle. So do I. To rest, sir !

[*Exeunt.*

THE GHOST KEEPS HIS PROMISE.

SCENE—*A Room in Cleander's House.*

Enter CLEANDER, with a Book.

Cle. Nothing more certain than to die ; but when
Is most uncertain. If so, every hour
We should prepare us for the journey, which
Is not to be put off. I must submit
To the divine decree, not argue it,
And cheerfully I welcome it. I have
Dispos'd of my estate, confess'd my sins,
And have remission from my ghostly father,
Being at peace too here. The apparition
Proceeded not from fancy : Dorilaus
Saw it, and heard it with me. It made answer

To our demands, and promis'd, if 'twere not
Denied to him by Fate, he would forewarn me
Of my approaching end. I feel no symptom
Of sickness ; yet, I know not how, a dulness
Invadeth me all over.—Ha !

Enter the Spirit of the Host.

Host. I come, sir,
To keep my promise ; and, as far as spirits
Are sensible of sorrow for the living,
I grieve to be the messenger to tell you,
Ere many hours pass, you must resolve
To fill a grave.

Cle. And feast the worms ?

Host. Even so, sir.

Cle. I hear it like a man.

Host. It well becomes you ;
There's no evading it.

Cle. Can you discover
By whose means I must die ?

Host. That is denied me :
But my prediction is too sure. Prepare
To make your peace with Heaven ; so farewell, sir !

[Exit.]

Cle. I see no enemy near ; and yet I tremble,
Like a pale coward ! My sad doom pronounc'd
By this ærial voice, as in a glass
Shows me my death in its most dreadful shape.
What rampire can my human frailty raise
Against the assault of Fate ? I do begin
To fear myself ? my inward strength forsakes me ;
I must call out for help.—Within there ! haste,
And break in to my rescue !

*Enter DORILAUS, CALISTA, OLINDA, BERONTE, ALCIDON,
Servants, and CLARINDA, at several doors.*

Dor. Rescue ! where ?
Show me your danger

Cal. I will interpose
My loyal breast between you and all hazard.

Ber. Your brother's sword secures you.

Alc. A true friend
Will die in your defence.

Cle. I thank ye !
To all my thanks ! Encompass'd thus with friends,
How can I fear ? and yet I do ! I'm wounded,
Mortally wounded. Nay, it is within ;
I am hurt in my mind. One word——

Dor. A thousand.

Cle. I shall not live to speak so many to you.

Dor. Why ? what forbids you ?

Cle. But even now the spirit
Of my dead host appear'd, and told me, that
This night I should be with him. Did you not meet it ?
It went out at that door.

Dor. A vain chimera
Of your imagination ! Can you think
Mine Host would not as well have spoke to me now,
As he did in the inn ? These waking dreams
Not alone trouble you, but strike a strange
Distraction in your family. See the tears
Of my poor daughter, fair Olinda's sadness,
Your brother's and your friend's grief, servants' sorrow.
Good son, bear up ; you have many years to live
A comfort to us all. Let's in to supper.
Ghosts never walk till after midnight, if
I may believe my grannam. We will wash
These thoughts away with wine, 'spite of hobgoblins.

Cle. You reprehend me justly.—Gentle madam,
And all the rest forgive me ; I'll endeavour
To be merry with you.

Dor. That's well said.

FROM THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

MARINE'S PREFERMENTS.

Enter LONGUEVILLE to MOUNT-MARINE and another Gentleman.

Long. Where's monsieur Mount-Marine ?

Gent. Why, there he stands ; will ye aught with him ?

Long. Yes.—Good day, monsieur Marine !

Mar. Good day to you !

Long. His majesty doth commend himself
Most kindly to you, sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this favour. Kneel down ; rise a knight !

Mar. I thank his majesty !

Long. And he doth further
Request you not to leave the court so soon ;
For though your former merits have been slighted,
After this time there shall no office fall
Worthy your spirit (as he doth confess
There's none so great) but you shall surely have it

Gent. Do you hear ? If you yield yet, you are an ass.

Mar. I'll show my service to his majesty
In greater things than these : but for this small one
I must entreat his highness to excuse me.

Long. I'll bear your knightly words unto the king,
And bring his princely answer back again. [*Exit.*

Gent. Well said ! Be resolute awhile ; I know
There is a tide of honours coming on,
I warrant you !

Enter BEAUFORT.

Beau. Where is this new-made knight ?

Mar. Here, sir.

Beau. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you lord ! the king will have it so :
Who doth entreat your lordship to remember
His message sent to you by Longuèville.

Gent. (aside to Mar.). If you be dirty and dare not
mount aloft,

You may yield now ; I know what I would do.

Mar. Peace ! I will fit him.—Tell his Majesty
I am a subject, and I do confess
I serve a gracious prince, that thus hath heap'd
Honours on me without desert ; but yet
As for the message, business urgeth me ;
I must begone, and he must pardon me,
Were he ten thousand kings and emperors.

Beau. I'll tell him so.

Gent. (aside). Why, this was like yourself !

Beau. (aside). As he hath wrought him, 'tis the
finest fellow

That e'er was Christmas-lord ! he carries it
So truly to the life, as though he were
One of the plot to gull himself.

Gent. Why, so !

You sent the wisest and the shrewdest answer
Unto the king, I swear, my honour'd friend,
That ever any subject sent his liege.

Mar. Nay, now I know I have him on the hip,
I'll follow it.

Re-enter LONGUEVILLE.

Long. My honourable lord !
Give me your noble hand, right courteous peer,
And from henceforth be a courtly earl ;
The king so wills, and subjects must obey ;
Only he doth desire you to consider
Of his request.

Gent. Why, faith, you are well, my lord ;
Yield to him.

Mar. Yield ? Why, 'twas my plot——

Gent. (aside). Nay,
'Twas your wife's plot.

Mar. To get preferment by it ;
And thinks he now to pop me in the mouth
But with an earldom ? I'll be one step higher.

Gent. (aside). It is the finest lord ! I am afraid anon
He will stand upon't to share the kingdom with him.

Enter BEAUFORT.

Beau. Where's this courtly earl ?
His majesty commends his love unto you,
And will you but now grant to his request,
He bids you be a duke, and chuse of whence.

Gent. Why, if you yield not now, you are undone ;
What can you wish to have more, but the kingdom ?

Mar. So please his majesty, I would be duke
Of Burgundy, because I like the place.

Beau. I know the king is pleas'd.

Mar. Then will I stay,
And kiss his highness' hand.

Beau. His majesty
Will be a glad man when he hears it.

Long. But how shall we keep this from the world's ear,
[*Aside to the Gentleman.*
That some one tell him not he is no duke?

Gent. We'll think of that anon.—Why, gentlemen,
Is this a gracious habit for a duke?
Each gentle body set a finger to,
To pluck the clouds (of these his riding weeds)
From off the orient sun, off his best clothes;
I'll pluck one boot and spur off.

Long. I another.

Beau. I'll pluck his jerkin off.

Gent. Sit down my lord.—

Both his spurs off at once, good Longueville!
And, Beaufort, take that scarf off, and that hat.
Now set your gracious foot to this of mine;
One pluck will do it; so! Off with the other!

Long. Lo, thus your servant Longueville doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off.—
Off with his jerkin, Beaufort!

Gent. (*apart*). Didst thou never see
A nimble-footed tailor stand so in his stockings,
Whilst some friend help'd to pluck his jerkin off,
To dance a jig?

Enter JAQUES.

Long. Here's his man Jaques come,
Booted and ready still.

Jaques. My mistress stays.—

Why, how now, sir? What do your worship mean,
To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off?

Mar. My slippers, Jaques!

Long. Oh, thou mighty Duke! pardon this man,
That hath thus trespassed in ignorance.

Mar. I pardon him.

Long. His grace's slippers, Jaques!

Jaques. Why, what's the matter ?

Long. Footman, he's a duke :

The king hath rais'd him above all his land.

Jaques. I'll to his cousin presently, and tell him so ;
Oh, what a dunghill country rogue was I ! *[Exit.*

MARINE'S DEGRADATION.

Enter to MARINE and others, LONGUEVILLE.

Long. Stand, thou proud man !

Mar. Thieves, Jaques ! raise the people.

Long. No ; raise no people : 'tis the king's command
Which bids thee once more stand, thou haughty man !

Thou art a monster ; for thou art ungrateful,
And, like a fellow with a rebel nature,
Hast flung from his embraces, and, for
His honours given thee, hast not return'd
So much as thanks, and, to oppose his will,
Resolv'd to leave the court, and set the realm
A-fire, in discontent and open action.

Therefore he bids thee stand, thou proud man,
Whilst, with the whisking of my sword about,
I take thy honours off. This first sad whisk
Takes off thy dukedom ; thou art but an earl.

Mar. You are mistaken, Longueville.

Long. Oh, 'would I were ! This second whisk divides
Thy earldom from thee ; thou art yet a baron.

Mar. No more whisks if you love me, Longueville !

Long. Two whisks are past, and two are yet behind,
Yet all must come. But not to linger time,
With these two whisks I end. Now Mount-Marine,
For thou art now no more, so says the king ;
And I have done his highness' will with grief.

Gent. Why do you stand so dead, monsieur Marine ?

Mar. So Cæsar fell, when in the capitol
They gave his body two-and-thirty wounds.
Be warnèd, all ye peers ; and, by my fall,
Hereafter learn to let your wives rule all !

Gent. Monsieur Marine, pray let me speak with you.
Sir, I must wave you to conceal this party ;
It stands upon my utter overthrow.
Seem not discontented, nor do not stir a foot,
For, if you do, you and your hope—
I swear you are a lost man, if you stir !
And have an eye to Beaufort, he will tempt you.

Beau. Come, come ; for shame go down ;
Were I Marine, by Heaven I would go down ;
And being there, I would rattle him such an answer
Should make him smoke.

Mar. Good monsieur Beaufort, peace !
Leave these rebellious words ;
Or, by the honours which I once enjoy'd,
And yet may swear by, I will tell the king
Of your proceedings ! I am satisfied.

Lady. You talk'd of going down
When 'twas not fit ; but now let's see your spirit !
A thousand and a thousand will expect it.

Mar. Why, wife, are you mad ?

Lady. No, nor drunk ; but I'd have you know your
own strength.

Mar. You talk like a foolish woman, wife ;
I tell you I will stay ! Yet I have
A crotchet troubles me.

Long. More crotchets yet ?

Mar. Follow me, Jaques ! I must have thy counsel.—
I will return again ; stay you there, wife !

[*Exit, with JAQUES.*]

Lady. He will not stir a foot, I'll lay my life.

Beau. Ay, but he's discontented ; how shall we
Resolve that, and make him stay with comfort ?

Lady. 'Faith, Beaufort, we must even let Nature
work ;

For he's the sweetest-temper'd man for that
As one can wish ; for let men but go about to fool him,
And he'll have his finger as deep in't as the best.
But see where he comes frowning :
Bless us all !

Re-enter MARINE.

Mar. Off with your hats ! for here doth come
The high and mighty duke of Burgundy.
Whatever you may think, I have thought, and thought,
And thought upon it ; and I find it plain,
The king cannot take back what he has given,
Unless I forfeit it by course of law.
Not all the water in the river Seine
Can wash the blood out of these princely veins.
I am a prince as great within my thoughts
As when the whole state did adore my person.
What trial can be made to try a prince ?
I will oppose this noble corpse of mine
To any danger that may end the doubt.

Madame Marine. Great duke and husband, there is
but one way
To testify the world of our true right,
And it is dangerous.

Mar. What may it be ?
Were it to bring the great Turk bound in chains
Through France in triumph, or to couple up
The Sophy and great Prester John together,
I would attempt it. Duchess, tell the course.

Madam Mar. There is a strong opinion through the
world,

And, no doubt, grounded on experience,
That lions will not touch a lawful prince :
If you be confident then of your right,
Amongst the lions bear your naked body :
And if you come off clear, and never wince,
The world will say you are a perfect prince.

Mar. I thank you, Duchess, for your kind advice,
But know, we don't affect those ravenous beasts.

Long. A lion is a beast to try a king ;
But for the trial of such a state as this,
Pliny reports, a mastiff-dog will serve.

Mar. We will not deal with dogs at all, but men.

1st Gent. You shall not need to deal with these at all.
Hark you, sir ; the king doth know you are a duke.

Mar. No ! does he ?

1st Gent. Yes ; and is content you shall be ; but with
this caution,
That none know it but yourself ; for, if you do,
He'll take't away by act of parliament.

Mar. Here is my hand ; and whilst I live or breathe,
No living wight shall know I am a duke.

Gent. Mark me directly, sir ; your wife may know it.

Mar. May not Jaques ?

Gent. Yes, he may.

Mar. May not my country, cousin ?

Gent. By no means, sir, if you love your life and state.

Mar. Well then, know all, I am no duke.

Gent. (*aside to Jaques*). Jaques ?

Jaques. Sir ?

Mar. I am a duke,

Both. Are you ?

Mar. Yes, 'faith, yes, 'faith ;
But it must only run among ourselves.
And, Jaques, thou shalt be my secretary still.

FROM LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

FINE FEATHERS.

SCENE—*An Inn at Ossuna.*

Enter INCUBO and DIEGO.

Incubo. Signor Don Diego, and mine host, save thee !

Diego. I thank you, master Bailly.

Inc. Oh, the block !

Diego. Why, how should I have answer'd ?

Inc. Not with that

Negligent rudeness ; but, " I kiss your hands,

Signor Don Incubo de Hambre : " and then

My titles ; " Master Bailly of Castel-Blanco."

Thou ne'er wilt have the elegancy of an host ;

I sorrow for thee, as my friend and gossip !—

No smoke, nor steam out-breathing from the kitchen ?

There's little life i' th' hearth then.

Diego. Ay ; there, there !

That is his friendship, harkening for the spit,

And sorry that he cannot smell the pot boil.

Inc. Strange an inn should be so curs'd, and not the
sign

Blasted nor wither'd ; very strange ! three days now,

And not an egg eat in it, or an onion.

Diego, I think they ha' strew'd the highways with
caltraps, I ;

No horse dares pass 'em ; I did never know

A week of so sad doings, since I first

Stood to my sign-post.

Inc. Gossip, I have found

The root of all. Kneel, pray ; it is thyself

Art cause thereof ; each person is the founder
Of his own fortune, good or bad. But mend it ;
Call for thy cloak and rapier.

Diego. How !

Inc. Do, call,

And put 'em on in haste. Alter thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her. Dost thou think
Her good face e'er will know a man in *cuervo* ?
In single body, thus ? in hose and doublet,
The horse-boy's garb ? base blank, and half-blank *cuervo* ?
Did I, or master dean of Sevil, our neighbour,
E'er reach our dignities in *cuervo* ? No ;
There went more to't : there were cloaks, gowns, cas-
socks,
And other *paramentos* Call, I say.—
His cloak and rapier here !

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. What means your worship ?

Inc. Bring forth thy husband's sword.—So ! hang it
on.

And now his cloak ; here, cast it up.—I mean,
Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you guests.

Hostess. Why, is there charm in this ?

Inc. Expect. Now walk ;

But not the pace of one that runs on errands !
For want of gravity in an host is odious.
You may remember, gossip, if you please
(Your wife being then th' *infanta* of the gipsies,
And yourself governing a great man's mules then),
Me a poor 'squire at Madrid, attending
A master of ceremonies (but a man, believe it,
That knew his place to the gold-weight) ; and such,
Have I heard him oft say, ought every host

Within the catholic king's dominions
Be, in his own house.

Diego. How?

Inc. A master of ceremonies ;
At least, vice-master, and to do nought in *cuervo* ;
That was his maxim. I will tell thee of him.
He would not speak with an ambassador's cook,
See a cold bake-meat from a foreign part,
In *cuervo*. Had a dog but stay'd without,
Or beast of quality, as an English cow,
But to present itself, he would put on
His Savoy chain about his neck, the ruff
And cuffs of Holland, then the Naples hat,
With the Rome hatband, and the Florentine agate,
The Milan sword, the cloak of Genoa, set
With Flemish buttons ; all his given pieces,
To entertain 'em in ; and compliment
With a tame cony, as with the prince that sent it.

[*Knock within.*]

Diego. List ! who is there ?

Inc. A guest, an't be thy will !

Diego. Look, spouse ; cry " Luck," an' we be en-
counter'd. Ha !

Hostess. Luck then, and good ; for 'tis a fine brave
guest,
With a brave horse.

Inc. Why now, believe of *cuervo*,
As you shall see occasion. Go, and meet him.

Enter THEODOSIA in men's clothes.

Theod. Look to my horse, I pray you, well.

Diego. He shall, sir.

Inc. Oh, how beneath his rank and call was that now !

"Your horse shall be entreated as becomes
A horse of fashion, and his inches."

Theod. Oh ! (*Faints.*)

Inc. Look to the cavalier ! What ails he ? Stay !
If it concerns his horse, let it not trouble him ;
He shall have all respect the place can yield him,
Either of barley or fresh straw.

Diego. Good sir,
Look up.

Inc. He sinks ! Somewhat to cast upon him ;
He'll go away in *cuervo* else.

Diego. What, wife !
Oh, your hot waters quickly, and some cold
To cast in his sweet face.

Hostess. Alas, fair flower !

Inc. Does anybody entertain his horse ?

Diego. Yes ; Lazaro has him.

Enter Hostess with a glass of water.

Inc. Go, you see him in person. [Exit DIEGO.

Hostess. Sir, taste a little of this.

Sweet lily, look upon me ;
You are but newly blown, my pretty tulip ;
Faint not upon your stalk. 'Tis firm and fresh.
Stand up. So ! bolt upright. You are yet in growing.

Theod. Pray you let me have a chamber.

Hostess. That you shall, sir.

Theod. And where I may be private, I entreat you.

Hostess. For that, in troth, sir, we have no choice.

Our house

Is but a vent of need, that now and then
Receives a guest between the greater towns,
As they come late ; only one room——

Inc. She means, sir, 'tis none

Of those wild scatter'd heaps call'd inns, where scarce
The host's heard, though he wind his horn to his people;
Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,
Wife, servants, all, do live within the whistle.

Hostess. Only one room——

Inc. A pretty modest quadrangle !
She will describe to you.

Hostess. (Wherin stand two beds, sir)
We have : and where, if any guest do come,
He must of force be lodg'd ; that is the truth, sir.

THE LANDLORD'S CONSCIENCE.

Diego. Lazaro !

Enter LAZARO.

How do the horses ?

Laz. 'Would you would go and see, sir !
A plague of all jades, what a clap he has given me !
As sure as you live, master, he knew perfectly
I cozen'd him on's oats ; he look'd upon me,
And then he sneer'd, as who should say, " Take heed,
sirrah ! "

And when he saw our half-peck, which you know
Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he stampt !
I thought't had been for joy ; when suddenly
He cuts me a back caper with his heels,
And takes me just o' th' crupper ; down came I,
And all my ounce of oats.

Diego. 'Faith, Lazaro,
We are to blame, to use the poor dumb servitors
So cruelly.

Laz. Yonder's this other gentleman's horse,
Keeping our Lady-eve ; the devil a bit

He has got since he came in yet ; there he stands,
And looks, and looks—But 'tis your pleasure, sir,
He shall look lean enough. He has hay before him,
But 'tis as big as hemp, and will as soon choak him,
Unless he eat it butter'd. He had four shoes,
And good ones, when he came ; 'tis a strange wonder
With standing still he should cast three.

Diego. Oh, Lazaro,
The devil's in this trade ! Truth never knew it ;
And to the devil we shall travel, Lazaro,
Unless we mend our manners. Once every week
I meet with such a knock to mollify me,
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.

Laz. Certain, master,
We must use better dealing.

Diego. 'Faith, for mine own part
(Not to give ill example to our issues)
I could be well content to steal but two girths,
And now and then a saddle-cloth ; change a bridle,
Only for exercise.

Laz. If we could stay there,
There were some hope on's, master ; but the devil is
We are drunk so early we mistake whole saddles,
Sometimes a horse ; and then it seems to us too
Every poor jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his ears in clean straw ; and every bottle
Shows at the least a dozen ; when the truth is, sir,
There's no such matter, not a smell of provender,
Not so much straw as would tie up a horse-tail,
Nor anything i' th' rack but two old cobwebs,
And so much rotten hay as had been a hen's nest.

Diego. Well, these mistakings must be mended, Lazaro,
These apparitions, that abuse our senses,
And make us ever apt to sweep the manger,

But put in nothing ; these fancies must be forgot,
And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whose horse we ought, in conscience, to cozen,
And how, and when. A parson's horse may suffer
A little greasing in his teeth ; 'tis wholesome,
And keeps him in a sober shuffle ; and his saddle
May want a stirrup, and it may be sworn
His learning lay on one side, and so broke it :
He has ever oats in's cloak-bag to prevent us,
And therefore 'tis a meritorious office
To tithe him soundly.

Laz. And a grazier may
(For those are pinching puckfoists, and suspicious)
Suffer a mist before his eyes sometimes too,
And think he sees a horse eat half a bushel ;
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt,
Till all the skin comes off, he shall but mumble
Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,
And drop 'em out again.

Diego. That may do well too,
And no doubt 'tis but venial. But, good Lazaro,
Have you a care of understanding horses,
Horses with angry heels, gentlemen's horses,
Horses that know the world ! Let them have meat
Till their teeth ache, and rubbing till their ribs
Shine like a wench's forehead ; they are devils——

Laz. And look into our dealings. As sure as we live,
These courtiers' horses are a kind of Welch prophets ;
Nothing can be hid from 'em ! For mine own part,
The next I cozen of that kind shall be founder'd,
And of all four too. I'll no more such compliments
Upon my crupper.

Diego. Steal but a little longer,
Till I am lam'd too, and we'll repent together ;
It will not be above two days.

Laz. By that time
I shall be well again, and all forgot, sir.
Diego. Why then, I'll stay for thee.

SECOND-LOVE WON.

SCENE.—*A Harbour.**Enter PHILIPPO and LEOCADIA.*

Phil. Will you not hear me ?

Leoc. I have heard so much
Will keep me deaf for ever ! No, Marc-Antonioi,
After thy sentence, I may hear no more :
Thou hast pronounced me dead !

Phil. Appeal to Reason :
She will relieve you from the power of grief,
Which rules but in her absence. Hear me say
A sovereign message from her, which in duty,
And love to your own safety, you ought hear.
Why do you strive so ? whither would you fly ?
You cannot wrest yourself away from care,
You may from counsel ; you may shift your place,
But not your person ; and another clime
Makes you no other.

Leoc. Oh !

Phil. For passion's sake
(Which I do serve, honour, and love in you),
If you will sigh, sigh here ; if you would vary
A sigh to tears, or outcry, do it here !
No shade, no desert, darkness, nor the grave,
Shall be more equal to your thoughts than I.
Only but hear me speak !

Leoc. What would you say ?

Phil. That which shall raise your heart, or pull down
Quiet your passion, or provoke mine own ; [mine,
We must have both one balsam, or one wound.
For know, lov'd fair, since the first providence
Made me your rescue, I have read you through,
And with a wond'ring pity look'd on you ;
I have observ'd the method of your blood,
And waited on it even with sympathy
Of a like red and paleness in mine own ;
I knew which blush was Anger's, which was Love's,
Which was the eye of Sorrow, which of Truth ;
And could distinguish honour from disdain
In every change ; and you are worth my study.
I saw your voluntary misery
Sustain'd in travel : a disguis'd maid,
Wearied with seeking, and with finding lost ;
Neglected, where you hop'd most, or put by ;—
I saw it, and have laid it to my heart :
And though it were my sister which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,
Could not be glad, where I was bound to triumph,
My care for you so drown'd respect of her.
Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,
But studied your release ; and for that day
Have I made up a ransom, brought you health,
Preservative 'gainst chance, or injury,
Please you apply it to the grief ; myself.

Leoc. Humph !

Phil. Nay, do not think me less than such a cure ;
Antonio was not ; and, 'tis possible,
Philippo may succeed. My blood and house
Are as deep-rooted, and as fairly spread,
As Marc-Antonio's ; and in that all seek,
Fortune hath given him no precedency.
As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn

Incense as much as he ; I ever durst
Walk with Antonio by the self-same light
At any feast, or triumph, and ne'er cared
Which side my lady or her woman took
In their survey : I durst have told my tale too,
Though his discourse new ended.

Leoc. My repulse——

Phil. Let not that torture you, which makes me
happy :

Nor think that conscience, fair, which is no shame !
'Twas no repulse ; it was your dowry rather ;
For then, methought, a thousand graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thousand stories
Of constant virtue, which you then outreach'd,
In one example did proclaim you rich :
Nor do I think you wretched, or disgrac'd,
After this suffering, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need ; but rather know
You are the charge and business of those powers,
Who, like best tutors, do inflict hard tasks
Upon great natures, and of noblest hopes.
Read trivial lessons, and half lines to slugs ;
They that live long, and never feel mischance,
Spend more than half their age in ignorance.

Leoc. 'Tis well you think so.

Phil. You shall think so too ;
You shall, sweet Leocadia, and do so.

Leoc. Good sir, no more ! you have too fair a shape
To play so foul a part in as the tempter.
Say that I could make peace with Fortune, who,
Who should absolve me of my vow yet ? ha ?

Phil. Your contract ?

Leoc. Yes, my contract.

Am I not his ? his wife ?

Phil. Sweet, nothing less.

Leoc. I have no name then ?

Phil. Truly then, you have not :

How can you be his wife, who was before
Another's husband ?

Leoc. Oh, though he dispense
With his faith given, I cannot with mine.

Phil. You do mistake, clear soul ; his procontract
Doth annul yours, and you have given no faith
That ties you in religion, or humanity ;
You rather sin against that greater precept,
To covet what's another's ; sweet, you do :
Believe me, you dare not urge dishonest things
Remove that scruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now into your judgment's scale,
And weigh them with your safeties. Think but whither
Now you can go ; what you can do to live ;
How near you ha' barred all ports to your own succour,
Except this one that I here open, love.
Should you be left alone, you were a prey
To the wild lust of any, who would look
Upon this shape like a temptation,
And think you want the man you personate ;
Would not regard this shift, which love put on
As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice ;
So should you live the slander of each sex,
And be the child of error and of shame ;
And, which is worse, even Marc-Antony
Would be call'd just, to turn a wanderer off,
And fame report you worthy his contempt ;
Where, if you make new choice, and settle here,
There is no further tumult in this flood ;
Each current keeps his course, and all suspicions
Shall return honours. Came you forth a maid ?
Go home a wife. Alone ? and in disguise !
Go home a waited Leocadia.

Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,
 Transform all mischiefs, as you are transform'd ;
 Turn your offended father's wrath to wonder,
 And all his loud grief to a silent welcome ;
 Untold the riddles you have made. What say you ?
 Now is the time ; delay is but despair ;
 If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so ! [*Kisses her.*
Leoc. I am ; but how, I rather feel than know.

FROM THE NIGHT-WALKER ; OR, THE
 LITTLE THIEF.

THE LIVE GHOST.

SCENE—*A Churchyard.*

Enter HEARTLOVE.

Heartl. The night, and all the evils the night covers,
 The goblins, hags, and the black spawn of darkness,
 Cannot fright me. No, Death, I dare thy cruelty !
 For I am weary both of life and light too.
 Keep my wits, Heaven ! They say spirits appear
 To melancholy minds, and the graves open :
 I would fain see the fair Maria's shadow ;
 But speak unto her spirit, ere I died ;
 But ask upon my knees a mercy from her.
 I was a villain ; but her wretched kinsman,
 That set his plot, shall with his heart-blood satisfy
 Her injur'd life and honour.—What light's this ?

Enter WILDBRAIN, with a lanthorn.

Wildb. It is but melancholy walking thus ;
The tavern-doors are barricadoed too,
Where I might drink till morn, in expectation ;
I cannot meet the watch neither ; nothing in
The likeness of a constable, whom I might,
In my distress, abuse, and so be carried,
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.

Heartl. 'Tis his voice. Fate, I thank thee !

Wildb. Ha ! who's that ? An' thou be'st a man,
speak

Frank Heartlove ? then I bear my destinies !
Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for :
My aunt has turn'd me out of doors ; she has,
At this unchristian hour ; and I do walk
Methinks like Guido Faux, with my dark lanthorn,
Stealing to set the town a-fire. I' th' country
I should be taken for William o' the Wisp,
Or Robin Good-fellow. And how dost, Frank ?

Heartl. The worse for you !

Wildb. Come, thou'rt a fool. Art going to thy
lodging ?

I'll lie with thee to-night, and tell thee stories,
How many devils we ha' met withal ;
Our house is haunted, Frank ; whole legions——
I saw fifty for my share.

Heartl. Didst not fright 'em ?

Wildb. How ! fright 'em ? No, they affrighted me
sufficiently.

Heartl. Thou hadst wickedness enough to make them
stare,

And be afraid o' thee, malicious devil ! [Draws.
And draw thy sword ; for, by Maria's soul,
I will not let thee 'scape, to do more mischief.

Wildd. Thou art mad ! what dost mean ?

Heartl. To kill thee ; nothing else will ease my anger :
The injury is fresh I bleed withal ;
Nor can that word express it ; there's no peace in't ;
Nor must it be forgiven but in death,
Therefore call up thy valour, if thou hast any,
And summon up thy spirits to defend thee !
Thy heart must suffer for thy damnèd practices
Against thy noble cousin, and my innocence.

Wildd. Hold ! hear a word ! did I do anything
But for your good ? That you might have her ?
That in that desperate time I might redeem her,
Although with show of loss ?

Heartl. Out, ugly villain !
Fling on her the most hated name [could blast her]
To the world's eye, and face it out in courtesy ?
Bring him to see't, and make me drunk to attempt it ?

Enter MARIA, in her shroud.

Maria. I hear some voices this way.

Heartl. No more ! if you can pray,
Do it as you fight.

Maria. What new frights oppose me ?
I have heard that tongue.

Wildd. 'Tis my fortune ;
You could not take me in a better time, sir :
I have nothing to lose, but the love I lent thee.
My life my sword protect ! [Draws. *They fight.*

Maria. I know 'em both ; but, to prevent their ruins,
Must not discover—Stay, men most desperate !
The mischief you are forward to commit
Will keep me from my grave, and tie my spirit
To endless troubles else.

Wildd. Ha ! 'tis her ghost !

Heartl. Maria !

Maria. Hear me, both ! each wound you make
Runs through my soul, and is a new death to me ;
Each threatening danger will affright my rest.
Look on me, Heartlove ; and, my kinsman, view me ;
Was I not late, in my unhappy marriage,
Sufficient miserable, full of all misfortunes,
But you must add, with your most impious angers,
Unto my sleeping dust this insolence ?
Would you teach Time to speak eternally
Of my disgraces ? make records to keep them,
Keep them in brass ? Fight, then, and kill my honour
Fight deadly, both ; and let your bloody swords
Through my reviv'd and reeking infamy,
That never shall be purg'd, find your own ruins.
Heartlove, I lov'd thee once, and hop'd again
In a more blessèd love to meet thy spirit :
If thou kill'st him, thou art a murderer ;
And murder never shall inherit Heaven.
My time is come ; my conceal'd grave expects me :
Farewell, and follow not ; your feet are bloody,
And will pollute my peace.

[*Exit.*

Heartl. Stay, blessèd soul.

Wildb. Would she had
Come sooner, and sav'd some blood !

Heartl. Dost bleed !

Wildb. Yes, certainly ; I can both see and feel it.

Heartl. Now I well hope it is not dangerous.
Give me thy hand. As far as honour guides me,
I'll know thee again.

Wildb. I thank thee heartily.

FROM THE BLOODY BROTHER.

REVELLERS' FANCIES.

SCENE—*A Servants' Hall.*

Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar with a jack of beer and a dish.

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day, boys !
Give me some drink ; this fire's a plaguy fretter !

[Drinks out of the dish.]

Body of me, I am dry still ! give me the jack, boy ;
This wooden skiff holds nothing.

[Drinks out of the jack.]

Pant. And, 'faith, master,
What brave new meats ? for here will be old eating.

Cook. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it ;
Let 'em have ten tire of teeth a-piece, I care not.

But. But what new rare munition ?

Cook. Pho ! a thousand :

I'll make you pigs speak French at table, and a fat swan
Come sailing out of England with a challenge ;

I'll make you a dish of calves' feet dance to the canaries,
And a consort of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'em :

A calf's head speak an oracle, and a dozen of larks
Rise from the dish, and sing all supper time.

'Tis nothing, boys. I have framed a fortification
Out of rye-paste, which is impregnable ;

And against that, for two long hours together,
Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually.

For fish, I'll make you a standing lake of white-broth,
And pikes come plowing up the plums before them ;

Arion, on a dolphin, playing Lachrymæ ;
And brave king Herring, with his oil and onion
Crown'd with a lemon peel, his way prepar'd
With his strong guard of pilchers.

Pant. Ay marry, master !

Cook. All these are nothing : I'll make you a stubble
goose
Turn o' th' toe thrice, do a cross-point presently,
And then sit down again, and cry, " Come eat me ! "
These are for mirth. Now, sir, for matter of mourning,
I'll bring you in the lady Loin-of-veal,
With the long love she bore the Prince of Orange.

All. Thou boy, thou !

Cook. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

Yeo. What's that, good master ?

Cook. 'Tis a sacrifice :
A full vine bending, like an arch, and under
The blown god Bacchus, sitting on a hogshead,
His altar here ; before that, a plump vintner
Kneeling, and offering incense to his deity,
Which shall be only this, red sprats and pilchers.

But. This when the table's drawn to draw the wine
on.

Cook. Thou hast it right ; and then comes thy song,
butler.

Pant. This will be admirable !

Yeo. Oh, sir, most admirable !

Cook. If you will have the pasty speak, 'tis in my
power ;
I have fire enough to work it. Come, stand close,
And now rehearse the song ; the drinking song.

[*They sing.*

SONG.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow.
Best, while you have it, use your breath :
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it ;
It helps the headache, cough, and phthisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health ;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth ;
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf, still in October.

ROLLO MURDERS HIS BROTHER.

SCENE—*The Mother's Private Room in the Palace, where she, and her son Otto, her daughter Matilda and Edith, daughter of Rollo's tutor Baldwin, have been conversing. Enter to them ROLLO, armed, and his favourite minister, LATORCH.*

Rollo. Perish all the world
Ere I but lose one foot of possible empire,
By sleights and colour used by slaves and wretches !
I am exempt by birth from both those curbs,
And sit above them in all justice, since
I sit above in power. Where power is given,
Is all the right suppos'd of earth and heaven.
Lat. Prove both, sir ; see the traitor !
Otto. He comes arm'd ;
See, mother, now your confidence !
Soph. What rage effects this monster ?
Rollo. Give me way, or perish !

Soph. Make thy way, viper, if thou thus affect it !

Otto (*embracing his mother*). This is a treason like thee !

Rollo. Let her go !

Soph. Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my son ;
And through my breast let his rude weapon run
To thy life's innocence !

Otto. Play not two parts,
Teacher and coward both, but yield a sword,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Against my naked bosom !

Rollo. Loose his hold !

Matilda. Forbear, base murderer.

Rollo. Forsake our mother.

Soph. *Mother* dost thou name me,
And put off nature thus ?

Rollo. Forsake her, traitor ;
Or, by the spoil of nature, thorough hers,
This leads unto thy heart !

Otto. Hold !

[*Quits his mother.*]

Soph. Hold me still.

Otto (*to his mother*). For twenty hearts and lives, I
will not hazard.

One drop of blood in yours.

Soph. Oh, thou art lost then !

Otto. Protect my innocence, Heaven !

Soph. Call out murder !

Mat. Be murder'd all, but save him !

Edith. Murder ! murder !

Rollo. Cannot I reach you yet ?

Otto. No, fiend.

[*Thy wrestle.* *ROLLO falls.*]

Rollo. Latorch.

Rescue ! I'm down.

Lat. Up then ; your sword cools, sir :
Ply it i' th' flame, and work your ends out.

Rollo. Ha !
Have at you there, sir !

Enter AUBREY.

Aub. Author of prodigies !
What sights are these ?

Otto. Oh, give me a weapon, Aubrey ! [*He is stabbed.*

Soph. Oh, part 'em, part 'em !

Aub. For Heaven's sake, no more !

Otto. No more resist his fury ; no rage can
Add to his mischief done. [*Dies.*

Soph. Take spirit, my Otto ;
Heaven will not see thee die thus.

Mat. He is dead,
And nothing lives but death of every goodness.

Soph. Oh, he hath slain his brother ; curse him,
Heaven !

Rollo. Curse and be curs'd ! it is the fruit of cursing.—
Latorch, take off here ; bring too of that blood
To colour o'er my shirt ; then raise the court,
And give it out how he attempted us,
In our bed naked. Shall the name of brother
Forbid us to enlarge our state and powers ?
Or place affects of blood above our reason,
That tells us, all things good against another,
Are good in the same line against a brother ?

Rollo, among his other slaughters, having ordered the death of his tutor Baldwin, is implored by the latter's daughter to spare it, and cursed by her for being implored in vain. During her execrations he falls in love with her.

Rollo. Go, take this dotard here, and take his head
Off with a sword.

Hamond. Your schoolmaster ?

Rollo. Even he.

[BALDWIN is seized.]

Bald. For teaching thee no better ; 'tis the best
Of all thy damnèd justice !—Away,
Captain ; I'll follow.

Edith. Oh, stay there, Duke ; [*Coming forward and kneeling.*]

And in the midst of all thy blood and fury
Hear a poor maid's petitions, hear a daughter,
The only daughter of a wretched father !
Oh, stay your haste, as you shall need this mercy !

Rollo. Away with this fond woman !

Edith. You must hear me,
If there be any spark of pity in you,
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you !
I do confess you are a prince, your anger
As great as you, your execution greater——

Rollo. Away with him !

Edith. Oh, captain, by thy manhood,
By her soft soul that bare thee—I do confess, sir,
Your doom of justice on your foes most righteous——
Good noble prince, look on me !

Rollo. Take her from me !

Edith. A curse upon his life that hinders me !
May father's blessing never fall upon him,
May Heaven ne'er hear his prayers ! I beseech you,
Oh, sir, these tears beseech you, these chaste hands woo
you,

That never yet were heav'd but to things holy,
Things like yourself ! You are a god above us ;
Be as a god then, full of saving mercy !
Mercy, oh, mercy, sir, for His sake mercy,
That, when your stout heart weeps, shall give you pity !
Here I must grow.

Rollo. By heaven, I'll strike thee, woman !

Edith. Most willingly ; let all thy anger seize me,
All the most studied torments, so this good man,
This old man, and this innocent, escape thee !

Rollo. Carry him away, I say !

Edith. Now, blessing on thee ! Oh, sweet pity !
I see it in thy eyes.—I charge you, soldiers,
Even by the prince's power, release my father !
The prince is merciful ; why do you hold him ?
The prince forgets his fury ; why do you tug him ?
He is old ; why do you hurt him ? Speak, oh, speak,
sir !

Speak, as you are a man ! a man's life hangs, sir,
A friend's life, and a foster life, upon you.

'Tis but a word, but *mercy* quickly spoke, sir.

Oh, speak, prince, speak ?

Rollo. Will no man here obey me !
Have I no rule yet ? As I live, he dies
That does not excute my will, and suddenly !

Bald. All that thou canst do takes but one short
hour from me.

Rollo. Hew off her hands !

Ham. Lady, hold off !

Edith. No, hew 'em ;
Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you !
They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.—

Exit BALDWIN with the Guard.

Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then ?
Are all my tears lost ? all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath ? I stand up thus,
then ;

Thus boldly, bloody tyrant ;
And to thy face, in Heaven's high name defy thee ;
And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs for it,
When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles,
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold,

Can stay one hour ; when thy most wretched conscience,
Wak'd from her dream of death, like fire shall melt
thee ;

When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,
Thy people's fears and curses, and my loss,
My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee——

Rollo. Save him, I say ; run, save him, save her
father ;

Fly, and redeem his head ! [Exit LATORCH.

Edith. May then that pity,
That comfort thou expect'st from Heaven, that mercy,
Be lock'd up from thee, fly thee ! howlings find thee,
Despair (oh, my sweet father !), storms of terrors,
Blood till thou burst again !

Rollo. Oh, fair sweet anger !

Enter LATORCH and HAMODN, with BALDWIN's head.

Lat. I came too late, sir, 'twas dispatch'd before ;
His head is here.

Rollo. And my heart there ! Go, bury him ;
Give him fair rites of funeral, decent honours.

Edith. Wilt thou not take me, monster ? Highest
Heaven,
Give him a punishment fit for his mischief !

[Falls down.

ROLLO'S DEATH.

SCENE—*A Room in BALDWIN's House, with a banquet
set out.*

Enter EDITH.

Edith (speaking to herself). Now for thy father's
murder and the ruin
All chastity shall suffer if he reign ! [Kneels.

Thou blessed soul, look down, and steel thy daughter !
Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,
And through the bloody clouds behold my piety !
Take from my cold heart fear, from my sex pity,
And as I wipe these tears off, shed for thee,
So all remembrance may I lose of mercy !
Give me a woman's anger bent to blood,
The wildness of the winds to drown his prayers !
Storm-like may my destruction fall upon him,
My rage, like roving billows as they rise,
Pour'd on his soul to sink it ! Give me flattery
(For yet my constant soul ne'er knew dissembling)
Flattery the food of fools, that I may rock him
And lull him in the down of his desires :
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,
His Heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him,
My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize him !—
[Rises.

Enter ROLLO.

Rollo. What bright star, taking Beauty's form upon
her,
In all the happy lustre of Heaven's glory,
Has dropp'd down from the sky to comfort me ?
Wonder of nature ; let it not profane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty ; nor this kiss,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.

Edith. My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that virtue, but obedience ;
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

Rollo. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes
Are Love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with ?
That tongue the smart string to his bow ? those sighs

The deadly shafts he sends into our souls ?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty !

Edith. Your grace is full of game.

Rollo. By heaven, my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.

Edith (aside). And thine on brambles, that have
prick'd her heart out !

Rollo. The sweetness of the Arabian wind, still
blowing

Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee mistress !

Edith. Will't please you sit, sir ?

Rollo. So you please sit by me. [*They sit.*

Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee ;
The excellency that appears upon thee
Ties up my tongue ! Pray speak to me.

Edith. Of what, sir ?

Rollo. Of anything ; anything is excellent.
Will you take my directions ? Speak of love then ;
Speak of thy fair self, Edith ; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up myself, wench.

Edith (aside). He has a strange cunning tongue.—

Why do you sigh, sir ?—

How masterly he turns himself to catch me !

Rollo. The way to Paradise, my gentle maid,
Is hard and crooked, scarce repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the door to enter.
Give me thy hand : what dost thou feel !

Edith. Your tears, sir ;
You weep extremely.—(*Aside.*) Strengthen me now,
justice !—

Why are these sorrows, sir ?

Rollo. Thou wilt never love me
If I should tell thee ; yet there's no way left

Ever to purchase this bless'd Paradise,
But swimming thither in these tears.

Edith. I stagger !

Rollo. Are they not drops of blood ?

Edith. No.

Rollo. They are for blood then,
For guiltless blood ! and they must drop, my Edith,
They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefs.

Edith. (aside). If this be true, I have no strength to
touch him.

Rollo. I pr'ythee look upon me ; turn not from me !
Alas, I do confess I'm made of mischief,
Begot with all men's miseries upon me ;
But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou,
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,
Whose true condition tenderness of nature——

Edith. (aside). My anger melts ; oh, I shall lose my
justice.

Rollo. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,
As I have done ; to murder with thy eyes,
Those blessed eyes, as I have done with malice.
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorn
(As I deserve it, lady) for my true love,
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,
Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer,
Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horror,
Pursue thee not ; no time shall tell thy griefs then,
Nor shall an hour of joy add to thy beauties.
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father ;
As I was smear'd in blood, do thou not hate me ;
But thus, in whiteness of my wash'd repentance,
In my heart's tears and truth of love to Edith,
In my fair life hereafter——

Edith. (aside). He will fool me !

Rollo. Oh, with thine angel-eyes behold and bless me !

Of Heaven we call for mercy, and obtain it ;
To Justice for our right on earth, and have it ;
Of thee I beg for love ; save me, and give it !

Edith. (aside). Now, Heaven, thy help, or I am
gone for ever ;
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity !

Enter HAMOND and Guard.

Ham. Keep the doors safe ; and, upon pain of death,
Let no man enter till I give the word.

Guard. We shall, sir.

Ham. Here he is, in all his pleasure :
I have my wish.

Rollo. How now ? why dost thou stare so ?

Edith. A help, I hope !

Rollo. What dost thou here ? who sent thee ?

Ham. My brother, and the base malicious office
Thou mad'st me do to Aubrey. Pray !

Rollo. Pray ?

Ham. Pray !

Pray, if thou canst pray ! I shall kill my soul else !
Pray suddenly !

Rollo. Thou canst not be so traitorous !

Ham. It is a justice.—Stay, lady !
For I perceive your end : a woman's hand
Must not rob me of vengeance.

Edith. 'Tis my glory !

Ham. 'Tis mine ; stay, and share with me.—By the
Gods, Rollo,
There is no way to save my life !

Rollo. No ?

Ham. No :

It is so monstrous, no repentance cures it !

Rollo. Why then, thou shalt kill her first ; and what
this blood [Seizes EDITH.

Will cast upon thy cursed head——

Ham. Poor guard, sir !

Edith. Spare not, brave captain !

Rollo. Fear, or the devil have thee !

Ham. Such fear, sir, as you gave your honour'd
mother,

When your most virtuous brother shield-like held her,
Such I'll give you. Put her away.

Rollo. I will not ;

I will not die so tamely.

Ham. Murderous villain,

Wilt thou draw seas of blood upon thee ?

Edith. Fear not ;

Kill him, good captain ! any way dispatch him !

My body's honour'd with that sword that through me
Sends his black soul to hell ! Oh, but for one hand !

Ham. Shake him off bravely.

Edith. He is too strong. Strike him !

Ham. (They struggle, ROLLO seizes EDITH's dagger.)

Oh, am I with you, sir ? Now keep you from
him !

What, has he got a knife ?

Edith. Look to him, captain ;

For now he will be mischievous.

Ham. Do you smile, sir ?

Does it so tickle you ? Have at you once more !

Edith. Oh, bravely thrust ! Take heed he come not
in, sir,

To him again ; you give him too much respite.

Rollo. Yet wilt thou save my life ? and I'll forgive
thee,

And give thee all ; all honours, all advancements ;

Call thee my friend !

Edith. Strike, strike, and hear him not !
His tongue will tempt a saint.

Rollo. Oh, for my soul sake !

Edith. Save nothing of him !

Ham. Now for your farewell !

Are you so wary ? take you that ! [Stabs him.

Rollo. Thou that too ! [Stabs him.

Oh, thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely ! [Dies.

Edith. The just reward of murder falls upon thee !

How do you, sir ? has he not hurt you ?

Ham. No ;

I feel not any thing.

Aub. (*within*). I charge you let us pass !

Guard. (*within*). You cannot yet, sir.

Aub. I'll make way then.

Guard. We are sworn to our captain :

And, till he give the word——

Ham. Now let them in there.

Enter SOPHIA, MATILDA, AUBREY, Lords, and
Attendants.

Soph. Oh, there he lies ! Sorrow on sorrow seeks me !
Oh, in his blood he lies !

Aub. Had you spoke sooner,
This might have been prevented. Take the duchess,
And lead her off ; this is no sight for her eyes.

[SOPHIA led out.

Mat. Oh, bravely done, wench !

Edith. There stands the noble doer.

Mat. May honour ever seek thee for thy justice !
Oh, 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,
A justice even for Heaven to envy at !
Farewell, my sorrows, and my tears take truce ;
My wishes are come round ! Oh, bloody brother,

Till this hour never beauteous; till thy life,
Like a full sacrifice for all thy mischiefs,
Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous !
Oh, how my eyes are quarried with their joys now !
My longing heart even leaping out for lightness !
But, die thy black sins with thee ; I forgive thee !

Aub. Who did this deed ?

Ham. I, and I'll answer it ! [Dies.

Edith. He faints ! Oh, that some cursed knife has
kill'd him !

Aub. How ?

Edith. He snatch'd it from my hand for whom I bore
it ;

And as they grappled——

Aub. Justice is ever equal !

Had it not been on him, thou hadst died too honest.
Did you know of his death ?

Edith. Yes, and rejoice in't.

Aub. I am sorry for your youth then, for though the
strictness

Of law shall not fall on you, that of life

Must presently. Go, to a cloister carry her ;

And there for ever lead your life in penitence.

Edith. Best father to my soul, I give you thanks, sir !

And now my fair revenges have their ends,

My vows shall be my kin, my prayers my friends !

FROM THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

BELIZA'S WELCOME TO HER LOVER.

Enter EUPHANES.

Bel. Could I in one word speak a thousand welcomes,
And hearty ones, you have 'em. Fy ! my hand ?
We stand at no such distance. By my life,
The parting kiss you took before your travel
Is yet a virgin on my lips, preserv'd
With as much care as I would do my fame,
To entertain your wish'd return.

Euph. Best lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reason
As ever man did virtue,—that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that reverence
As holy men behold the sun, the stars,
The temples, and their gods,—they all can witness ;
And that you have deserved this duty from me,
The life, and means of life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profess it, since my fortune
Affords no other payment.

Bel. I had thought,
That for the trifling courtesies, as I call them
(Though you give them another name), you had
Made ample satisfaction in the acceptance ;
And therefore did presume you had brought home
Some other language.

Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields words sufficient to express your goodness ;
Nor can I ever choose another theme,
And not be thought unthankful.

Bel. Pray you no more,
As you respect me.

Euph. That charm is too powerful
For me to disobey it. 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my boldness, madam.

Bel. Good Euphanes,
Believe I am not one of those weak ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their birth or fortune, which are things without them :
Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whose greater part of men think, when they give,
They purchase bondmen, not make worthy friends.
By all that's good I swear, I never thought
My great estate was an addition to me,
Or that your wants took from you.

Euph. They are few
So truly understanding, or themselves,
Or what they do possess.

Bel. Good Euphanes, where benefits
Are ill conferr'd, as on unworthy men,
That turn them to bad uses, the bestower,
For wanting judgment how and on whom to place them,
Is partly guilty : but when we do favours
To such as make them grounds on which they build
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes
To the most fair advantage. If I speak
Too much, though I confess I speak well,
Pr'ythee remember 'tis a woman's weakness,
And then thou wilt forgive it.

Euph. You speak nothing
But what would well become the wisest man :
And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing
That I could hear you ever.

Bel. Fly not from
Your word, for I arrest it, and will now
Express myself a little more, and prove
That whereas you profess yourself my debtor,
That I am, yours.

Euph. Your ladyship then must use
Some sophistry I ne'er heard of.

Bel. By plain reasons ;
For, look you, had you never sunk beneath
Your wants, or if those wants had found supply
From Crates, your unkind and covetous brother,
Or any other man, I then had miss'd
A subject upon which I worthily
Might exercise my bounty : whereas now
By having happy opportunity
To furnish you before, and in your travels,
With all conveniences that you thought useful,
That gold which would have rusted in my coffers,
Being thus employ'd, has render'd me a partner
In all your glorious actions. And whereas,
Had you not been, I should have died a thing
Scarce known, or soon forgotten, there's no trophy
In which Euphanes for his worth is mention'd,
But there you have been careful to remember,
That all the good you did came from Beliza.

Euph. That was but thankfulness.

Bel. 'Twas such an honour,
And such a large return for the poor trash
I ventured with you, that, if I should part
With all that I possess, and myself too,
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short
Of your deservings.

Euph. You o'erprize them, madam.

Bel. The queen herself hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalf ; for she hath heard, Euphanes,

How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour
In all the courts of Greece. And rest assur'd
(Though yet unknown), when I present you to her,
Which I will do this evening, you shall find
That she intends good to you.

Euph. Worthiest lady,
Since all you labour for is the advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor servant,
He must not contradict it.

SONG OF CONSOLATION FOR SURVIVORS OF THE DEAD.

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone ;
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh, nor grow again ;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as wing'd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last ?
Grief is but a wound to woe ;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn moe.

APRIL.

An April day,
In which the sun and west-wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

FROM THE MAID IN THE MILL.

ANTONIO *and* MARTINE.

Ant. Peace, heretic ! *thou* judge of beauties ?
Thou hast an excellent sense for a sign-post, friend.
Didst thou not see (I'll swear thou art stone-blind else,
As blind as Ignorance), when she appear'd first,
Aurora breaking in the East ? and through her face
(As if the hours and graces had strew'd roses)
A blush of wonder flying ? when she was frighted
At our uncivil swords, didst thou not mark
How far beyond the purity of snow
The soft wind drives, whiteness of innocence,
Or anything that bears celestial paleness,
She appear'd o' th' sudden ? Didst thou not see her
tears

When she entreated ? Oh, thou reprobate !
Didst thou not see those orient tears flow'd from her,
The little worlds of love ? A set, Martine,
Of such sanctified beads, and a holy heart to love,
I could live ever a religious hermit.

Mart. I do believe a little ; and yet, methinks,
She was of the lowest stature.

Ant. A rich diamond,
Set neat and deep ! Nature's chief art, Martine,
Is to reserve her models curious,
Not cumbersome and great ; and such a one,
For fear she should exceed upon her matter,
Has she framed this. Oh, 'tis a spark of beauty !

FROM THE NICE VALOUR; OR, THE
PASSIONATE MADMAN.

CHAMONT AND THE POLTROON.

CHAMONT *and* LA NOVE.*La Nove.* And how does noble Chamont?*Chamont.* Never ill, man,
Until I hear of baseness. Then I sicken.
I am the healthfullest man i' th' kindgdom else.*Enter LAPET, walking apart.**La Nove.* Be arm'd then for a fit. Here comes a
fellow

Will make you sick at heart, if baseness do't.

Cham. Let me be gone! What is he?*La Nove.* Let me tell you first;

It can be but a qualm. Pray stay it out, sir!

Come, you have borne more than this.

Cham. Borne? never anything
That was injurious.*La Nove.* Ha! I am far from that.*Cham.* He looks as like a man as I have seen one:
What would you speak of him? Speak well, I pr'ythee,
Even for humanity's cause.*La Nove.* You would have it truth, though?*Cham.* What else, sir? I have no reason to wrong
HeavenTo favour Nature; let her bear her own shame,
If she be faulty!*La Nove.* Monstrous faulty there, sir.

Cham. I'm ill at ease already.

La Nove. Pray bear up, sir.

Cham. I pr'ythee let me take him down with speed,
then,
Like a wild object that I would not look upon. [much

La Nove. Then thus; he's one that will endure as
As can be laid upon him.

Cham. That may be noble;
I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.

La Nove. Oh, sir,
Take heed of rash repentance! you're too forward
To find out virtue where it never settled:
Take the particulars, first, of what he endures;
Videlicet, bastinadoes by the great.

Cham. How!

La Nove. Thumps by the dozen, and your kicks by
wholesale.

Cham. No more of him!

La Nove. The twinges by the nostril he snuffs up,
And holds it the best remedy for sneezing.

Cham. Away!

La Nove. He's been thrice switch'd from seven o'clock
till nine;
Yet, with a cart-horse stomach, fell to breakfast,
Forgetful of his smart.

Cham. Nay, the disgrace on't;
There is no smart but that. Base things are felt
More by their shames than hurts.—(*Goes up to LAPET.*)

Sir, I know you not.
But that you live an injury to Nature,
I'm heartily angry with you.

Lapet. Pray give your blow or kick, and begone then;
For I ne'er saw you before; and indeed
Have nothing to say to you, for I know you not.

Cham. Why, wouldst thou take a blow?

Lapet. I would not, sir,
Unless 'twere offer'd me ; and, if from an enemy,
I would be loth to deny it from a stranger.

Cham. What ! a blow ?
Endure a blow ? and shall he live that gives it ?

Lapet. Many a fair year. Why not, sir ?

Cham. Let me wonder !
As full a man to see, too, and as perfect !—
I pr'ythee live not long.

Lapet. How !

Cham. Let me entreat it !
Thou dost not know what wrong thou dost mankind,
To walk so long here ; not to die betimes,
Let me advise thee, while thou hast to live here,
Even for man's honour sake, take not a blow more !

Lapet. You should advise them not to strike me,
then, sir ;
For I'll take none, I assure you, 'less they're given.

Cham. How fain would I preserve man's form from
shame,
And cannot get it done !—However, sir,
I charge thee live not long.

Lapet. This is worse than beating.

Cham. Of what profession art thou, tell me, sir,
Besides a tailor ? for I'll know the truth.

Lapet. A tailor ? I'm as good a gentleman—
Can show my arms and all.

Cham. How black and blue they are :
Is that your manifestation ? Upon pain
Of pounding thee to dust, assume not wrongfully
The name of *gentleman*, because I am one
That must not let thee live !

Lapet. I have done, I have done, sir.
If there be any harm, beshrew the herald !
I'm sure I ha' not been so long a gentleman,

To make this anger. I have nothing, nowhere,
But what I dearly pay for.

Cham. Groom, begone!— [Exit LAPET.
I never was so heart-sick yet of man.

Enter the Lady (Chamont's beloved), with LAPET's Wife.

La Nove. Here comes a cordial, sir, from the other sex,
Able to make a dying face look cheerful.

Cham. The blessedness of ladies!

Lady. You're well met, sir.

Cham. The sight of you has put an evil from me,
Whose breath was able to make Virtue sicken.

Lady. I'm glad I came so fortunately. What was it,
sir?

Cham. A thing that takes a blow, lives and eats after it,
In very good health. You ha' not seen the like, madam;
A monster worth your sixpence, lowly worth.

Lady (aside). Speak low, sir! by all likelihoods 'tis
her husband,
That now bestow'd a visitation on me.

Farewell, sir. [Exit.

Cham. Husband? is't possible that he has a wife?
Would any creature have him? 'tis some forced match!
If he were not kick'd to th' church o' th' wedding-day,
I'll never come at court. 'Can be no otherwise;
Perhaps he was rich; speak, Mrs. Lapet, was't not so?

Wife. Nay, that's without all question

Cham. Oh, ho! he would not want kickers enough,
then.

If you are wise, I much suspect your honesty,
For Wisdom never fastens constantly,
But upon Merit. If you incline to fool,
You are alike unfit for his society;
Nay, if it were not boldness in the man

That honours you, to advise you, troth his company
Should not be frequent with you.

Wife. 'Tis good counsel, sir.

Cham. Oh, I'm so careful where I reverence,
So just to Goodness, and her precious purity,
I am as equally jealous, and as fearful,
That any undeserved stain might fall
Upon her sanctified whiteness, as of the sin
That comes by wilfulness.

Wife. Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honour you for your counsel and your care.

Cham. We are your servants.

Wife (aside). He is but a gentleman o' th' chamber;
He might have kiss'd me, 'faith!
Where shall one find less courtesy than at court?
Say I have an undeserver to my husband,
That's ne'er the worse for him.

LOVE-SONG OF THE PASSIONATE MADMAN.

Thou deity, swift-wingèd Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power;
Thou, that mak'st a heart thy tower,
And thy loop-holes ladies' eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise;
Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious liver,
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more!

SONG IN PRAISE OF MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly !
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy ;
 Oh, sweetest melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms, and fixèd eyes,
A sigh, that piercing, mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound !

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF
BEAUMONT.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear,
What a change of flesh is here !
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones ;
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want help to stir their hands ;
Where, from their pulpits, seal'd with dust,
They preach, " In greatness is no trust ! "
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried,
" Though gods they were, as men they died : "
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

THE MERMAID TAVERN.

(From a Letter to Ben Jonson.)

THE sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know they see, however absent) is
Here our best haymaker (forgive me this !

It is our country's style.) In this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mix'd with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain :
I think, with one draught man's invention fades :
Two cups had quite spoil'd Homer's Iliads.
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet.
Fill'd with such moisture, in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms.

And so must I do this. And yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink,
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates :
For we do live more free than you ; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us ; we are all equal : every whit
Of land that God gives men here is their wit,
If we consider fully ; for our best
And gravest man will with his main house jest
Scarce please you ; we want subtilty to do
The city-tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too :
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow ;
Who, like mills, set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind :
Only some fellows, with the subtlest pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that's the most.

Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you ; for wit is like a rest

Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life ; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past ; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell'd ; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty ; though but downright fools, more wise.

TO MY FRIEND MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON
HIS FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

I KNOW too well, that, no more than the man,
That travels through the burning deserts, can,
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half-smother'd with the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which himself doth find,
Ere he be slaked ; no more can he, whose mind
Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When Nature and his full thoughts bid him write.
Yet wish I those, whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,

And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause ?
Among the rout, there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith ;
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black ;
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute ;
Some like, as he does in the fairest suit ;
He, as his mistress doth ; and she, by chance ;
Nor want there those, who, as the boy doth dance
Between the acts, will censure the whole play :
Some like if the wax-lights be new that day :
But multitudes there are, whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actors' clothes.
For this, these public things and I agree
So ill, that, but to do a right to thee,
I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
These few ill-spoken lines into the world,
Both to be read and censur'd of by those
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose ;
Such as must spend above an hour to spell
A challenge on a post, to know it well ;
But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and art adorn'd.
Besides, one 'vantage more in this I see ;
Your censurers must have the quality
Of reading ; which I am afraid is more
Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

LINES BY FLETCHER.

*From the verses entitled "Upon an Honest Man's Fortune,"
which were printed at the end of the play so called.*

YOU that can look through heaven, and tell the stars,
Observe their kind conjunctions, and their wars ;
Find out new lights, and give them where you please,
To those men honours, pleasures, to those ease ;
You that are God's surveyors, and can show
How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow ;
Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
And when it will shoot over, or fall under ;
Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me ?
Find out my star, if each one, as you say,
Have his peculiar angel, and his way ;
Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,
Sweep clean your houses, and new-line your seams,
Then say your worst ! Or have I none at all ?
Or, is it burnt out lately ? or did fall ?
Or, am I poor ! not able, no full flame ?
My star, like me, unworthy of a name !
Is it, your art can only work on those
That deal with dangers, dignities, and clothes ?
With love, or new opinions ? You all lie !
A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

O man ! thou image of thy Maker's good,
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood
His spirit is, that built thee ? what dull sense
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence,
Who made the morning, and who placed the light
Guide to thy labours ; who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers ;
Who gave thee knowledge ; who so trusted thee,
To let thee grow so near himself, the tree ?
Must he then be distrusted ? shall his frame
Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am ?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call.
Oh, canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,
To seek a saving influence, and lose him ?
Can stars protect thee ? or can poverty
Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye ?
He is my star ;—in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate !—and when my mind
Is furnish'd with his fulness, my poor story
Shall outlive all their age, and all their glory !
The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,

When I know what, and in whose power it is :
Nor want, the curse of man, shall make me groan ;
A holy hermit is a mind alone.

Doth not experience teach us all we can,
To work ourselves into a glorious man ?
Affliction, when I know it is but this,—
A deep allay, whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer, and, the deeper still,
We still arise more image of his will ;—
Sickness, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light,
And death, at longest, but another night.

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.



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